JUST HAVE PATIENCE.

Have you wearied of the battle? Have you grown discouraged, son?
Looking backward on life's pathway, is it little you have done?
Does the woof beneath your fingers seem to tangle more and more
While the riddle of the future seems yet stronger than before?
Just be patient for a season, for at last the mystic fates
Bring the tangled threads out even for the one who works and waits.

Does she shyer seem and farther from your love's outreaching hands
Than his harbor from the sailor wrecked upon the barren lands?
Is the call of music stronger than your heart's beseeching cries
As she whirls amid the gay ones with the glamor on her eyes?
Yet be patient. Youth will waken, and at last the time will come
When the heart no more is stifled and when love will not be dumb.

Have you seen your idols falling by the road you bravely trod
With your whole life dedicated to your people and your God?
Did you lift against the dragon dauntlessly your single lance,
To be stricken down by malice or the sword of circumstance?
Still be patient, oh, my brother, and take courage in the fight,
For your own soul will reward you in the battle for the right.

Have you wandered in the wilderness till hope is nearly dead,
While the flying brush of time has painted winter on your head?
Is the promised land no nearer to your anxious, dimming eyes
That have watched the silent heavens for a glimpse of paradise?
Patience!—just a little longer and the dark night will be gone,
And your soul behold the splendor of the everlasting dawn!

—Leslie's Weekly.

MICHAEL'S GUEST

"O, I DON'T mind going to bed alone, Mme. Michael. Just let me have the candlestick. Good night!"

"Good night, Mme. Mercier."

As soon as their young guest had closed the door behind her, the landlord gave his wife a vengeful sort of look, saying as he did so: "You didn't broach the subject after all, did you?"

"I didn't have the courage."

"Then we might as well go out of business. There's only one quart of wine in the cellar."

Landlord Michael put up the shutters, fastened the door with an iron bar and a bolt, and this done went and sat down beside his wife.

His wife's face was a study, as she rested her chin on the palm of her hand and grumbled.

For several days Landlord Michael and his wife had been financially and consequently mentally distressed. Everyone thought they had money, and the Michaels had too much professional vanity to undeceive them.

Imagine their state of mind when they saw that they must either borrow money or close the inn.

But how did it happen that the Michaels, apparently so industrious and saving, had not a penny after all their years at the prosperous White Cat? The railway, is the answer. Travelers, who once were obliged to try the hospitality of the White City, were nowadays whirled past Chandresse on the iron horse.

"You are not going to sleep on the table, are you?" snapped Mme. Michael, picking up the brass candlestick.

"Then you are not going to do what I asked you?" said her husband, ignoring her ill humor.

"Isn't your tongue as good as mine?" was the wife's surly response.

"Possibly, but you being a woman, ought to be able to talk to a woman better than I. She has been here now eight days. She likes our table, and she pays like a princess. I'll bet she wouldn't refuse if you asked her to lend us some money, and if she did lend it, she wouldn't blab about it, because she doesn't know anyone in the village. It wouldn't take much to tide us over a few weeks. You are a woman, Marion, and can manage the matter better than I."

"Why don't you ask her yourself?"

"Because I haven't the courage."

"Neither have I."

This last remark was followed by a long silence, which was broken at last by the landlord's wife.

"All the same, if we hadn't got mad with Charles, we could borrow of him now."

"Still harping on that undutiful boy of ours?"

"Oh, that's all right; you know I'm telling the truth."

"Be silent! I don't want to hear any more talk of that kind."

Their son Charles was a subject of perpetual discord between them. He had married against his father's wishes and instead of vegetating in the neighborhood of the inn, had gone to live in Paris, where he met with considerable success. From people who had been up to Paris, Michael and his wife learned that Charles was now manager of a big department store.

While the mother heard with pride the stories of Charles' success, the father refused to believe them.

"You are not such a fool, Marion, as to think that that lad is making any money up there in Paris, are you? I'll bet he's having all he can do to keep body and soul together."

Michael could not forgive his only son for daring to pick out a wife for himself, a wife whom neither father or mother had ever seen. The poor mother would have given a great deal for a look at her, but Michael was inflexible; hence, Charles did not dare to bring his wife to Chanusse.

Michael also cherished a strong antipathy to the Parisians, whom he regarded as all given over to follies, and Charles' wife was probably as bad as any of them. Nevertheless his guest, Mme. Mercier, from Paris, had, without trying, removed some of his prejudices.

"She's a fine young woman," he said, more than once to his wife. "If Charles had only married a girl like that I wouldn't have a word of fault to find. There's probably some nice folks in Paris, after all."

The cuckoo clock struck nine. Having swallowed a glass of claret, the innkeeper arose saying:

"Well, wife, if you are not going to ask Mme. Mercier for a loan, we'll have to close the inn. I'd rather do that than borrow from Tom, Dick or Harry, and set the whole village talking."

"Do as you please, husband, but I cannot ask money of a person with whom I am not really acquainted."

"Ah! I see you are not certain that she is the kind of a person you would like to be under obligation to. Perhaps you're right. I notice she acts a little queer. Haven't you noticed that her letters do not come addressed to the inn, but to the general delivery? It looks as if she was trying to conceal her true name?"

"And who knows if she has much money, anyway?" the wife replied.

"True enough. Fine clothes often cover a good deal of poverty."

Here Michael's eyes glanced towards Mme. Mercier's dust coat that hung on a peg behind the door.

"That may contain the explanation of the mystery," he said to his wife, at the same time pointing to the coat.

"Oh, Michael!" cried his wife, anticipating his thought, "to search a guest's clothing would be awful."

"You speak as if I meant to commit a robbery," was Michael's reply, as he seized the coat.

Already his hand was in the pocket and soon brought forth a letter.

As he unfolded it and saw the writing his eyes opened wide with astonishment and his face turned pale.

He showed it to his wife. There was no mistaking it. How often they had welcomed letters in that hand when their son was in the army.

Husband and wife stared at each other in wild surprise. Then they read the following, wife Marion peering over Michael's shoulder:

"My Dear Genevieve: You are more than right. As soon as your health will permit, go and pass a week or so at Chandesse. The inn is about three miles from the railroad station. You can't miss it. On it's signboard is a white cat, hence its name. Get the square room on the second floor that looks toward the south. It has a good view of the road. I used to sleep in it up to the time I left home.

"You will easily recognize my father and mother from my description of them. They are dear old folks, who have only one fault, a fault common to many others, of not knowing anything beyond their own fireside. I am sure by this time they are sorry they opposed our marriage. But, thank God, we do not bear them any ill-will. Time will make everything come out all right. Pass some days with them, but under an assumed name. Under no circumstances, speak of me. I know your tears would betray you.

"I have heard it from a friend that my parents are in need of money. Give them what they need, and when you are going away, kiss both of them for me, and bring me home the kisses while they're hot. Lovingly, CHARLES."

The flame of the candle began to flicker. The old man looked up from the paper he held in his hand. Like one trying to atone for a crime, he put it back in "Mme. Mercier's" coat."

Glancing at his wife Marion, he saw that she was weeping. Then he, himself, began to cry like a child, and kept repeating through his sobs:

"I have been a terrible fool! I wouldn't blame Charles if he never spoke to me!"

But the tears of Landlord Michael and his wife were showers that cleared their life's sky of storm clouds which had troubled it for years.

PRIVILEGES ON RESERVES.

Special Occupancy Grants Accorded by Government on Western Tracts.

The bureau of forestry has promulgated rules governing special occupancy privileges on forestry reserves. Under them hotels, stores, mills, summer residences and similar establishments will be allowed upon reserve land wherever the demand is legitimate and consistent with the best interests of the reserve.

The use of tracts not to exceed two acres for schools and one acre for churches is specifically provided for by law, subject to regulation by the department and any other disposition of the land by the government. Timber for the construction of church and school buildings may be secured under the free use and sales regulations.

Applications for special occupancy privilage must be made to the supervisor, who will transmit it, with report and recommendation to the forester.

In the matter of wagon roads and trails the supervision of ranger is given authority to act. The secretary of agriculture, however, has jurisdiction touching permits for canals, ditches, flumes, pipe lines, tunnels, dams, tanks and reservoirs, not for mining or municipal purposes, nor granting an easement.

Blame It on Togo.

It was the surprise and confusion on Rojestvensky's ships, we are told, that led to the disastrous defeat of his fleet. It is susceptible of proof, moreover, that Togo was largely to blame for this surprise and confusion.

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Surveyor for the District of Oregon.
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BROOKS & SONS,
Walnut Nursery. Carlton, Oregon.

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A good Ranch and a 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 ¼ mile.

335 acres land, mostly in grass. Much bottom land, rest beach and hill. 1½ 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 trespa 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.

FRANDS THOMSEN.

TIMBER LAND ACT, JUNE 3, 1878,—

United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, Feb. 21th, 1908.

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,

OSCAR B FICHT

of Marshfield, county of Coos, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 8871, for the purchase of the S½ SE¼ Sec 33, Tp 31 S, R 14 W, Lots 1 and 2 of Section No 4, in Township No 32 S, Range 14 West W M, 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 Monday the 22nd day of June, 1908.

He names as witnesses:
H W Burnham of Port Orford, Ore.
W Peck of " " "
Thad Green of " " "
Minnie Burnham of " " "

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 22nd day of June, 1908.

BENJAMIN L EDDY,
Register.

JAMES CAUGHELL,

GOLD BEACH, OREGON,

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. NEW YORK

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

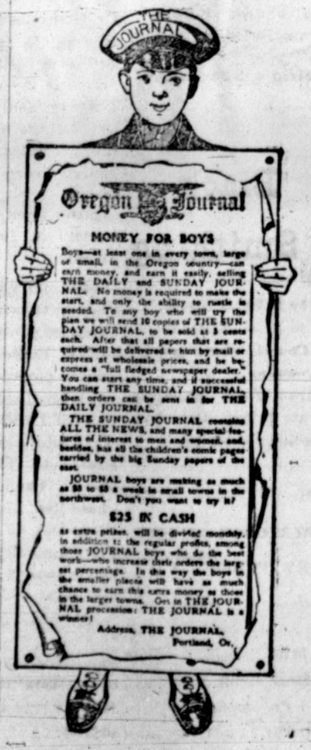
No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists

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.

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