BIT OF LUCK.

"I was riding uptown in a surface car in New York one day the other week," said a post office inspector "when a mighty badlooking accident occurred.

"At Forty-second street a well-dressed, middle-aged man undertook to swing himself on board the open car while it was starting, just after making the stop at that corner.

"He had got one foot on the running board, when the foot that still rested on the wet pavement slipped. He slipped and fell forward on his hands. His left leg slid beneath the wheels of the moving car.

"The conductor, who was collecting fares from the running board, frantically rang the bell to stop the car. Then men in the car, including myself, shouted hoarsely, and the women on the car screamed as if bedlam had broken loose. One of the women sank back in a dead faint, and she had to be carried into a drug store after the incident was over.

"The conductor's signal to the motorman was too late. The car wasn't brought to a stop till there was a horrible grinding, jilting, crunching sound. The wheels had passed over the middle-aged man's left leg. It was sickening.

"A hundred pedestrians rushed from the crowded sidewalk to do what they could to assist the prostrate man.

"When they got to him he was lying downward, with his face resting on his hands. His hat had fallen some distance away, and his head looked gray and venerable.

"But the prostrate man was laughing just fit to kill!

"He was absolutely shrieking with merriment. He was giving vent to explosions of pure enjoyment. He positively shouted and bawled in the overplus of his tremendous mirth.

"He laughed so hard that it seemed as if his sides must be just aching him.

"People away up Sixth avenue heard his happy, boisterous ha! ha! and came rushing along to see what was producing all of the fun.

" 'The pain of having his leg cut off has put the poor old gentleman off his head,' was the sympathetic remark of a lot of us who stood around watching him and listening to his almost violent outbreaks of mirth. 'His agony has made him delirious, poor old chap' became the universal verdict as the middle-aged man's roars of laughter grew even louder.

"But there was something in the quality of his laughter that puzzled me, for all that. It sounded to me like mighty healthy, human, rollicking laughter—laughter that was actually proceeding from the mirthful midriff of the run-over man. To my ears it didn't have even a little bit of the gruesome sound of the kind of laughter that proceeds from those in a state of delirium.

"There, there, old chap, easy now—we'll get you out of that fix all right' said some of the willing helpers, as they started to see what they could do toward disentangling the middle-aged man from the wheels of the car.

" 'Thanks, boys,' he replied, to their amazement, in a tone of perfect understanding. 'But, say,' he went on, 'it's so blamed funny!' and he went into another paroxysm of laughter.

"The helpers looked at one another with mystified countenances.

" 'Why, that man's not hysterical, nor bug-house, either,' said one of them. 'Say, old friend,' he continued, addressing the still prostrate man, 'what's all this that's so infernally funny, hey? You might as well let us all in on it, hey?'

"The man who was lying face downward on the wet pavement, with his leg still under the car wheel, restrained his mirth with great difficulty long enough to gasp:

" 'Why, dang it all, boys, can't you see that the leg that's been run over is a woo-woo-wooden leg!' and then he howled joyously once again.

"The willing helpers looked as if they'd gone up against a sad sort of a sell, but the prostrate man's laughter was perfectly infectious, and they joined in it.

"Then they managed to pull him from beneath the car, when they saw that, sure enough, the crushed leg was of the seasoned ash variety.

"They put the good-humored middle-aged man into a cab and sent him along to the home address he gave. He waved his hand merrily at them out of the cab window before starting for home.

" 'Well, boys,' he called out, 'I mayn't have beat the devil around the stump this time, but I'll be hanged if I haven't beat him with it!'

"Whereupon the big bunch broke into a spontaneous cheer for the old boy's gameness, and the car went ahead about its business."—Washington Star.

Mortality.

"You seem to have a pretty large cemetery here, my friend."

"Wul, yeah."

"What causes most of the deaths, if I may ask?"

"Wul, liver complaint, mostly."

"No!"

"Yeah. A feller with a white liver ain't noways likely to last long in this gulch, stranger."—Puck.

Precocious Wit.

Little Gladys—Auntie, dear, do all the people who die and go to the bad place camp out?

Aunt—Why, no, child. Why do you ask?

Little Gladys—Well, our Sunday school teacher told us to-day that the heat was in tents.—Judge.

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THE CHEERFUL TELEPHONE.

An Institution That Contributes Much Toward the Enlivenment of Mankind.

In a general summing up of the numerous mechanical inventions which contribute largely to the gayety of nations, the telephone, it appears, does not fall behind, says the Indianapolis Journal.

"It just occurred to me the other day," said a woman in a little group of club loiterers who were having a social chat after the club had adjourned, "that we do not give the telephone its just due of praise as a cheer distributor. One hears a good deal, now and then, about the useful telephone, the wonderful telephone, the convenient telephone, but really I have never heard any one call it the 'cheerful telephone.' Perhaps, however, one needs to be a suburban dweller to realize what an entertaining and agreeable companion the telephone is. In trite phrase, words can hardly tell what a valuable affair the telephone is in the country. In the dull winter days, when my husband was in town and the children at school, my spirits would sometimes flag. Instead of flying to a quinine pill or a dose of cut-rate tonic, I would simply fly to the telephone, call up some one of my treasured relatives or intimate friends, either in town or in the country, get a little pleasant sparkle of talk or harmless gossip over the wire, and go back to my sewing or work refreshed and braced in mind and body.

" 'Unbeknownst,' too, as good old Sairey Gamp would say, I often administered the telephone-cure to my husband and children. If Henry yawned a good deal in the evening and didn't seem to care to read, or to talk, I would say, carelessly:

" 'Henry, call up George Blanke, and ask how they all are, over there; we haven't heard from them for several days; or, Henry, call up your mother and ask how all the folks are; tell her we want to know.' These little telephone symposiums would brighten dear old Henry up amazingly. When the children were at home from school with colds, too, the telephone was our great comfort. Indeed, I think the world at large is ungenerously silent concerning the countless glorious messages of golden cheer which, day by day, in every direction, flit along the telephone wires."

COTTONSEED "OLIVE OIL."

Difference Between It and the Genuine Article Difficult to Detect.

If it weren't for the influence of a name and a tradition Americans would not send money abroad for the cottonseed oil manufactured at home. But to please the American imagination, says the Jacksonville Times-Union, it must go abroad to be labeled "olive oil" before they will use it in their salads or for the other uses the alleged olive oil is put to. If it were bought at home, for one thing, it would be too cheap. It is the price of "olive oil" that makes it dear to the epicure. No tariff laws can shield us from the impositions put upon us, for experts cannot detect the difference between cottonseed oil and olive oil, it is asserted. One is just as nutritious and tastes as well as the other when refined. Both are bland vegetable oils, free from any harmful effect upon the system. Cottonseed is well boiled before the oil is expressed from it. The oil is immeasurably superior to hog's fat for culinary purposes. It cannot but be wholesome, while lard can only be wholesome if the hog was free from disease when killed and no one can know that when purchasing lard. When cottonseed oil is transformed into butter it makes a product superior to most substitutes for cow's butter. Nevertheless great quantities of the southern product will continue to be sent abroad, and Americans will continue to pay the expense of transportation both ways and a good-sized profit to the foreign handler in order that he may be fooled. He likes to be fooled. Even when he knows that it is impossible to manufacture from pure olives all the olive oil sold he will not take the hint. He doesn't want to. He is above the weakness of a patriotic desire to patronize home products. He wants the brand; never mind what the stuff is.

DENNIS CUNNIFF, JR.,

Dep. U. S. Mineral Surveyor

—o—

Surveyor for the District of Oregon.

Gold Beach, - - - Oregon

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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.—

Notice for Publication.

United States Land Office.
Roseburg, Oregon, April 9th, 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,

THADDEUS GREEN

of Port Orford, County of Curry, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 9601, for the purchase of the SE¼ NW¼ & Lots 1 & 2 of Section No. 11, in Township No. 33 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 Langlois, Oregon, on Thursday, the 3rd day of September, 1908.

He names as witnesses:
C. A. Langlois, of Port Orford, Oregon.
H. W. Burnham of " "
E. L. White of " "
W. T White of " "

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 3rd day of September, 1908.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

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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 S ¼ 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.

Notice of School Indemnity Selection.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
Roseburg, Oregon, June 26, 1908.

NOTICE is hereby given that the State of Oregon, on June 26, 1908, applied for the SE¼ NE¼ of Sec. 11, NE¼ SE¼ of Sec. 2, and NE¼ NE¼ and SE¼ SE¼ of Sec. 13, Tp. 32 S., R. 14 W. of W. M., and filed in this office lists of school indemnity selections in which is selected said land; and that said lists are open to the public for inspection. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described land or any legal subdivision thereof, or claiming the same under the mining laws, or desiring to show said land to be more valuable for mineral than for agricultural purposes, or to object to said selections for any lawful reason, should file their claims or their affidavits of protest or contest in this office.

I hereby designate the Port Orford Tribune, published at Port Orford, Oregon, as the newspaper in which the above notice is to be published.

J. M. LAWRENCE,
Receiver.

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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for sale. Not particular about location. Wish to hear from owner only who will sell direct to buyer. Give price, description and state when possession can be had. Address,
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THE TELEGRAM,
PORTLAND, OR.

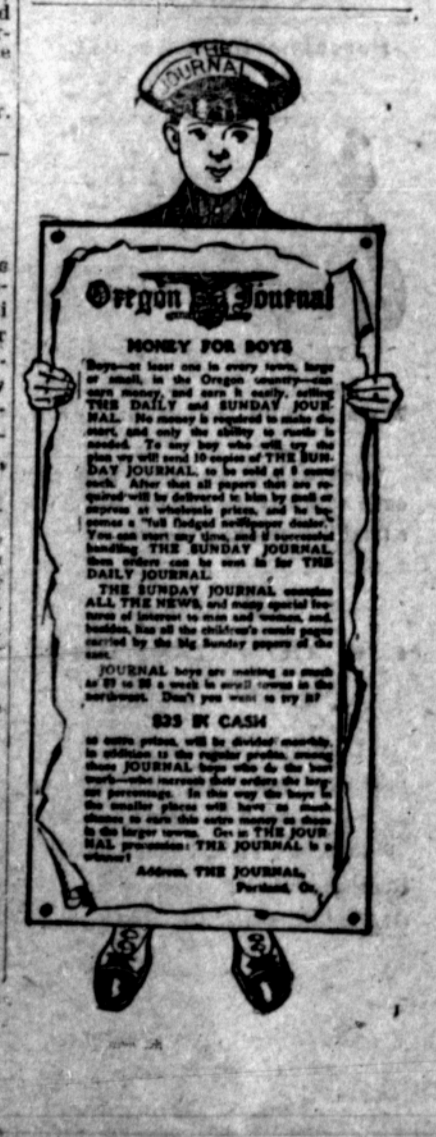
NOTICE.

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. KELLAHER } Owners.
J. H. MCAFEE. }

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