WITH CAP AND BELLS.

With cap and bells, day after day,
The jester's jocund part I play;
Yes, motley is the only wear,
The only fabric that will bear
Time's touch or turn Fate's frown away.

The wisest in the world are they—
Earth's laughter loving ones—who stray
Along through life from year to year
With cap and bells.

A laugh—our sorrow can allay;
A sigh—our merriment can slay;
Give me the jest, not a mute jeer,
Give me the smile that's not a sneer,
And you may crown me till I'm gray,
With cap and bells.

—Louise A. Robertson, in Everybody's Magazine.

OVERCOMING A BARRIER

By MARY JOSEPHINE MAYER

BROCKTON pulled a letter out of his pocket, read it through slowly, threw himself back in his leather armchair, pulled hard at his pipe, gazed at the ceiling through the smoke, and then reperused the letter. The note ran thus:

"Beacon Street, Boston—Dear John: Mother and I are going to New York Wednesday for a few days' shopping. We shall put up at the Holland house. Please come Wednesday evening and take me somewhere—hotel reception rooms are such impossible places to receive one's friends in. Until Wednesday then, Eunice Garner."

This was Tuesday evening. Brockton drew out his pocket book and told over its contents mechanically as if he knew the sum well enough. There was a two-dollar bill and three ones. He plunged into his trousers pocket and drew out 75 cents in small change. Then he rummaged in his bureau drawer and found a little heap of pawn tickets and his dress shirt studs. Five dollars and seventy-five cents — he should have to manage breakfast, lunch and dinner on the 75 cents. That would leave four dollars for their theater tickets and one dollar for possible extras. Having settled these practical details, he gave himself up to tobacco smoke and musing.

He went to the Holland house the next evening as early as he decently could, and after sending up his card waited in tense expectancy. He wondered if Eunice had changed in the eight months since she had waved him a good by from the deck of the Kaiser Wilhelm.

When at last she came the sight of her sunk him into a moment of dull depression—standing there in the doorway until she could see him, she looked so distinctly the woman of the world. Perhaps his own poverty made him exaggerate the richness of her furs and velvet gown and plumed hat—he did not stop to consider that the same clothes on another woman would fail to produce that effect of distinction. Then she caught sight of him, her eyes lighted as she came forward impulsively with both hands outstretched; there was something childlike in her self-forgetfulness. "Well, Johnnie?" she said. "Well, Eunice?" he replied, and they stood with clasped hands. He couldn't speak. The longing to take her in his arms, to make her his by force, for the instant overpowered him.

"You are the most beautiful creature on God's earth, and I love you, I love you," were the words that rushed to his lips. But he pulled himself together, withdrew his hands from the clasp of hers, and said in his very best drawing-room manner: "Awfully good of you to let me know you were in town."

"What's the matter?" she asked, recovering herself. "Your jaw is set as if you wanted to fight some one."

"Oh, I was only thinking of how glad I am to have you back."

She laughed. "If that look means pleasure, let's be miserable. Come, cheer up, and tell me where you are going to take me to-night?"

"I thought I'd let you choose," he said.

"Then suppose we walk down town, and see what turns up. I feel what mother would call 'irresponsible' to-night."

As they came out into the clear January night the cold wind smote them in the face and forced them to take a brisk pace. In forlorn contrast to the general gayety were a motley crowd of men gathered on the strip of asphalt to the north of the Worth monument triangle. They were singing a hymn.

"What is it?" asked Eunice. "I want to see them."

"Oh, no, you don't," said he. "It's only the bummers waiting for a night's lodging." He had his reasons for not wishing to stop there with Eunice.

"But I do," she insisted. "These are just the sights of a big city that interest me."

Brockton reluctantly made a place for her among the group of spectators. Before them the outcasts—for the most part old or middle-aged men—huddled together in a solid square, while a thick-set man with his dark head bared to the wind harangued the lookers-on from a soap box.

It was not a new sight to Brockton. "Oh, let's get out of this," he said.

She threw him a look of reproach for answer, adding: "Unfortunately I left my pocketbook at home." He knew that she was silently condemning him for not giving.

Eunice turned to Brockton. "Please lend me $5?" she said, authoritatively.

Doggedly he drew out the two-dollar bill and the three ones and held them toward her. There were just two nickels left in his pocket.

"Please give them to the preacher," she commanded; and when he had done so she turned away, saying very coldly: "I think we will go to the theater now."

He cast about vainly for a subterfuge, and at last fell back upon the bare fact. "We can't go to the theater now."

"And why not?" she asked. "We shall only be a little late."

"Oh, well, if you really want to know I'll tell you," he said, with a short laugh. "It's rather a good joke, but somehow I had depended upon keeping it to myself. I didn't want to share it with you, you see. We can't go because that $5 was all I had in the world. I'm dead broke."

"All — you — had?" she faltered. "An—" and she drew a deep breath.

"Yes, funny, isn't it? Oh, I told you it was a good joke."

He felt that he could never face her again. Even in the hotel after he had followed her to a small upstairs parlor and seated himself beside her on the sofa he didn't look at her lest her eyes should confirm his fear.

"John—I think—I begin to understand." Was it really Eunice's voice? He turned toward her, and as he met her eyes a great wonder took possession of him. In the sudden revulsion of feeling he blurted out: "My God, Eunice! don't look at me like that or you'll make me say something I'll be sorry for."

"Say it," she murmured. "I've been waiting so long."

He drew away from her, frowning. "No, I won't say it. Do you think I've held on to myself for seven years to let myself go now, of all times? Oh, but you make it hard for a fellow, though."

She leaned toward him, where he shrank back in the corner of the sofa. "Then I'll say it. John Brockton, will you—marry me? There; now perhaps I've humiliated myself enough to satisfy your pride," and she gave a little laugh that was half a sob.

"He rose and towered over her. "Look here, Eunice, do you think I'll marry a rich woman as long as I'm a beggar? I may be a duffer, but I'm not a cad."

"Then you don't love me after all."

"Love you?" he echoed. "Oh, no, I don't love you. I've only lived with one hope and wish ever since I knew you; I've only worked and risked all I had and failed miserably because the one thing in life I wanted was you; but I don't love you—"

She rose, too, and confronted him with angry eyes. "Shall I tell you what you love? You love yourself—your foolish pride your false idea of honor. Oh, what difference does it make about money—haven't I more than enough for us both? Because I'm rich must I go without the only thing in life that is worth having?"

"But, Eunice, you don't understand; no woman could understand how a man feels about such things."

"Feels!" she said, contemptuously. "Do you call such cold-blooded calculation feeling? And it is for that you have left me to suffer all this time!"

"Let you suffer!" he repeated, blankly. "I thought the suffering had all been on my side."

"Oh, of course, being a man you never thought of putting yourself in my place. You don't know—" Then suddenly her anger died away. She sank back on the sofa and her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, John, can't you understand—how I need you?"

As she looked up to him through her tears convention dropped from him as a garment and all the man in him rose to meet her weakness. For the moment they were primal as Siegfried and Brunhild on the fire-girt rock. He made a sudden movement toward her.

But the conventions were upon them once more in the shape of an elderly man and a middle aged woman, who sauntered through the doorway and stood aimlessly chatting in the center of the room. Brockton stopped short and tried to look careless, while all the time her triumphant face was telling him: "I have won; I have won!" He threw the intruders a savage look and growled something between his teeth.

"Are you aware?" questioned the girl, "that you swore just then—quite violently?"

"Swore!" he muttered. "Haven't I been mad all these years to take you in my arms and now—I can't."

At that she began to laugh, and the laughter grew hysterically, until her eyes were wet, and the contagion of it made him join in helplessly yet with a certain wrathful reserve. Then the elderly man disappeared around the corner with the middle-aged woman.

SAW CONTAINS 200 JEWELS

Each Tooth Has a Brazilian Diamond Firmly Set in It and Valued at $10,000.

The saw works of Indianapolis completed recently a large saw containing 200 teeth, with a Brazilian diamond imbedded in each tooth. The saw has been shipped to Bedford, Ind., to be used in one of the big stone quarries.

The saw is eight feet in diameter, five-sixteenths of an inch thick and weighs almost one-half ton. Instead of having sharp teeth this peculiar saw has almost a smooth edge. Secured across the edge of the outer rim are 200 inserted steel holders; imbedded in each is a large Brazilian diamond. The diamond points compose the teeth of the saw, which will be used to cut Indiana limestone into desired sizes.

The diamonds are about a carat in size and are very dark. Each stone is valued at $20. Two other saws, duplicates of the one just completed, are in the course of construction and represent a cost of $10,000.

When a young man asks for the hand of an heiress he means the one in which she carries her purse.

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—o—
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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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Notice for Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
Land Office at Roseburg, Ore.,
April 21st, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Cornelius Fielding of Port Orford, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14329 made February 19, 1907, for Lots 3, 4, & E½ SW¼, Section 15, Township 32 South, Range 15 West, W. M., and that said proof will be made before J H. Upton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Langlois, Oregon, on Monday July 20th, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz:
E. B. Hall, of Port Orford, Oregon.
Cyrus Madden, of " "
Edward Picket, of " "
James Ellis, of " "

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878—
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, Feb. 29th, 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.

WILLIAM E. RUSSELL

of Eugene, County of Lane, State of Oregon, filed in this office on February 23rd, 1907, his sworn statement No. 8925 for the purchase of the South-west quarter of Section No. 11 in Township No. 32 South, Range 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 Friday the 10th day July, 1908.

He names as witnesses:
Robert Richardson,
Thomas D Halstad, both of Monroe, Or.
David Murphy of Eugene, Oregon.
Edward S Wells of Eckley, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 10 day of July, 1908.

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

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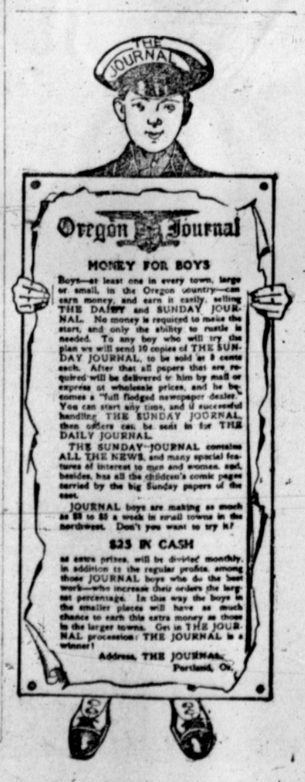
NOTICE.

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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