

"GOOD NIGHT" TIME

"Good night, good night" No dear the words
From childhood's lips that sweetly press
My cheek and then two chubby hands
Stroke soft my cheeks in fond caress.

Then to his knees beside my chair,
My hands the while upon his head,
In accents soft he utters a prayer;
Another kiss—then summer's bed.

We go together up the stairs,
His hand in mine in love's delight,
How close his eyes and smiling mouth,
I hear from Dreamland's shore: "Good night."

Last night he came into the room
And spoke in cheery tone to me,
I looked into his sunny face and saw
My boy of long ago to see.

He stooped to kiss me and I brushed
The locks from off his carver's brow,
My hand, it lingered on his head;
I wondered if it scented his hair.

Perhaps it did, and felt a wish
That it were by my side again,
In evening prayer, in sweet caress,
In "Good night" time, as it was then.
—Willie Brown, in Hans Horn.

A DISILLUSION
By BELLE MANIATES

DR. KENNETH says your mother must spend the winter in Phoenix, Rene.

"Oh, really, papa?"

Her lifted face, winsome and winning,
Was full of interest.

"And where is Phoenix, papa? In New York?"

"Why, Rene?"

He gave a perplexed little laugh, then, raising his voice, called:

"Roger, come here!"

A square-shouldered, thick-set man of some 30 and more years came from the little reading-room into the library. His gray, dark-lashed eyes gazed slightly in their placid steadiness when they rested on the slight, young form of his friend's daughter.

"Good evening, Rene!"

"Good evening, Roger. Papa has called you to witness an expose of my geographical ignorance."

"She asked if Phoenix was in New York, Grant! I thought you would appreciate that, and locate the place for her."

"Rene would naturally think the place, if of any importance at all, was in New York," said Grant. "I know if she were called upon to draw a map of the United States, New York would cover five-sixths of the allotted space. Really, Rene, were you not joking when you asked where Phoenix was?"

"No," she pleaded. "I know I have only recently finished, but it's so many years since I studied geography."

"Phoenix is the capital of Arizona."

"Really?" she asked. "I didn't even know Arizona was a state."

"Don't you suppose territories require capitals and governments?"

"Why did papa think my ignorance would appeal to you? Is that where you go when you are out west?"

"Yes; my ranches are near Phoenix."

"Really? And are we all going, papa?"

"Not I. There are things doing at present in Wall street, and the cruel ends of Rene's admits of no leave of absence. Of course, Marie will attend your mother and you will accompany them."

"Oh, dear. And I had planned to have such good times this winter."

"Rene, you can't always have good times for your objective point!"

"Will you let me have a good time out there, Rene?" said Grant.

"Oh, are you going, Roger? That makes it better."

"Thank you, Rene. I will show you on the map where you are going."

He found an atlas and opened to a map of the United States.

"Now, let me see you find Arizona, Rene."

Her index finger traveled quickly westward, paused at North Dakota, lingered in Wyoming, faltered at Nevada and landed permanently and triumphantly at Arizona.

"There! But what a long way; clear across a continent!"

"It is quite a leap for Rene, in more ways than one. From New York to Arizona—a daring transfer!" said her father.

Mortimer was essentially a man of action, and before the week was ended his languid wife, her meek and mild maid, Marie, his reticent daughter and his substantial friend were en route to Phoenix. They were all traveled travelers and passed six days comfortably and pleasantly in a Pullman.

"Is this it?" cried Rene, in dismay, as they fled out of the car one night, followed by a heavy-laden, well-fed porter.

"No," replied Grant, "this isn't it. This is Ash Fork, where we have to wait about three hours and then take a branch road in to Phoenix. We'll get there about two o'clock in the morning."

"Roger Grant! Did you make up the name of this place? Is it really Ash Fork?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"It's so delightfully wild and woolly. I am going to drop papa and Lucille a letter from here while we wait. I will send daylies and daytime epistles, for I have lost all track of time."

The wait and the ride from Ash Fork to Phoenix quelled Rene's ever vivid vivacity, and she was ready quietly and quickly to go to bed when they reached the apartments Grant had secured for them in the family of some acquaintances of his Mrs. Mortimer not being equal to hotel life.

At 11 o'clock the next morning, radiant and refreshed, three rashes upon Grant's vision with meteoric brightness.

"Aren't you ashamed," he said, reproachfully, "to let your sick mother be up and dressed before you?"

"My sick mother! I wish she were sick!"

"Rene!"

"Oh, now don't be so stern and reeling, Roger. You are the only person I know who takes me literally and seriously. Perhaps that is the way you take everything, and perhaps it's for well some one takes me that way. Now papa would have known intuitively what I meant. Mamma isn't really sick, you know. She just thinks she is, and Dr. Kenneth would order her to any place she might suggest. I meant that as long as she thinks she is sick and has to do what she would if she were sick and be rid of her from home it would be easier to fall in with the spirit of the excursion if she were sick. Now do you comprehend?"

"I can't say that I do," he replied, shortly.

"Oh, Roger! Maybe the greatest climate on earth will wipe the cobwebs from your brain, but one thing I plainly comprehended is that there is no parole in sight for me. I thought being sidetracked at that funny place last night and the difference in everything might bring about a retrograde movement on mamma's part, but she just informed me that she felt better the moment she struck New Mexico and that there was nothing like climate! I am crushed."

"You don't look it," he replied, skeptically.

"I'll tell you what sustains me. My presence jars on mamma's nerves, and Marie, the long suffering, will be kept in constant attendance and I will be left unrestricted to your chaperones. Mamma thinks you a person of good nature and propriety. She little knows how I can lead you astray. I wish, though, you would drop that little air of cold displeasure."

"Everyone treats you as if you were a child. I alone try to treat you as if you were a woman—but you won't let me."

"And I try to treat you as if you were a jolly, good fellow, and you must be one," she retorted.

In the days that followed in the land where the sun shone every day in the year, Rene reveled in an outdoor life of freedom. With Roger, she rode horseback and took little trips into the mountains and out to the surrounding ranches, and was serenely happy. So was Roger, until Rene had her first sight of cowboy life at a Wild West entertainment at the park.

"Aren't they grand!" she cried.

"To a little schoolgirl and to a tenderfoot, I suppose they are, but to 'us old settlers' they are quite commonplace."

As long as her admiration was confined to the cowpunchers collectively, Grant had no forebodings, but one day she sighted at a distance the king of the cowboys.

"Lovely!" she cried. "Buffalo Bill is no longer my ideal of manly beauty."

Thereafter she made life miserable for Grant. She besought him to make an opportunity for her to meet the handsome cowboy, and she ransacked all the stores to see if his picture was not on sale.

Grant let her give full rein to her raving and quietly hid his times.

"Where to now?" asked Rene blithely as he drove up to the house one morning.

"I have a corral full of cattle out at my ranch. I am going to sell 50 of them and the buyer is to take his pick."

"Don't you hope he won't know enough to pick the best?"

"He will, though. He's going to bring your cow-puncher with him to select the cattle."

"What? Really? Roger, you are joking!"

"No; we will help him drive the cattle back to town."

The pace wasn't fast enough then for Rene and they fairly flew over the road.

"I see L. and Sweet thing!" cried Rene, ecstatically, as they approached the ranch.

They halted and watched the cowboy separate the cattle he had chosen from the rest.

Rene was more entranced than before.

"He sits in his saddle as if he grew there!" she declared.

"He certainly does," assented Grant.

When the cattle was finally selected and the buyer was closing the deal with Grant's manager, the cowboy was about to ride into the desert.

Grant called to him:

"Come here, Frank!"

"Frank! Oh, what a tame name!" murmured Rene in disappointed tones.

The cowboy wheeled about and rode up to them. Roger presented him to his young companion and she lifted glowing eyes. Alas for the maid! Her hero had a decidedly game eye, that looked as though some one had put a knife in it and turned it around a few times.

She acknowledged the introduction in a faint voice and when the "ideal of manly beauty" had ridden on, she proposed to Roger that they return to town without waiting to help drive the cattle.

Grant cheerfully acquiesced.

"How did he hurt his eye?" she asked abruptly.

"Who Frank? I haven't known him long, but as our friendship increases I will endeavor to learn how it happened."

"Where did you know him?"

"Oh, everyone knows him. I met him first at a restaurant. By the way, he sets with his knife. He met me last night at the closing of this cattle deal. He offered me a 'shaw of terbacker' as token of his good will."

"Roger Grant, I think you are the meanest man I ever knew. Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"Seeing is believing."

She looked away reflectively over a field of alfalfa.

"Rene, are you so disappointed?"

"Yes; I fell as I did when I found out Santa Claus was a myth. I believe, though, it's a good idea to hug your illusions."

"Then let me be your illusion, Rene—"

There was a misty depth of tenderness in the soft eyes turned shyly to his.

"Roger, I am glad you are not a cowboy!" — N. O. Times-Democrat.

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FRANKS THOMAS.

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, & 24 S. 1, 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 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 31st day of September, 1908.

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 SE 1/4 NE 1/4, NE 1/4 SE 1/4 of Sec. 2, and NE 1/4 NE 1/4, and SE 1/4 SE 1/4 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.

To Whom It May Concern.

The undersigned hereby give notice that they are the owners of the third 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. KELLNER Owners.
J. H. McPREE, Jr.
Portland, Ore.

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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