THE NORTH SEA.

The voice of the North Sea calleth,
Solemn and low and slow:
Come down to me by caverns,
My spoilers are stripped below.
I will kiss my [illegible] forehead
And on your breast
You shall sleep serene and quiet—
No dreams shall haunt your rest.

"I know the boat of the Norseman
And it is the best of light;
I marked in its danger calmness,
In the [illegible] of light.
"Come down," I cried, "We are kindred,
Thou hast [illegible] brow!
The [illegible] of Valhalla!"
How pale Mariners are now!

"When the herring boats outwander
I lift my mighty arms,
How beats my heart for fishers,
The lovers of ocean charms!
The cold it has kept these waters
As pure as falling snow.
Come hither, intrepid seamen!"
Behold, they lie below.

"No harbor am I for spices,
Upon my diocem
In filigree of frost I wear
The midnight sun for a gem.
The Unknown North has fingers
That reach into my tide.
Oh, not for balmy pleasure
He cruises deep and wide.

"Ho, ye who fear not anguish,
Ye souls of steel come forth!
As Jacob fought with the angel,
Come, struggle with the North!
Stand face to face with trouble,
And meet death with a shout.
The side that clasps your courage
Shall blow the North Star out!"
—Youth's Companion.

A LADY OF LONG AGO

THE sudden shying of his spirited mare almost threw Dudley into the road, but in an instant he had control of the plunging animal, whose movements had to be confined to a strictly up and down course, as the narrow, grass-grown road was bordered on either side by a thicket of tropical growth of assorted shrubbery, overhung by trailing wild grape vines.

When Dudley and the mare were quite normal the former looked about for the cause of the unexpected maneuvers. The cause stood in some bushes at the right of the road, and as Dudley gazed at the fantastic figure he instantly exonerated his horse.

"The Lady of Long Ago," who stood by the roadside looked as if she might have been cut from the pages of an 1830 magazine. A multi-ruffled voluminous silk skirt, certainly worn over hoops a black lace mantilla, a poke straw bonnet covered with flowers, a white lace veil, silk gloves, with reticule comprised the attire of the quaint figure. Her snow white hair was parted in the middle and fell over each ear in symmetrical ringlets.

"Oh, I pray you, pardon me," she said in a thin, little voice. "I fear I startled your steed. I tried to withdraw from the road when I heard you coming, but the shrubbery is impenetrable."

Dudley lifted his hat courteously and assured her that it was of no moment, while his mare turned her head in mortification on beholding the harmlessness of the little piece of antiquity.

"Is this your road?" asked Dudley. "I should be pleased to drive you to your destination. My horse is quite manageable—you need not be alarmed."

"The Lady of Long Ago," as Dudley termed her in his thoughts, came forward, raised a tiny foot to the step and sprang lightly in.

"Thank you kindly, sir. I am on my way hither to the home of Squire Langley, two miles this road, then to the east one mile."

"This road does not seem to have been much traveled," remarked Dudley. "I should think the road commissioner would get in here and mow out all this stuff!"

The lady gave a little shriek.

"Oh, sir! It would be vandalism! The road is a thing of beauty as it is. My nephew would not allow it to be cut down. You have never traveled this way before?"

"No, I am not quite sure of my road now."

"Are you a stranger in this vicinity, then?"

"Entirely; though I hope not to be long. I am in search of a friend of my father's."

"Indeed! May I inquire the name? I am familiar with all the goodly folk about here."

"His name is Henry Hartley."

She gave a little start and looked at him keenly through her veil.

"That, sir, is my nephew's name."

She removed her gloves, opened her reticule and hastily fumbled among its contents.

"I find that I have failed to bring a card," she said, in shocked tones. "My name is Lavinia Hartley."

"And my name," he responded, "is Dudley Johns. That is also my father's name."

"And quite a household word with us, I assure you. My nephew frequently speaks of your father. I feel as though I ought to accompany you, but I am on my way to a tea party. Of course, you will be at the house on my return this evening. My nephew will insist upon a visit from you."

"I certainly hope to meet you again and often," said Dudley, earnestly, "but did you know my father? It seems as if I had heard him speak your name."

She fumbled nervously at the reticule.

"I—pardon me, sir, but my memory is very deficient. I cannot tell you. This is the turn you must take. Our home is a mile away, a large colonial house on the right."

"Of course," he said, "I shall take you to Squire Langley's."

During the rest of the drive Dudley listened, fascinated, to the quaint speech of the Lady of Long Ago. They passed a mowing machine and again Dudley had an anxious moment with the mare. He expected that his companion would faint, shriek or try to catch the reins; but she did none of these feminine things. She remained serene and immovable, in ladylike posture.

"My nephew drives fractious horses, so I am used to these little diversions," she explained, "and I rather like the excitement. I trust you don't think me unmaidenly?"

"My aunt has an automobile and is her own chauffeur."

"Can that be possible!"

She subsided into a shocked silence at such misguided relatives, but presently asked him if he had driven all the way from home.

"No; we are spending the summer at a country hotel ten miles from here, and I brought my horse with me."

"This is Squire Langley's," she said. "I will ask you not to drive me in, but to let me out at the entrance here. Thank you kindly for your courtesy. I shall hope to see you this evening."

"What time do you expect to leave here?" asked Dudley.

"I shall leave here about seven o'clock; but, Mr. Johns, may I ask a favor?"

Her head was bent forward and the little white curls were bobbing anxiously.

"Certainly," he replied, fervently.

"Please not mention our meeting to my nephew. He might think it unbecoming in me to ride with a stranger, you know."

Dudley earnestly assured her that he would not mention the meeting and with a courtly bow he drove away, looking back to watch her trip over the green lawn where were assembled many other little elderly figures.

Seven o'clock that evening found him driving down the road on which resided Squire Langley. When almost there he met the quaint Lady of Long Ago.

"I thought I would drive down and fetch you home," he said, reining his horse.

"Oh, how extremely kind! I so enjoyed the ride this morning," she exclaimed.

"The pleasure was mutual," he replied, tritely.

"And my nephew—was he glad to see you?"

"Indeed he was! He insists on my remaining over night."

"I was sure he would. Did—did he speak of me?"

"Yes; he showed me the little miniature of you. It is wonderfully like you."

"And did you meet my great niece?"

"No; she had gone to one of the neighbor's."

"Of course, he did not know you were coming to meet me?"

"No; I told him I wanted to exercise my horse. I'll tell him I met you, recognized you from the picture, and—"

"Oh, no!" she interrupted. "I wish you would drive me down that cross road where you met me this morning. I have an errand at a neighbor's there, and I can come from there alone."

When they turned into the shaded, lonely road, Dudley suddenly stopped his horse.

"Miss Mayme, aren't those togs, the bonnet and veil, awfully hot and uncomfortable? Take them off." And he began to untie the ribbon strings.

"Oh, I think you are horrid," she cried. "Who told you? Papa. He didn't know!"

"My dear Miss Mayme your make-up was perfect, and I guess your speech was, I am not posted on the vernacular, but I knew you were masquerading as soon as you came out of the bushes and got into the carriage this morning."

"Oh, how did you know?" she asked, imploringly, as she took off the veil, disclosing flushed, dimpled cheeks and bright, eager eyes. "I thought I looked the part so well. They all said so at the party."

"When you put up your foot to the step I noticed it was shod in very up-to-date evening slippers, and you sprang in so nimbly, I was suspicious. When you removed your gloves, your hands suggested the use of golf sticks instead of the knitting you had in your bag. You weren't afraid of the horse, and some way, I felt your youth; but, most convincing of all, was the fact that my shoulder was literally white with powder. You know you bobbed your curls around a good deal!"

A peal of girlish laughter rang out on the twilight air.

"And I think I liked you because you were so sweet and gallant to an old lady! But this is the house where I get out. I left my outfit there for the role of Mayme Hartley. You see it was an 'Old Folks' party at the Langleys', and I didn't want papa to know I was impersonating Aunt Lavinia. He might not like it, so I dressed down here at the Gray."

"I shall wait here for you," said Dudley, emphatically, as the girl alighted.

Her quaintness and demureness had charmed him earlier in the day. He was a little curious to know if she would be as attractive in her new role and without those white curls. Presently he heard the swish of skirts, and, looking up, saw a slender young figure of glorious radiance coming down the footpath.—Kansas City Star.

Shattering Her Hopes.

Mr. Close—About how much does an automobile outfit for a woman cost?

Mrs. Close (excitedly)—Oh, George, you're not going to buy an automobile, are you?

"I should say not! I'm merely trying to figure out how far beyond his income that man Brassey is living."—Brooklyn Life.

Not Bothered.

"Have you ever considered the debt of gratitude you owe to your country?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "But it doesn't bother me. A debt of gratitude can't foreclose any mortgages."—Washington Star.

Most birds have three toes in front and one behind, but the woodpecker has two in front and two behind.

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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.

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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Illustrator	Architectural Draftsman
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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.

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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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 stock 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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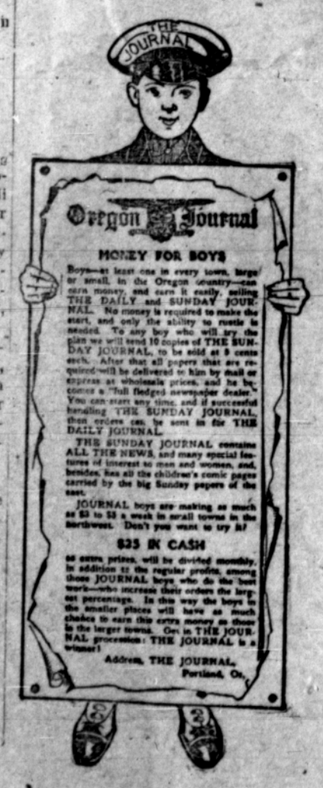
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