The Port Orford Tribune.

Volume XVI. PORT ORFORD, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1907. Number 40

CITATION.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Joseph Hare, deceased.

To sisters in England, names and ages unknown, and to all heirs known and unknown of Joseph Hare, deceased, Greeting:

In the name of the State of Oregon, You are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Curry in the Courtroom thereof, at Gold Beach, Curry County, Ore., on Monday, the 6th day of January, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day then and there to show cause, if any you have, or if any exist, why said Court should not make an order directing the Administrator of the above named Estate, to sell the real property belonging to said Estate, to-wit:

The W½ of SW¼ of Sec. 28 & N½ of NW¼ of Sec. 33, Tp. 30 S., R. 14 West, containing 160 acres and situated in Curry County, State of Oregon, to pay the claims and charges now outstanding against said Estate.

This citation is served by publication thereof, by virtue of an order of Hon. E. A. Bailey, County Judge of Curry County, Oregon.

The date of the first publication of this Citation is December 11th, 1908.

H. B. SMITH,
Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Hare, deceased.

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Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble: too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

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is doing this for thousands of American women to-day. It cured Mrs. Jones and that is why she writes this frank letter:

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I am so glad that your Wine of Cardui is helping me. I am feeling better than I have felt for years. I am doing my own work without any help, and I washed last week and was not one bit tired. That shows that the Wine is doing me good. I am getting fleshier than I ever was before, and sleep good and eat hearty. Before I began taking Wine of Cardui, I used to have to lay down five or six times every day, but now I do not think of lying down through the day. MRS. RICHARD JONES.

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Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878,—Notice for Publication.

United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, Nov. 8th, 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 in Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

JOHN P WOOD

of Cedarville, County of Chehalis, State of Washington, filed in this office on December 24, 1906, his sworn statement No 8592, for the purchase of the Lots 3, 4 and E½ SW¼ of Section No 31 in Township No 31 South, Range No 14 West, 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 Tuesday the 11th day of February, 1908.

He names as witnesses:
Mortimer Mitchell, Satsop, Wash.
Clark D Smith, " "
A B Howell, and
J W Renfro, both of Rosebury, Ore.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 11th day of February, 1908.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

TIMBER LAND ACT, JUNE 3, 1878.—Notice for Publication

United States Land Office
Roseburg, Oregon, November 8, 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 Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

JAMES FOSTER

of Satsop, County of Chehalis, State of Washington, filed in this office on December 26th, 1906, his sworn statement No 8594, for the purchase of the S½ SE¼ and NE¼ SE¼ of sec. 28, and NW¼ NE¼ of Section No 33 in Township No 31 South of Range No 14 West, 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 Tuesday, the 11th day of February, 1908.

He names as witnesses:
James P Olsen, Denmark, Oregon.
Joseph Olsen, Satsop, Washington.
George W Wood, " "
Cornelius N Wilson " "
J F Poundstone, " "
Ora L Watson, " "

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 11th day of February 1908.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

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MEMORIES OF LAST NIGHT.

Across the gray of last night's skies
The stars like white narcissus clung.
And, sweetheart, mirrored in your eyes
The halo of their glory hung.
While far and wide the moonlight flung,
And somewhere, in our world apart,
A mocker's sudden music swung—
Last night, sweetheart.

The song below, the stars above,
Seemed but to meet and melt into
A silver symphony of love,
That thrilled our listening senses through;
And, close within my arms, you knew
The depth of each unspoken thought,
While life for me held only you—
Last night, sweetheart.

And, oh, can there be more than this
Beyond the mystery of the skies?
A heaven sweeter than your kiss?
An Eden dearer than your eyes?
I am not good, nor great, nor wise,
And yet by some strange chance Fate wrought
I found the way to paradise—
Last night, sweetheart.
—N. O. Times-Democrat.

The Mule Driver of Rilo-Dagh

AN INCIDENT OF A BALKAN INSURRECTION

ALL through the gorge of the Barenta floated a delicious odor, the odor of thousands of roses borne by the warm winds from the gardens and distilleries of the Rilo-Dagh, a valley almost as famous for its roses as the vales of Kezanlik and Iran.

In other years at the same season the steep, perfumed slopes of the Turkish Balkans were the scene of extraordinary animation. Along the numberless paths winding in every direction, came donkeys laden with baskets of flowers and looking as if adorned for a fete of roses. But to-day all the countryside was quiet and deserted.

Ten thousand Turks occupied the Barenta from Rilo-Dagh as far as the Shipka passes on the Bulgarian frontier, and this time it seemed as if they could not fail to capture the famous bandit chief Boris Echkol, who, with his Macedonian followers, had been completely surrounded and cut off in his mountain retreat.

It could be only a question of hours at the most. And in order that not one of the band should escape in disguise the Turkish soldiers had orders to arrest all travelers, whoever they might be and journeying for whatever reason.

A man must, indeed, care little for his life who would run the gamut of crossfiring from the sentinels in ambush at each corner of the ravine. Nevertheless there was one traveler brave enough, for a mule driver had just appeared on the path which leads to the Gabrov farm, situated half way up the mountainside.

He was a peasant of simple, peaceful appearance, dressed in rags and with bare feet and with a rose stuck in the crown of his tattered hat.

Thirty steps before him trotted a little silvery gray mule carrying two baskets full to overflowing of fading roses, and fastened to the saddle was an enormous flowering rose bush, whose soft leaves rustled caressingly.

The driver, whose white hair was in striking contrast with his youthful, almost childish face, strode along with an easy step, glancing about indifferently at the desolate countryside. Once or twice at the sight of the charred ruins of what had formerly been a prosperous farm, a pile of smoking timbers from which arose the dreadful odor of burned flesh, the old man turned away his head and a dark shadow crossed his bright face.

Still walking at a discreet distance from his donkey, the peasant had just reached the summit of a steep hill when a bullet whistled by his ear.

"The music has struck up for the dance," he murmured to himself, quite undisturbed. "The Turks are going to have a good time now!"

But he trembled an instant and turned slightly pale as the rosebush which was fastened to the saddle stirred as if by a sudden wind. A shower of petals fell to the ground while a rose, evenly severed from its stem, was carried 20 feet.

"The clumsy fools!" growled the driver, but his cheeks were white.

A score of stinging pellets hissed by him and the dust sprang up in little spurts about his feet.

"I like that better," he remarked thoughtfully, again repeating his enigmatic phrase: "The clumsy fools! What an omelet it would make."

The Macedonian hastened to descend the hill on the other side. A few scattered shots passed above his head, and the echoes caught and repeated the report.

The donkey halted, frightened. His long ears wavered back and forth and his delicate legs shook violently.

The driver ran to him, embracing him and patting his sleek neck.

"Come, come, Filberta, my little white lamb, be quiet; there is nothing to make you afraid now. The worst part is over. A little more, and we will be among friends, the soldiers of Lieut. Achmed. They are honest people."

In fact after this the firing ceased, but the traveler was none the less observed and followed. From time to time a head with a red fez emerged from its hiding place, looked quickly and disappeared.

The Bashi-Bazouks knew the mule driver with the rose-decked hat for a poor devil, a grower of roses and something of a poet, an unmistakably oriental character with no other love but his flowers, which were the finest in Rilo-Dagh. Several of the Turkish officers, whose commissions he executed, had taken him under their protection.

Presently a soldier hailed the inoffensive traveler:

"Hullo, there, Kilberta!"

The gardener, whose name was doubtless the same as his donkey's, looked about him.

"Good-day, Gulkana, good-morning, bravest of soldiers."

"Where are you taking your roses?"

"To the camp at Shipka. They are for the commandant there, the brave and handsome Capt. Murad-Bey, who will give me a fine Turkish gold piece for my palms.

"Haven't you anything for me in your pack?"

"Nothing, child of the prophet, red-headed soldier of the crescent; but perhaps it will be a different story when I return if the commandant be merciful to his slave."

"May Allah inspire him, then!"

The mule driver continued on his way. A kilometer distant he made a halt before the farm of Gadrovo, stopped by the sentinel at the gateway. As the two talked together the driver felt in one of his baskets and produced a small box, which he handed to the guard.

"For the brave Lieut. Achmed," he said.

Just then the officer himself came around the corner, wearing a long curved sword which dragged on the ground. He was a man of tall stature, with a heavy, cruel face, true type of a Turkish executioner.

"Have you brought me the eggs?" he demanded, sharply.

"Yes, my lieutenant," replied the Macedonian. "They were chosen especially for you, and each one is absolutely fresh. They were tested by lamplight particularly."

"Good," interrupted the officer. "Do not forget that I detest chatterboxes."

Then, continuing his questions, he added:

"What in the name of the prophet have you tied a rose tree to your saddle for?"

"The rose bush," said Filberta, assuming a mysterious air, "is for your friend, Capt. Murad-Bey, from a lady—but you must not betray her!"

Achmed smiled coarsely, revealing his sharp teeth.

"And these?" he went on, striking the baskets with his heavy hand so that a few petals fluttered to the earth.

"Those—those are for one of my friends, a poor distiller in the mountains. He is a faithful servant of the sultans, for whom may Allah be praised, and he is trying to prepare his essence now as in other years."

"Did you see anything of the rebels on your way up?"

"Not the least sign of one, my lieutenant. Since you and your soldiers came the bandits have run to cover like so many rabbits. But I struck quite a shower of bullets."

"Who fired them?"

"The Turks, of course. They were practising, I imagine."

The officer laughed.

"Weren't you afraid?"

"Bah! The length of our life is decreed before we are born! However, I did tremble once for you, or for your eggs, at least, and for my donkey also. If I had only brought you a fine omelet, what would you have said?"

"Nothing. But I would have had your ears cut off."

"And you would have done well. Fortunately, the shooters were too far away."

Achmed ceased his catechism.

"It's just as well for you that they were. They wanted to make you afraid. Would you like me to send a guard with you??"

"No, my lieutenant, though may Allah be praised for the great kindness of his servant; but I do much better to go alone. The Bulgarians have no powder to waste on sparrows or such poor devils as I am—while —. You have no message to send to the captain?"

"Nothing, except to tell him that I offered you an escort and you refused—for you do refuse?"

"Yes, it will be better."

"Very well; go to the devil in your own way, then. There will only be one less fool in the world."

The mule driver hastened to obey.

Once out of sight of the camp he grasped the donkey's bridle and turned abruptly aside from the regular mule track to follow a cross path marked by little piles of stones carelessly thrown together by the side. Two hours later he reached the high crests of Shipka, behind which the sun was sinking in a mist of rich purple haze.

The peasant branched off along a trail already covered in darkness, when a man suddenly rose from the bushes beside him, a man with powder blackened hands, who demanded hoarsely:

"Have you been successful, Filberta?"

The mule driver straightened his shoulders with an air of intense satisfaction and pointed to the baskets of rose leaves.

"There are the bombs, Boris Schokoll!" he said.

The night fell upon the mountain tops, bringing with it a furious storm. In the ravine the 300 men of Murad-Bey, worn out by 30 hours of vain and constant search, lay sleeping roughly, guarded by their sentinels, when suddenly a loud firing broke the silence, followed by the sound of horses galloping madly.

At the same moment a hailstorm of bombs fell throughout the entrenchments, reaping a fearful harvest of death and disorder.

Then 50 Bashi-Bazouk demons, whose hands cast thunderbolts, rushed like a whirlwind through the lines, destroying everything in their passage and gaining the road which led from the mountains to the plain below.

Boris Schokol, the terrible Macedonian chief, was free once more!—From the Hungarian, in N. Y. Sun.