BY-O-LO.

Baby, wonder-eyed and wee,
Lying on your mother's knee
As the evening shadows fall,
As the homing birds call,
Listening to your mother croon,
That old, wonderful, by-lo-tune,
In the years to come they'll seem
Like the memory of a dream;
Mother singing "By-lo-by,"
And your father standing nigh,
And the cradle's speed twice
To the sky where high doth ride
The pale moon that yesterev'n
You did try to hold between
Your wee hands. Dear, you'll recall
As a dream in night and all.

You'll recall, dear, how you lay
In her arms at close of day,
And the rocking to and fro,
And the tuneful by-o-lo,
Just as I when look on you
Just as I when hear you coo,
Do remember how I laid
In my mother's arms, and prayed
At her knee when night came down
Over hill and meid and town;
How my father tall and strong
Held me; how I heard the song
That same song—now you're asleep,
God to Heaven, watch and keep
This our baby—to and fro—
In the land of By-o-lo.
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

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Rotary Motion,

LIGHT RUNNING & RAPID,
Ball Bearing.

LANDRY'S LETTER

By GRACE G. BOSTWICK

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

I FELT horribly sorry for Katherine when Landry died. It must have been an awful blow, for she seemed to lose every bit of her spirit and went about pale and listless for months.

You see, Landry was a fine fellow, an unusual fellow. I don't believe there was a selfish fiber in the man's whole make-up. He was essentially big-hearted and lovable. Homely in feature to positive ugliness, he was still attractive in appearance. He was famous in a small way as the author of certain delicate love sketches, very tender and dainty in sentiment, and so unlike him as to seem inconsistent with what we knew of his character. A right jolly good fellow, with plenty of sense and a cheerful lot of brains under his sandy poll.

He and Kit had been engaged for a long time, and I knew that he fairly worshiped her, though he was very quiet about it. I felt a mild sort of envy, for I had never plumbed the depths of love myself. I'd had my little affairs, but I always hated myself during their progress, because I couldn't really feel—I was only amused and entertained, never touched. My friendship with Kit was the one real sentiment of my life, for we had been like brother and sister for ten years. Ever since she had begun to yearn for long skirts and put her pig-tails up into the crown of womanly dignity. Whenever Landry was away I took his place at her side, and jolly good times we had, and many of them.

A few months before Landry's death Kit seemed to change some way. She took to mooning about for all the world like a disappointed lover. Landry, too, went into the dumps. He grew thin and pale and more impersonal than ever. He was very tender with Katherine, and so I knew that it was no lover's quarrel that was wearing on them. She sort of clung to him as though she felt him slipping from her, and I've sometimes thought since that she must have had a premonition of what was coming.

One morning, on my way home from an all-night vigil, old Damon lost his head and I came a pretty cropper. It wasn't far from home, as luck would have it, and I managed to get to the house. I was pretty much used up, taking my weariness and the shaking-up together, and my knees shook as if I'd been officiating at my first operation. Afterward, when Kit came in to see me, I tried to laugh it off, and I jollied her up.

"Landry 'll be good and jealous if you don't watch out,' I told her. "I believe you're in love with me, old girl." Her face flamed a sudden crimson over its old pallor, and she looked at me sharply. Then I caught her hand and pulled her down to me. I kissed her, as I always had, and for a moment she laid her face against my cheek.

"What if you'd been killed?" she whispered. "What if you'd been killed?"

"You'd still have Landry," I retorted, and Kit slapped me. It wasn't the first time by any means, for you see we'd been boy and girl together. I couldn't help seeing that her eyes looked funny. A new expression, I'd never seen there before—and I wondered.

It was shortly after that poor Landry came down with typhoid. It was a hard case from the start. Sometimes it gets a grip on a man and an M. D. can see that there's no hope whatever. Thank goodness, we were all there with him. He wasn't alone, as he had been the greater part of his life—since he'd been a little chap, in fact. He wasn't lonely. Sometimes it seemed to me that he was happier than I had ever seen him. I felt that he was glad to go, and I couldn't understand it. It broke us all up, every one of us, for we loved the poor fellow.

I found her on the veranda one evening, alone in the soft darkness. I felt a bit down myself. Things weren't going very well, and I began to think that I was not fitted for a professional life after all. I felt too sorry for my patients. I couldn't give a judicial, impersonal sympathy, as a physician must to be among the ranks of the successful. Every death that came under my notice worked on my mind to such a degree that it unfitted me to care for the living.

She took my hand and held it tightly in both of her own. I felt a sudden tightening at my heartstrings, and a rush of tenderness swept over me.

"Lonely, old girl?" I asked softly.

"Oh, so lonely, Freddy—so lonely—you can't know," and she drew my hand up to her face and leaned her lips upon it.

"Poor heart," I said, and I hardly said a gentle kiss on her forehead. She turned her pale, luminous face up to me, wistfully, like a child, and I kissed her warm, red mouth. Then my heart began thumping like a hydraulic ram and my hands trembled a rangely. I tried to steady them. She would be so angry if she thought that I dared. I had kissed Katherine numberless times, as a man may kiss his sister, lovingly, tenderly, but absolutely without a thrill. They had never been like this. I was at a loss. I had never dreamed of Katherine except as my dear old friend—my manhood chum, and as for her—my heart sank, for I knew she had been utterly devoted to old Landry and mourned passionately for him. At least I thought so. If she knew what I was thinking she would hate me—loathe me, forever. If she knew—ah, if she knew. She sat there dreaming, her eyes, as I thought, on memory's distant mountain peak; her dear, wet, brown eyes that I loved.

She turned to me with a little laugh.

"It's so nice to be loved a little," she said, as she nestled against my coat, as if she belonged there. I fought with myself a moment. She must have felt my heart beating. I was horribly ashamed. Then I suddenly lost my self-control, and stooping toward her, I took her in my arms and kissed her passionately, many, many times, passionately, eagerly, as I had never kissed anyone in my life—as I had never wanted to kiss anyone before. After a time I lifted my head and waited for the storm. I knew it must come. I felt like a whipped cur, though every pulse in my body throbbed with delight and joy. Whatever came, I knew now. I was blind no longer. They talk of love being blind. I say it's the other way about; it's love that clears our sight—so we can really see where we have always before being groping in a dim half-light.

She nestled closer in my arms and laughed a little, low laugh of contentment.

"Oh, Freddy, boy," she said, "I thought you would never wake up. I've been such a long, long time waiting to come home."

I started back and faced her in amazement.

"And—and Landry?" I faltered.

"Oh, my dear, I never loved Landry." (Ah, so I knew now why he was glad to go, poor duffer, poor, unselfish, loving old duffer.)

"He knew I didn't, but he—he—cared, and he knew I loved you, so he helped me. He told me you loved me, only you were asleep, and I've waited so long—so long for this," she sighed, happily.

I looked in her eyes incredulously.

"Kit, why in the name of common sense didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you? Freddy, how could I? I wasn't sure you—you cared, and sometimes I was sure you didn't. It was only because Landry was so positive that I dared to hope. I could only wait in silence, and since Landry died it has been so lonely, so dreadfully lonely."

"Poor old girl," I said in her hair, "poor darling, old girl."

"You've lost a whole year," she cried, "a whole year."

"Then you knew a year ago?"

"Yes, isn't funny, Freddy, but I couldn't imagine why no man ever moved me the least tiny bit. When Landry told me he cared, I tried to think I loved him, but he said then that I didn't, and afterward, he knew it was you. He watched my eyes, he said, when you were about, and when he told me that, I was as astonished as you were when I told you.

"When your horse threw you that time, then I knew beyond a doubt, for I suffered agonies thinking what might have happened. You were so ghastly that I was horribly frightened. I felt sure that you were at least maimed for life."

And then, she brought me the letter—Landry's letter, that was not to be delivered until I had found my own. Oh, that letter. If I had only seen it when Landry died. Kit would not have grown pale waiting for what was always hers.

"You confounded blind old bat," he wrote, "what in the name of all that's holy, do you stay around here for? If I was such an egregious donkey as you are I'd go off and die, but I've got to be the one instead—and I've got eyes to see. That's ever the way in this vale of tears.

"Well, you must know some time. It will come to you all at once, as the knowledge of it came to me—then, old boy, I wouldn't mind being in your boots. I'd give my life for that one hour as happily and freely as I'd toss a copper to a piekaninny. It can't be—so I give you my blessing and what little I can add to your future—though, of course, you know, I mean hers—and that is the fortune that I haven't been able to squander with all my idle worthlessness. Make her happy with it, if you can, and so I shall know I have a hand in her comfort after all.

"You weren't cut out for a pill-doper, old man. Drop it. Well, so long. 'Take keer of yerself,' and be good to her to make up for your cussed stupidity. Landry."

The name stared up at us in his well-known writing, and suddenly, an overpowering sense of his nearness mastered me. Kit reached out a trembling hand. I felt a shudder go over her and a mist obscured my sight for a moment. Then:

"Yes, yes," I heard her whisper, faintly, "I see you, dear, dear Landry."

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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 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.

FRANK 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. 13, 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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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 Pickett, of " "
James Ellis, of " "

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

Notice for Publication.

U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon.
June 22, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that
MINNIE BURNHAM,
of Port Orford, Oregon, who, on June 22, 1908, made Timber and Stone application, No. 10171, for W ½ SW¼, Section 1, Township 32 S, Range 14 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. H. Upton, at Langlois, on the 1st day of October, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Harry W Burnham of Port Orford, Or.
Chester Langlois of " "
Thaddeus Green of " "
Ed Wells of Eckley "

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.

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
J. H. MCAFEE } Owners.
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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