

The Port Orford Tribune.

Volume XVI. PORT ORFORD, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1908. Number 41

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 to 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 W 1/2 of SW 1/4 of Sec. 28 & N 1/2 of NW 1/4 of Sec. 33, Tp. 30 S., R. 14 W., containing 160 acres and situated in Curry County, State of Oregon, to pay the claim and charges now outstanding against said Estate.

This citation is served by publication there in, 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.

Port Orford, Curry County, Oregon.

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All work Promptly done at Reasonable Rates.

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KEEPS IN STOCK,
GROCERIES, (the best only)
DRY GOODS,
BOOTS and SHOES,
HARDWARE,
HATS & CAPS.

And in fact, everything usually needed in the country.

CASH SALES amounting to \$5 or more will be allowed 10 per cent discount, except on Flour, on which no discount can be given.

As I will do my own teaming, my intention to sell cheaper than goods were ever sold on Floras Creek.

Butter, Eggs and Hides,
Will be taken in exchange for goods.
Give me a trial and I will do my best to please you.

TIMBER LAND ACT, JUNE 4, 1878.

Notice for Publication.

United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, Nov. 19th, 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,

MISS GERTRUDE PARRISH of Satsop, County of Chehalis, State of Washington, filed in this office on Jan. 19th, 1907, her sworn statement No. 8685 for the purchase of the E 1/4, SW 1/4, SW 1/4, Section 7, and NE 1/4, of S 8, T 19 N 13 W, Township No. 24 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 her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this Office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Thursday the 9th day of April 1908.

She names as witnesses:
Ora Watson of Satsop, Wash
J. F. Poulton of Satsop, Ore.
John C. Olson of Elma, Ore.
Melvin D. Van Horn of Satsop, Wash
A. B. Hill of Roseburg, Oregon
J. W. Henke of Roseburg, Oregon

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 9th day of April, 1908.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register

KISS HER.

Say, young man! If you've a wife,
Kiss her.
Every morning of your life,
Kiss her.
Every morning when the sun
Makes the day of labor done,
Get you homeward on the run—
Kiss her.
Even though you're feeling bad,
Kiss her.
If she's out of sorts and sad,
Kiss her.
Act as if you meant it, too!
Let the whole true heart of you
Speak its order when you do
Kiss her.
If you think it "soft" you're wrong,
Kiss her.
Love like this will make you strong,
Kiss her.
You're her husband now, but let
Her possess her lover yet,
Every blessed chance you get,
Kiss her.
Every good wife lets her man
Kiss her.
Be a man then, when you can;
Kiss her.
If you'd strike with telling force
At the evil of divorce,
Just adopt this simple course:
Kiss her.
—J. A. Daly, in Catholic Standard.

A STEERING "PROFUSOR."

Apparatus Applied to Steamships Which is Both Propeller and Rudder—Only for Small Boats.

Unlike the ordinary steamship, the fish forces itself through the water and alters its course by means of the same organ, the tail. Several inventors, though, have tried to perform both functions with one piece of apparatus. The first application of the idea—at least of late years—was made to the submarine. Some French boats of that class have been provided with a peculiar joint in the propeller shaft, just outside the stern, so that the screw itself can be swung from side to side. By changing the angle at which the thrust is made against the water, the boat is steered and rudders are made unnecessary.

From a short report made to the department of commerce at Washington from the American consul at Birmingham, it would appear that the same system has been tried on boats which are meant to travel on the surface only, like naphtha launches. An English firm is introducing the invention, but the latter is of French origin. The "propulsor," as it is called, can be applied to any boat already in existence, if it is not too large. How the connections are made is not explained, but the consular report says that it is possible to dispense with the necessity of boring a hole through the stern post, and of supplying a permanent propeller shaft and stuffing box. It can be attached to a boat and removed from the same without any modification of the boat itself. Anyone taking this "steering propulsor" to the lake, river or the seaside may attach it to any boat he finds there that is within its range of power. As the propeller can be completely turned around, a reverse action is given. The Automotor Journal states that a given number of these transferable propulsors have been successfully applied to a launch, which towed a 300-ton canal barge with a load of 150 tons of sand.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It.

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.

What To Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c and \$1.00 bottles. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

THE TRIBUNE

H. T. STEWART Editor and Publisher.

Subscription, \$1.50 per year.

The Official Paper of Curry County,

Published every Wednesday, at Port Orford, Oregon.

A. B. SABIN

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

All Kinds of Saddlery,

Bandon, Oregon.

TIMBER LAND ACT, JUNE 3, 1878.

Notice for Publication.

United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, Nov. 19th, 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,

JOHN F. CROCK of Eugene, County of Lane, State of Oregon, filed in this office on Jan. 14, 1907, his sworn statement No. 8654, for the purchase of the E 1/4, SW 1/4, S 1/4, S 1/4, of Section No. 24, in Township No. 34 South of Range No. 13 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 at Roseburg, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 17th day of March, 1908.

He names as witnesses:
David Marshall of Eugene, Ore.
Edward Howell,
Fred Howell, and
Ira P. Howe, all of Eugene, Ore.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described land are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 17th day of March 1908.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

The Bomb at the Dinner Party

SCENE—A house in the outskirts of Paris, gayly decorated with shrubs and Japanese lanterns.

Characters—M. and Mme. Robiquet, two maids and the dinner guests.

It is seven o'clock. Madame, who has sent out invitations for a dinner of costumed heads, is seated in the salon, where she can admire herself in the glass. Her hair is dressed in Louis XV. style, not perhaps original, but extremely distinguished. Madame's strong character—nothing about being distinguished, is hot and uncomfortable in a flowing wig, and strides impatiently up and down.

Madame (still looking at herself)—Dear me, M. Robiquet, I wish you would try and sit still.

Monsieur—it's a quarter past seven and nobody here yet!

Madame (complacently)—Of course not; I didn't invite them until half-past!

Monsieur—you told me seven!

Madame (sweetly)—I wanted to make sure that you would be ready, my dear.

Monsieur—Oh, you did, did you? Well, it is nothing to you whether I die of congestion of the brain!

Madame—What a terrible temper you are in, to be sure! The moment anything occurs to disturb your habits, you immediately growl like a thunder cloud. You are as bad as Mme. Sirota; she said she hesitated to accept my invitation on account of the disturbances of the times!

Monsieur (absently)—She was quite right.

Madame (sarcastically)—Was she, indeed? Disturbances of the times! We are not at war, are we?

Monsieur—No, but our allies, the Russians, are—think of all these revolutions and bombs!

Madame—bah, as if I could not give a dinner because the imperial court is in mourning! There are no bombs here!

Monsieur—That is all you know about it! There was one in front of the prefecture this morning.

Madame (still sarcastic, but a trifle nervous)—Do you really mean one of those terrible—

Monsieur (unheeding)—And there were great crowds in the street.

Madame—it must have had it look very unusual!

Monsieur—Some one has just discovered a sauceman in one of the offices.

Madame—A second astonishing event!

Monsieur (exclaimed)—It was a real—you understand, with a lid fastened with iron and a fuse sticking out, still smoking! By chance, some one had put it out, but what think would have happened!

Madame (white beneath her rouge)—Is this true?

Monsieur—True as I am sitting here.

Madame (faintly)—Oh!!!

Monsieur (sarcastic in his turn)—So I always growl, do I? Didn't I forbid Eudoxie to say a word to you about it?

Madame—Does she know about it?

Monsieur—Of course. There is nothing else talked about downtown! She came back shaking from the market!

Madame—I noticed that something was the matter, but I thought she had the dinner on her mind. Are you sure it was a sauceman?

Monsieur—Well, perhaps it was a pot.

Madame—Did you see it?

Monsieur—No, it wasn't there when I went to the building.

Madame—Had they taken it away?

Monsieur—It was necessary. So the soldiers took it.

Madame—Where? To the barracks?

Poor things! What if it should explode?

Monsieur—I don't know what became of the terrible machine. Doubtless the proper precautions were taken in order to avoid all possible accidents.

Madame—Let us hope so! What a terrible time this is to live in! Such things never happened before.

Monsieur (smiling retrospectively)—Terrible, as you say! Ah, I hear the click of the gate—some one is coming!

They both sit down, a proper smile of welcome on their faces. Madame plays with her fan and casts coquetish glances in the mirror. But no one appears at the door.

NURSERY GARDEN IN JAPAN.

Curious Revelation of What Can Be Done in the Way of Training Dwarf Trees.

A Japanese nursery garden is a revelation, says Macmillan's There, on benches, in rows, sit tortured trees in their bows or pans of faience. Their perfection is a marvel of patience, requiring years for its accomplishment; sometimes one man will give as much as 30 years' attention to a single little cherry tree. Each curve, each leaf, each twig has its direction and proportion regulated by the most rigid and immemorial principles; and to have any value in Japanese eyes a dwarf must conform absolutely to the iron rules laid down by the canons of taste in the days when Ieyasu Tokugawa paralyzed into an adamantine immobility the whole artistic and intellectual life of the country. The effect is, of course, exquisite in its elaborate and rather morbid beauty. But it must be said that there are many dwarfs, very many, which go for low prices, owing to the imperfections of their development; they have a bough, or a bend, that is not prescribed. Consequently the Japanese buy them—indeed, with pleasure—but will not admit their claims to be works of art. Naturally he will buy them, as even so they are beautiful, and their price brings them within the range of everyone's ambition. So, at home, one might buy a Seven instead of a Turner, recognizing the differences clearly, but valuing the cheaper picture as highly as it deserves, and buying it the more readily for its cheapness. However, these Japanese trees that fill the gardens are wonderful, with all their imperfections, and the untutored savage eye of the west entirely fails to see any difference between a perfect specimen ten inches high, three centuries in age, and £30 in price, and its neighbor of equal height, of five years' growth and five shillings value. They are all dainty, and of every kind.

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and the

WEEKLY OREGONIAN

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The PORT ORFORD TRIBUNE

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Opp. U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

HOUSEWORK

Too much housework wrecks women's nerves. And the constant care of children, day and night, is often too trying for even a strong woman. A haggard face tells the story of the overworked housewife and mother. Deranged meninges, leucorrhoea and falling of the womb result from overwork. Every housewife needs a remedy to regulate her meninges and to keep her sensitive female organs in perfect condition.

WINE OF CARDUI

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

Glenade, Ky., Feb. 18, 1907.

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 washed last week and was not one bit tired. That shows that the Wine is doing me good. I am getting fatter than I ever was before, and sleep good and eat heartily. 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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"Favorite No. 17," 6.00

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