The Port Orford Tribune.

Volume XVI. PORT ORFORD, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1908. Number 43

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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How To Find Out.

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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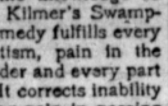

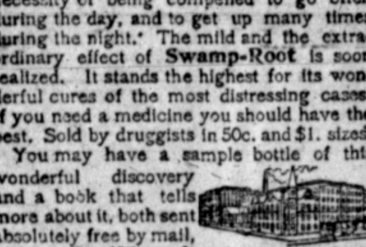

HOUSEWORK

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Glendeane, Ky., Feb. 15, 1901.

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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 Roseburg, 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 Foundstone, " "
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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To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co. Chicago or New York.

IDYLL OF THE BALLROOM.

She dropped this rosebud half hour ago
While gliding through that witching waltz of Strauss;
I saved it from destruction dire below
The ponderous feet of Phillips and his spouse;
Tell me, sweet rose, before your petals fall,
Does my love know I love her best of all?

Another waltz! and as I feared, again
That chattering noodle, Briggs, her vis-a-vis;
He's rich, though rather passe, and it's plain
He loves her—that the very blind could see.
How graciously she listens to his drawl!
Ah, can she know I love her best of all?

I never told her how her winsome face
Comes to my thoughts unbid the whole day through;
I never told her there is a place
In her young heart where I'm remembered too.
Yet, watching her I lean against the wall
And tell my soul I love her best of all.

Now halts the music for a little grace;
And seated, see she gathers daintily
Her gown's gray folds aside to make a place—
A place for Briggs! By Jove, she beckons;
My queen, I come! Now, let what may befall!
I know she knows I love her best of all.

The soft, still dawn steals up the whitening sky,
The lights are out, the music dumb and dead;
Beneath the stars together, she and I,
An hour ago—what was it that we said?
Strange gladness thrills my heart as I recall
Her whispered words: "I love you best of all."
—San Francisco Argonaut.

Jud Fiske's Exciting Career

By DAVID M. CAREY

TO PUT a whole novel into a brief story is a pretentious undertaking, but it can sometimes be done by cutting out descriptions, comments and the pretty sayings that the writer thinks could not but please the world. For the sake of those who now deserve nothing but commendation there is an adoption of fictitious names, all the rest being a veritable relation of facts.

Judson Fiske had gone through Yale. His chums all called him "Jud," and it is not amiss to follow the example of his friends. He was from an old family of wealth. His allowance was foolishly large and a red streak would come nearer than any other one symbol to characterizing his college career. He gave many a night feast and the total of the bills was larger than that of many a prosperous family. He loved gambling and lost much. He loaned a great deal of money that was never returned. In short, he was a good fellow and plucked all along the line.

After graduating Jud was sent abroad and for two years helped to enliven the old world at the same time acquiring considerable knowledge, for he was one of those chaps who come very near to learning by absorption. Through some mysterious gift or inspiration he was frequently enabled to illuminate a subject over which instructors had differed for years. Among his deceptive peculiarities was a face as fair as a woman's, silken brown hair that waved in a way to make many a lady envious, unstudied grace and small, white hands. But he had muscles of steel, could concentrate all his strength in a single effort, had a tigerish quickness of movement and was wonderfully skilled in the ways of offense and defense. During his visit to the continent he planed a saucy young German officer who resented the fact that Jud would not salute in a cafe when ordered to do so; disarmed a jealous Italian youth and punctured the sword arm of a Frenchman who questioned American bravery. On his way home he was in London long enough to knock out a bully who provoked a quarrel just because Jud looked so effeminate and easy.

After returning he had not been with the family two weeks before he was fathoms deep in love with the pretty governess. In a month he proposed to her and was accepted with the proviso that parental consent was given to the marriage. Then came the fireworks. His proud mother had been a shop girl and his proud father had inherited the bulk of his fortune. There was no chance to deny that the governess was a better woman than Jud was a man, but the prejudice of caste takes root in strange soil and the paternal ultimatum was that if the son took the governess for his bride he would be disowned and disinherited. She flatly refused to be the cause of such a calamity and no persuasion on the part of the young man could induce her to relent.

At the climax the mother instinct asserted itself and Mrs. Fiske stood loyally by the son and won from him an affection that she had never before enjoyed. But the father was as granite and showed his moral obliquity by dismissing the governess, who had resisted the utmost pressure to disregard his will. She evidenced her contrasting grandeur of character by going later and doing more than anyone else to bring Mrs. Fiske through a critical illness.

After the manner of such hot-headed young men, Jud turned the tables by disowning his father and serving notice that he would never touch a cent of money made, owned or disbursed by the head of the house. Then the gifted, but bitter, youth started for the west in search of anything that might aid him to forget. The grand interior of civilization was too tame for him. He went to the frontier and plunged into the excesses which it offered. His gambling mania was stimulated and his bad luck clung to him.

The professionals looked upon him as the tenderest of tenderfeet and robbed him so openly that even he finally detected their methods. There were two unceremonious funerals the next morning and Jud was unharmed. Incidentally he had thrust fame upon himself and from then on got a square deal, though the fact did not materially improve his circumstances. The trouble was that he did not like men of a lesser general intelligence to get the better of him, and bullied his luck without special regard to the value of his hands.

One afternoon it was whispered about with bated breath that the bad man of a neighboring camp was coming down to clean up on the death dealer of the camp with which Jud was identified. The visitor who was coming upon his own invitation, had a terrifying record covering most of the outlines of civilization in this country. The consequence was that his proposed victim rode away that night and the town went into the depths of humiliation. The situation commended itself to Jud. He went to the saloon with the biggest red light and conferred with the proprietor. It can be epitomized.

Jud asked if the attacking champion knew the local "false alarm" who had disappeared. He did not; never saw him.

"Then I'm he," smiled Jud.

"Want to die?"

"Not at all particular, thank you. I happen to belong here at present and have a whole lot of municipal pride. That blood-letter must not come here and go away to tell that he could not get a rise out of the whole burg. I'm 'Harp Wilkins' till the thing's over. Understand?"

The invader came with becoming clatter and display of his horse, his horsemanship and armament. The rough chivalry of the day and environment gave him right of way until he faced the one he was after. He rode straight to the man with whom Jud had conferred, swaggered in and called for a drink to all hands. After an exchange of like courtesies he inquired if there was not a coyote of some fame in those parts, known as Harp Wilkins. "I've heard of him," the bad man went on, "and 'lowed I orter pay my respecks. Kin it be I'm lookin' at him?" as he frowned on the assembled crowd.

The proprietor called the guest aside and was seen to point down the street. There was Jud with his hands crossed behind his back, walking slowly as his eyes studied the ground.

"What'er yer givin' me?" and the invader glared. "That there is a woman in disguise. But I reckon she's good enough fur this outfit. I'll jest step down there and spank her and I'll wait 'round here 'long 'nough fur to ascertain certain whether you got anything else stronger or more bitin'."

Away went the bulky desperado and tapped Jud on the shoulder. He turned slowly and the alien grabbed him. It was the game just as the young fellow had planned it. He kicked a Colt's out of the older man's hands, knocked him down faster than he could get up, removed his cartridge belt, twisted his ears, tweaked his nose and ended by kicking him to the camp limits. It was the most disgraceful thing that ever happened to a gun shark on the frontier, and you may be sure that he never went back to his own crowd to tell the story.

Jud was now a hero, but the very fact that opposition had been wiped out made him tired. He took the back track as far as Denver and there had a yearning that induced him to write to his mother. Then he plunged again, lost his money, as usual, went clear to the lowest stratum, and while trying to live on his wits was befogging them with dissipation.

As a financial crisis approached he rented rooms over a German saloon, and was never crowded for payment because his singing, story-telling, genial ways and ability to quiet disorderly patrons made him worth more than he cost. One day he made the discovery that the Western Union telegraph wires crossed the roof over his head. He tapped them, with the assistance of a practical man whom he had cultivated in the saloon. Having advance information on every race he coined money and gained the reputation of a man whose judgment it was good to follow.

One night the tapped wire gave him this: "Drura is dangerously sick and begs that you come at once."

The telegram was signed by his mother and addressed to him in his own name, which he had not used for months. Had it gone to the main office he would never have called for it, and could not have been found. Drura was the governess and the only woman he loved. It was a call from the past; a call that he must answer. The interim of desperate and riotous living seemed wiped out. He broke all of the newer and worse connections, "leak" wire included.

Jud reached home in the shortest time possible. His strong presence was the medicine needed by the loyal governess and she mended from the moment of his coming. The stern father could hold out no longer. The young twain were made one amid gorgeous festivities and have been deservedly happy ever since.

I should have copyrighted this veritable tale for melodramatic purposes, but elect to dedicate it to the public.—Detroit Free Press.

The Years Are Flowers.

Out of eternity they spring,
The flower-years budding, blossoming;
Opening, opening like the rose,
The Young Year blows.

The years are flowers of shade and sun,
All blossoms wither, stays not one;
Fading, fading like the rose,
The Old Year goes.
—John Vance Cheney, in Youth's Companion.

When a man regards himself as irresistible it is time to do some quiet thinking and self abnegation.