

**A GHOST TRAPPER.**

One of the strangest ways yet on record of making a living has been followed for the last few years by a man in eastern Pennsylvania.

Following is the interesting story of some of his experiences he told a correspondent of the Chicago Tribune the other day:

"I took up the business quite by accident. The owner of a large, lonely place in the mountains, a few miles from here, had had a law suit about the will, which kept it unoccupied. It stood for two or three years, stripped of its furniture and without care. After the suit was settled the nephew who inherited it put in a caretaker. He only stayed one night, for at 2 o'clock in the morning he was terrified to hear a heavy chain being dragged along the hall and staircase. Chills followed him, and one even stayed a week, but a groaning sound right in his bedroom sent him flying in only half his clothes to the nearest cottage he could find. It was then the advertisement appeared that drew my attention. It read:

"The owner of Rutland Grange on the Hamilton road will give a reward of \$200 to anyone who will reside in that house and solve the mystery of its being 'haunted.'"

"I went to the house and did not find much trouble in solving the riddle. The place had once been well stocked with game, and now the deserted grounds were running over with game of all kinds. It had escaped trespassers evidently, until lately, but investigation showed that numbers of fresh snares and traps had been set. 'Poachers' evidently was the measure of the mystery. I got two men and posted them among the bushes.

"At 11 o'clock at night I went to the room where I was to sleep, kept the lamp alight for half an hour, extinguished it, and crept out of the house. At half past 12 o'clock I heard steps, and a man came along carrying what looked like a long pole.

"He got on a wall, halted, the 'pole'—really a long tin tube—so that its mouth went into the open window of the room where he thought I was asleep, and then began to groan through it. But it was a loud yell he gave when I seized him firmly by the ankles.

"Well, I sat on my man and blew a whistle, when up came my assistants, with another whom they had taken while he was in the act of visiting the traps, calmly smoking a pipe. The pair had just started in to make a good thing out of the place, and had laid a perfect store of chains, white sheets, phosphorus, and other things, at the top of the house, with which they had been frightened away by the successive catchers who were heard.

"That job brought me not only the \$200, but a fresh commission. This time a summer hotel that was left with a small force during the winter months was haunted. The servants were being terribly frightened by mysterious knockings that were heard now and then at night. Going to the hotel, I went to bed on the ground floor, but had to wait two or three nights before the mysterious sounds were heard.

"One night, after we had been having heavy rains all day, the knocking began right underneath my room. 'Waiting until daybreak with help. I took up the flooring and found that a small bay, long forgotten, but once used for storing boats, ran back under the house. In this was floating an empty 'miserable' water crate. There was a lock in the river below the hotel, and every night when the lock gates were shut the river rose. The previous evening there also had been much wind and rain, so that the water got high enough for the crate to bump against the floor, thus producing the noise.

"This account, like the first, got into the papers, and soon I had more work. I won't take all my cases of 'ghost laying,' but will pick out one or two. There was a country place that for a long time was avoided because it got the reputation of having a specter. Within a week I saw it twice, gliding about the grounds, but it was too nimble for me to catch. Then I put on a white cloak myself and tried haunting the ghost. This ruse succeeded in frightening the apparition, as when we met face to face one night, it was the other ghost that fled. Who the fellow was I should have never heard, probably, as he was so fleet that I could not overtake him, only that in his flight somewhere he fell and hurt his leg, and when he consulted the doctor the whole story came out. He was a neighboring farmer who wanted to get hold of the adjoining property, and hoped by giving it the reputation of being haunted to depreciate the value enough to buy it at a low price.

"On another occasion I in the garden of a big farmhouse to rent. I rushed into the house who had been seen there, and he made off. In the darkness I lost sight of him and he fell over something and I shouted: 'Keep still; you've upset a beehive. Keep your head covered or you'll be stung to death.'

"He was simply a practical joker, and in most of the cases which I have unearthed where it is not somebody who hid something to gain by playing ghost it was usually somebody who was enjoying himself by playing on the fears and credulity of others. I had one tragic case of spectre stalking which was the result of a man's habit of practicing joking. He had been playing upon the imagination of his brother and the night that I had arrived he had leaped out on him from a snout, and the brother had dropped dead from fright."

**TRESPASS NOTICE.**

Any person or persons trespassing upon the Croft Lake Ranch, the Mc-Lellan and Marshall Ranches, will be prosecuted to the utmost extent of the law, and a reward will be given for information that will lead to the conviction of the guilty parties.

EDWARD COERT.

M. Robiquet is the first to lose patience. He is just starting toward the door himself when a hoarse voice cries loudly:

"The bomb is in the kitchen!"

Before either Monsieur or Madame can grasp the meaning of the danger which is threatening them, they hear the crash of the gravel beneath heavy steps and a wagon drives hurriedly away.

Monsieur utters one scream and promptly faints. Monsieur looks about him with large, frightened eyes, too scared to breathe. It seems to him that the slightest gesture will set loose the horrible whirlwind. He feels as if he were already blown into a thousand fragments—he has an expression of terrified expectancy on his face.

A glance at his wife, however, restores his self-possession by crossing him to his responsibilities. He calls to the waitress and they go together to the kitchen, where he expects to see Eudoxie writing in her gore. She must have been killed very quickly, for there has not been the slightest sound of a struggle.

Monsieur endeavors to lift her, supporting his wife on the other arm, but to reach the door they must pass through the kitchen. Hesitating at first, they at last dash through with desperate courage and their eyes shut. Once safe outside, they rush in a body to the street. Eudoxie has found her voice and explains that she had just gone to the linen closet for the embroidered napkins when she heard a wagon stop at the back door and then some one come in.

She came back in time to receive the terrible announcement that "The bomb was in the kitchen!" and she caught sight of a man in a blue blouse hurrying away.

Monsieur—Oh, the fuse! I must go and put out the fuse!

He takes one step forward, but Madame, who has come to, clutches at his coat (shrieking)—Don't go! Don't go! Oh! Fire! Murder! Thieves!

Just then a group of people came laughing down the road. They are the Robiquet's guests, who have decided to enjoy the beautiful summer evening by walking.

The ladies are laughing at strange addresses beneath the light scarfs. Several are in Louis XV. style, one has the old Norman cap and another a Pierrotte.

The gentlemen wear long wigs and whiskers, while one is disguised as a clown and a second as a negro.

They stop in astonishment to see their hosts and hostesses out in the road, and the questions and exclamations fly fast. Fortunately the villa stands quite by itself, so there is no crowd.

Monsieur (in a voice which he tries to make sound calm and collected)—It is nothing—only one of these anarchists—a bomb!

The Guests (in a chorus)—Where? Monsieur—In the kitchen.

The Negro—Has it exploded yet? Monsieur—Not yet.

The Clown (energetically)—Then, what the devil—

Before they can stop him he has run up the path and into the house. There is an oppressive silence. Every heart throbs with the same fear, the same horror. After several moments, which seemed like hours, the clown reappears shaking his head as if puzzled.

The Clown—I can't find anything. The Negro—It must be a joke, like the one at the prefecture this morning. Every one was so sure it was a bomb and that they were going to be blown into a thousand splinters, and then it turned out to be nothing but clinders and oil heat!

Eudoxie (suddenly)—Here he comes back again! I know the sound of his wheels! He is going toward the city! Monsieur and Madame together—Who?

Eudoxie—The man with the bomb! A wagon is in fact approaching rapidly. It stops near the frightened, fantastic looking group of people. A man in a blue blouse looks out in amazement and then addresses Eudoxie:

The Man in the Blouse—Did you find it? I didn't have time to put because of my other deliveries—I put your bombe-plaace on the top of the ice chest, where I thought you would be sure to see it.

And as the wagon drives away the Robiquets and their guests can see clearly in the moonlight, painted on its side: "Confectionery, fine catering, ices a specialty."—From the French, in N. Y. Sun.

**KEEP MIND ON THE DRAFT**

Way to Avoid Taking Cold When Out for a Ride on the Trolley.

The trolley cold, which is the result of exercise followed by a ride in a street car, is just now easier to catch than at any other time. Then there is also the subway cold, produced by the same causes and just as violent in its effects, says the New York Sun.

Nobody need suffer from either sort of cold, if the testimony of a physician is of any value.

"Nobody need catch cold, even in a draft," he told a patient the other day, "so long as he continues conscious of the fact that there is a draft blowing on him. Just keep that in mind and there is no danger."

"But I forget it for a moment and there is going to be trouble. Taking cold is largely a matter of nerves, and any man who follows my advice, sits tight and thinks of the draft all the time that it is blowing on him will escape taking cold."

**NOTICE.**

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, situated in Sixes River Precinct, Curry County, Oregon, for the purpose of hunting with guns, dogs, or fishing. Also not to leave any gate open on going through, or otherwise trespass in any manner.

Any person so trespassing will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

MRS. RACHAEL AYERS.



WHEELER AND WILSON,  
Rotary Motion.

LIGHT RUNNING & RAPID,  
Ball Bearing.

**English Walnuts, Fruit Trees, Shrubs, Plants, Etc.**

Oregon is wonderfully adapted to the growing of ENGLISH WALNUTS; it is their true home. Large plantings are being made, numerous trees in bearing, producing tremendous crops yearly, in proof. A small grove gives independent income, is the coming great industry. Big profits, small outlay of capital. Write today for Free catalog, a treatise telling conditions and results, also Nursery catalog.

BROOKS & SONS,  
Walnut Nursery,  
Carlton, Oregon.

**JOURNAL AND TRIBUNE.**

The OREGON DAILY JOURNAL is the leading Democratic newspaper of Oregon, issued at Portland.

The managers also issue a SEMI-WEEKLY, which is especially adapted for people who do not care for a Daily, but want a good family paper.

Any of these papers can be had in combination with the PORT OREGON TRIBUNE, at the following rates:

Daily and Tribune - - - - - \$5 00.  
Daily Sunday and Tribune - - \$7 00.  
Semi Weekly and Tribune - - \$2 00.

Always Remember the Full Name  
**Laxative Bromo Quinine**  
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.  
E. H. Brown on Box. 25c.

**JOB WORK.**

The Best to be had in Curry County, at reasonable Prices.

Bill Heads,  
Letter Heads,  
Legal Blanks,  
Any Thing,

Briefs,  
Posters,  
Envelopes,  
Statements,

Up o-date Work Done on Short Notice. Satisfactor Guaranteed.

In connection with  
**THE TRIBUNE.**

WE PROMPTLY OBTAIN U. S. AND FOREIGN PATENTS

**PATENTS**

Send model, sketch or plan of invention for free report on patentability. For free book, How to Secure TRADE-MARKS write Patents and TRADE-MARKS

**CASNOW & CO.**

Opposite U. S. Patent Office WASHINGTON D. C.

**For Sale.**

A good Ranch and Gold Mine, on the coast, 9 miles north of the mouth of Rogue River.

Good house, good water, fine view. Main road in front of house, Post office 1 mile, School house 1 mile.

335 acres land, mostly in grass. Much bottom land, rest beach and 11 miles beach mines, good water rights good ditches and flumes. Mines inexhaustible.

Further particulars to be had at the TRIBUNE office.

**Trespass Notice.**

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern, not to enter upon, or trespass in any manner upon the Star Ranch, situated at Langlois, Curry County, Oregon, for the purpose of hunting with guns or dogs, or otherwise trespass in any manner.

Any person or persons so entering upon said premises without my consent will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

FRANKS THOMAS.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, Nov. 7th, 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.

CLARK D. SMITH, of Satsop, County of Chehalis, State of Washington, has filed in this office his sworn statement No. 5588 for the purchase of lot 4 of Sec 30 and lots 1 and 2 and NE 1/4 of Section No 31 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 Saturday the 8th day of February, 1908.

He names as witnesses: Joe Olson, Satsop, Wash. Bud Wilson, " Ora Watson, " James Foster, " John Wood, Cedarville, Wash.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 8th day of February, 1908.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Ore., Aug. 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 Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892.

RAYMOND E. BAKER, of Myrtle Point, County of Coos, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 8436, for the purchase of the W 1/2 of SE 1/4 and E 1/2 of SW 1/4 of Section No 24, in Township No. 22 South, Range No 15 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 J. H. Upton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Langlois Oregon, on Thursday the 7th day of November, 1907.

He names as witnesses: William Limpach, James M. Limpach, Charles Forty all of Port Orford, Ore. Edwin O. Carter of Myrtle Point, Ore.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 7th day of November, 1907.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

**Trespass Notice.**

Notice is hereby given to all persons whom it may concern, not to enter upon or trespass upon the premises of Eli Bagley, for the purpose of hunting, or fishing with hook and line. Said premises are situated on Elk River, Curry County, Oregon, and described as follows: The West half of Section twenty-seven, Township thirty-two South, Range fifteen West.

Any person or persons so trespassing for the purpose of hunting, fishing, or traveling through in any shape form or manner, or tearing down fences, or leaving out side gates open, or molesting personal property, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Wm. R. Johnson, Lessee of the above described premises.

**JAMES CAUGHELL,**  
GOLD BEACH, OREGON.  
DEALER IN  
**GENERAL MERCHANDISE**

KEEPS IN STOCK,  
**GROCERIES, The Best, Only;**  
**DRY GOODS**  
**Hats and Caps,**  
**Oil Clothing,**  
**Boots and Shoes.**

Resident Agent of the  
**HOME**  
FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY,  
of California.

**PATENTS**

Send model, sketch or plan of invention for FREE report on patentability. For FREE BOOK on Practical Patenting write to: PUBLISHING REFERENCES, For free Guide Book on Practical Patenting write to: 803-805 Seventh Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.

**D. SWIFT & CO.**

**McCALL PATENT**

10 YEARS PROTECTS

**50 YEAR**

TRADE-MARK

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Ore., Aug. 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 Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892.

RAYMOND E. BAKER, of Myrtle Point, County of Coos, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 8436, for the purchase of the W 1/2 of SE 1/4 and E 1/2 of SW 1/4 of Section No 24, in Township No. 22 South, Range No 15 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 J. H. Upton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Langlois Oregon, on Thursday the 7th day of November, 1907.

He names as witnesses: William Limpach, James M. Limpach, Charles Forty all of Port Orford, Ore. Edwin O. Carter of Myrtle Point, Ore.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 7th day of November, 1907.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

**Trespass Notice.**

Notice is hereby given to all persons whom it may concern, not to enter upon or trespass upon the premises of Eli Bagley, for the purpose of hunting, or fishing with hook and line. Said premises are situated on Elk River, Curry County, Oregon, and described as follows: The West half of Section twenty-seven, Township thirty-two South, Range fifteen West.

Any person or persons so trespassing for the purpose of hunting, fishing, or traveling through in any shape form or manner, or tearing down fences, or leaving out side gates open, or molesting personal property, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Wm. R. Johnson, Lessee of the above described premises.

**Do You Know the News?**

You can have it all for—

Per Month **50c** Per Month

In The Evening Telegram of Portland, Oregon. It is the largest evening newspaper published in Oregon; it contains all the news of the state and of the nation. Try it for a month. A sample copy will be mailed to you free. Address: THE TELEGRAM, PORTLAND, OR.

**NOTICE.**

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern, not to enter upon or trespass in any manner upon the land of the undersigned, situated near Denmark, Curry county, Oregon, for the purpose of hunting with guns or dogs, or fishing. Also not to leave any gate open on going through, or otherwise trespass in any manner. Any person or persons so entering upon said premises without my consent will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

HARRY WILSON

**To Whom It May Concern.**

The undersigned hereby give notice that they are the owners of the South half of Section 16, Township thirty three, South range fourteen West of Willamette meridian, Oregon. All parties are warned not to trespass upon or make any locations, either placer or quartz claims at their peril.

D. KELLAMER Owners.  
J. H. McAFEE, Portland, Ore.

**THE OREGON JOURNAL**

**MONEY FOR BOYS**

Support your boys in every way you can. Buy the Oregon Journal for them. It is a weekly paper, and it is a good one. It is a paper that will help them to get on in the world. It is a paper that will help them to get on in the world. It is a paper that will help them to get on in the world.

THE SUNDAY JOURNAL

Support your boys in every way you can. Buy the Oregon Journal for them. It is a weekly paper, and it is a good one. It is a paper that will help them to get on in the world. It is a paper that will help them to get on in the world. It is a paper that will help them to get on in the world.