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VOL. XXVI. ROSEBURG, OREGON, THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1895. No. 28.

GENERAL DIRECTORY

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Recorder ..... F. M. Zigler
Marshal ..... W. F. Carroll
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COURT SESSIONS.

The Circuit Court for Douglas County meets three times a year as follows: The 3d Monday in March, the 4th Monday in June, and the 1st Monday in December. J. C. Fullerton of Roseburg judge, Geo. M. Brown, of Roseburg, prosecuting attorney.

County Court meets the 1st Wednesday after the 1st Monday of January, March, May, July, September and November. A. F. Stearns, of Oakland, judge; C. H. Maupin of Elkton and W. L. Wilson, of Riddle, commissioners.

Probate Court is in session continuously, A. F. Stearns, judge.

Society Meetings.

LAUREL LODGE, A. F. & A. M., REGULAR meetings the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in each month.
J. R. WEBB, W. M.
C. W. KIRK, Sec'y.

UMPQUA CHAPTER, NO. 11, R. A. M., HOLD their regular convocations at Masonic hall on the first and third Tuesday of each month. Visiting companions are cordially invited.
M. F. RAPP, H. P.
ISADORE CARO, Secretary.

PHILETAKIAN LODGE, NO. 8, I. O. O. F., meets Saturday evening of each week at 7 o'clock in their hall at Roseburg. Members of the order in good standing are invited to attend.
FRANK G. MICKELI, N. G.
N. T. JEWETT, Sec'y.

UNION ENCAMPMENT, NO. 9, MEETS AT Odd Fellows' hall on second and fourth Thursdays of each month. Visiting brethren are invited to attend.
FRANK G. MICKELI, Scribe.
HARRY PARRY, C. P.

ROSEBURG LODGE, NO. 16, A. O. U. W., meets the second and fourth Mondays of each month at 7:30 p. m. at Odd Fellows hall. Members of the order in good standing are invited to attend.

RENO POST, NO. 29, G. A. R., MEETS THE first and third Thursdays of each month.

WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS NO. 10, MEETS second and fourth Thursdays in each month.

FARMERS' ALLIANCE—Regular Quarterly Meetings will be held at Grange Hall, Roseburg, the first Friday in December, March and June, and the third Friday in September.

ROSEBURG CHAPTER, NO. 8, O. E. S., MEETS the second and fourth Thursdays of each month.
MADELINE B. CONKLING, W. M.

ROSEBURG DIVISION NO 476, B. OF L. E., meets every second and fourth Sunday.

ROSEBURG R. D. LODGE, NO. 41, I. O. O. F., meets on Tuesday evening of each week at the Odd Fellows hall. Visiting sisters and brethren are invited to attend.
MISS SARAH WIMBERLY, N. G.
FRANK G. MICKELI, R. Sec.

ALPHA LODGE, NO. 47, K. OF P., MEETS every Wednesday evening at Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting brethren in good standing cordially invited to attend.

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—Full Trimmed—
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These are all Leather and Warranted.
SADDLES
At Reduced Prices.
Consult your purse and be sure and see Woodward before buying.
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DRY GOODS
—CONSISTING OF—
Ladies' Dress Goods, Ribbons, Trimmings, Laces, Etc., Etc.
—ALSO A FINE STOCK OF—
BOOTS AND SHOES
Of the best quality and finish.
GROCERIES,
Wood, Willow and Glass Ware,
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Also on hand in large quantities and at prices to suit the times. Also a large stock of
Custom-Made Clothing
Which is offered at cost price. A full and select stock of
SCHOOL BOOKS
Constantly on hand. Also the
LATEST NOVELTIES IN STATIONERY.
General agent for every variety of subscription books and periodicals published in the United States. Persons wishing reading matter of any kind will do to give me a call.

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H. G. POTTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
1106 G St., N. W. Washington, D. C.
For many years in the General Land Office. Examiner of Contests, Mineral vs. Mineral vs Railroad and Agricultural claims, and Late Chief of the Mineral Division.
Correspondence ited.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern that I have appointed D. W. Stearns of Calapooia precinct Deputy Inspector of Stock for said precinct; postoffice address, Oakland; also A. J. Chapman of Wilbur, and Ralph Smith, at Roseburg, to act during my absence, and others will be added as parties inspected make their desire known to me.

Roseburg, May 4th, 1887.

THOS. SMITH,
Inspector of Stock for Douglas county, Or.

A. SALZMAN,
(Successor to J. JASKULEK.)
Practical : Watchmaker, : Jeweler : and : Optician.
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Is what we give to every customer, for we believe the best advertisement possible is a customer pleased with what we have sold them, they will come again and again, and their friends will come too.

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D. S. K. BUICK,
Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon.

THE THIRD ADDITION
OF
BKOOKSIDE.
The Howe Farm, east of town, has been platted and is now on the market in Lots and Blocks containing 3, 20, 30, and 40 acres, ranging in price from $25 to $100 per acre.
Any one wanting a fruit, vegetable or chicken farm or a suburban home can now be accommodated on easy terms.
All lots sold in First Brookside addition have more than doubled in value. The prospect is much better for the future. More fortunes are made in lands near a growing town or city than any other way. Sieze the opportunity.
For information or conveyance, call at ony Real Estate Office, or on
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JOYANCE AND SPRING.

Dear, what hast thou to do
With the cold moon,
Free to range, fleet to change
So far and soon?

Dear, what hast thou to do
With the hoar sea?
Love alone is his own
Eternity.

Dear, what hast thou to do
With anything
In the wide world, beside
Joyance and spring?
—Bliss Carman in Town Topics.

HIS WAX FIGURE.

We had been discussing fame and its reward. We assumed that we, each and all of us, had attained eminence, and we speculated on the honor that we should elect to receive from a gracious sovereign and a grateful country. Some chose the Garter, others an earldom, others a pecuniary grant, but Colonel Holborow would have none of these. He poohpoohed them, and bringing his fist down on the table he declared:

"There is only one indisputable and supreme mark of greatness."

"And what is that?" asked one of us.

"Why, to be in the waxworks," said he.

"True, true!" I cried, but added sadly, "but it's almost impossible to achieve unless you commit a murder."

"I don't know about that," said Jack Dexter, who had up to that moment taken no part in the conversation. "I'm in a waxworks show myself, not in London, you know, but—well, have any of you fellows visited Petersburg?"

We all admitted that we had not. "Ah, then you haven't seen my image," said Jack regretfully. "It's in Mme. Marribon's famous exhibition there."

"But, my dear Jack," said the colonel, "how in the world did it come about?"

"It's rather a curious story," said Jack. "I'll tell it you if you'll all promise that it shall go no further. You won't mind if I don't mention names?"

We promised discretion and said that we should be quite satisfied with A, B, C, or X, Y, Z, or such other symbols as Jack chose to adopt.

"Well," he began, "when I was a few years younger and a good deal more foolish than I am now—it was before that affair about Lady Mary Fitzmoine that I told you of the other day—I spent a winter at Petersburg, and there I made the acquaintance of one of the most beautiful women who, I suppose, ever lived."

Jack paused to allow the sensation to take full effect, but we showed no surprise, and with a slight frown he continued:

"I'll call her the Princess X.—Princess Nadia X. She was married to a grumpy wretch, who held a high position i the police and treated her, upon my word, little better than if she had been a nihilist. I pitied her. I must admit—I am among gentlemen—that I also admired her, and that a warm, although perfectly honorable, attachment sprang up between us. Her husband was, however, savagely and unreasonably jealous, and what with him, his spies and his mother (the worst spy of all) it was with the utmost difficulty that I succeeded in seeing anything of the princess. I dared not to call at her house more than once a month, and I was driven—positively driven—to a thing for which I entertain the greatest dislike. I was, I say, compelled to make arrangements which insured my being present at various places of public resort—picture galleries and the like—at the times which the princess selected for visiting them. By these means we were enabled to enjoy many most charming conversations, and it was my privilege to support and sustain the princess in the very trying circumstances in which her lot was cast. I did this, I need not say, at very considerable risk. I was not blind to the danger I ran. Her husband wielded large and secret powers. Save that I was an English subject, I was entirely powerless against him, and it would have been a long time before the voice of a prisoner in the fortress of Peter and Paul reached the ears of the foreign office. However, I took the risk. Nadia needed me, and that was enough.

"But of all our rendezvous there was none which we found more convenient and suitable than Mme. Marribon's waxworks exhibition. It was a long way from the princess' residence, in an unfashionable quarter of the town, and was frequented mainly by persons who did not move in society and were quite unfamiliar with faces as well known in the great world as those of the princess and myself. Our only danger arose from the maidservants of our acquaintances and from the police, but by avoiding the gallery in which the figures of murderers and other criminals were exhibited we reduced this peril to a minimum—for of course the servants were attracted by the criminals, and the police were attracted by the servants. Our favorite nook was beside a group of savants of European reputation and immediately behind the prime ministers of Europe. This spot we usually had quite to ourselves.

"Well, one day we were sitting there. Poor Nadia had for a moment forgotten her troubles and was talking with the rare wit and brilliancy which marked her conversation when she was in good spirits. I was keeping up the ball of talk as well as I could and was gazing, not, I hope, too passionately, at her incomparable complexion and magnificent dark eyes—like deep water seen by moonlight, they were. Dear, dear!"

Jack paused for a moment and took a sip from his glass. We sipped sympathetically, and he regained his composure.

"Suddenly, just as I was telling the princess a most interesting occurrence which had befallen me on the journey out and brought me into contact with a person whose name you would all know if I were to mention it, the princess gave a startled little cry.

"'What's the matter, my dearest princess?' I asked.

"She pointed to the other end of the gallery.

"'It's my husband's mother,' she whispered. 'She must have had a suspicion and followed us. What shall I do?'

"I looked and perceived a large and stately old lady in gold eyeglasses approaching us. There was but one door to the gallery, and the approach to that was barred by the princess' mother-in-law. In another moment she would be upon us, and although I knew her to be nearsighted I could not hope that she would fail to recognize Nadia. If something were not done at once, we were ruined.

"Now, I never boast or make myself out cleverer than I am. I admit freely that I was at my wits' end. I could do nothing and think of nothing. Our salvation was due not to me, but to the quick woman's wit which lay in Nadia's perfect little head.

"'Quick!' she whispered. 'Step up on the platform—there—beside Kant. Fold your arms. Frown. That's right. What's that society you told me you belonged to—the one that has the animals?'

"'The Zoological,' I answered.

"'Yes, that's it. Stand quite still.'

"I obeyed her, and she seized from the feet of Isaac Newton a placard bearing a notice in Russian and French: 'It is strictly forbidden to touch the figures. Offenders will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law' (not a light matter, mind you, in Russia). She propped the board up against my legs, whispered, 'Be sure you don't wink!' and with a gracious, winning smile advanced to meet her mother-in-law. I had never admired her more than at that moment.

"'Why, have you heard of it, too?' she exclaimed.

"'Nadia! What are you doing here? Are you alone?'

"'Of course, dear. I came to see the model. Didn't you?'

"'What model, child?'

"'Why, of our friend Mr. Dexter.'

"'That young man?'

"'Yes. Don't you know he's one of the greatest zoologists in the world, and Marribon has just put up a model of him. Look, here it is!'

"I don't know that I'm more nervous than other people, but it was, I confess, a trying moment when the old lady put up her eyeglasses and stared at me. Dear Nadia stuck her pretty head on one side in a critical way and said:

"'I don't call it very good. Do you? It's so stiff and unnatural.'

"The old lady said nothing. She came a step nearer and raised her parasol. The old wretch was going to poke me!

"'Oh, but you mustn't touch it!' cried Nadia, turning pale. 'Look at the notice!'

"The old lady advanced her parasol. But at this moment one of the police appeared at her elbow.

"'You mustn't touch the figures, madame,' said he, and I blessed him for every word.

"Never a word did the old princess speak. She glared at me, she glared at Nadia, and she glared at the policeman, and she turned round and walked out of the gallery. The policeman followed her. Nadia softly clapped her hands. I sprang forward, seized her slim fingers and kissed them.

"'Oh, we're not safe yet,' she said. 'My mother-in-law suspects. Luckily the place closes in a quarter of an hour, and she can't do anything tonight, and the prince won't be back from Moscow till the day after tomorrow. Jack there must be a real model of you by then.'

"I was amazed, but I listened to her instructions. Taking out her purse, she pressed it on me. I refused, but on finding that I had only a £5 pound note I was compelled to accept 20,000 rubles—the X.'s are fabulously rich, you know. I escorted the princess to a cab, and then I called on the proprietor of the exhibition.

"Well, to make a long story short, I, or rather the princess' rubles—I kept one, and wear it now on my watch chain; see, here it is!—overcame Mme. Marribon's surprise and swept away her scruples. I admitted that she might, not unnaturally, never have heard of Professor Dexter, but I told her that the name was a household word in all cultivated circles in England and America, and I promised her to pay all expenses and 10,000 rubles if a portrait model of the great zoologist stood beside Kant in 36 hours. The result was that by 6 o'clock in the evening I was sitting in an armchair and young M. Marribon was taking a cast of my features in plaster of paris. At this moment, however, there occurred an interruption which, if it had come a little sooner, would have ruined the whole affair.

As I sat, covered with the plaster, except where holes were left for sight and breathing, I saw, to my consternation, the same policeman who had been in the gallery in the afternoon enter the room. He brought with him an official notice.

"'Order from the minister of the interior,' he said. 'You're to close tomorrow—day of intercession for the safety of the czar ordered, and all public exhibitions to be closed.'

"I rejoiced to hear that. It smoothed my way, but I wished the policeman would take himself off.

"'Hello!' he said. 'Who have we here? I must have his name, please.'

"'This is Mr. Dexter, the great zoologist.'

"'Who's he? Come, M. Marribon, I must have that stuff off his face, you know. Why, he might be a nihilist, or anybody you like, and me none the wiser, with that stuff on him.'

"'But, my dear sir,' pleaded Marribon, 'the stuff won't come off. If I try to remove it before it hardens, it will tear off his skin with it.' That is the case with plaster of paris, you know, colonel.

"'Can't help it,' said the brute. 'I've got my orders, and no distinction is made as to the effect on the skin. I must see his face.'

"'Oh, impossible!' cried Marribon. 'It would be a barbarity! It will be dry in 15 minutes.'

"'Then I'll wait,' said the man, and he sat down.

"As you may suppose, my brain was busy during those 15 minutes. If I could speak alone to Marribon for an instant, I saw my way. An idea struck me. Speaking as well as I could through the mouth hole, I suggested that we were probably all thirsty, and I held out some rubles. Would the gentleman fetch some brandy? He wavered and fell. He was gone five minutes. When he returned, my face was uncovered and Marribon richer by some valuable instructions and a couple of thousand more rubles.

"'Why, you've got a figure of him already!' cried the policeman.

"'Certainly we had, but Mr. Dexter was not satisfied with it, so I have taken advantage of his visit here to take a fresh cast.'

"The man looked suspicious.

"'Where's the old one?' he asked.

"'It's melted down,' said Marribon suavely as he poured out the brandy.

"That peril was past. My next visit was to Marribon's advertising agents. By next morning we flooded the town with posters, announcing the new and interesting addition to the exhibition. I received scores of congratulations on my distinction, and also on my singular modesty, for nobody in Russia had ever heard of my fame as a zoologist before. I accepted the kind words of my friends with gratitude, and I invited a large company to lunch on the following day, proposing that we should afterward go and view the model. My guests included Prince and Princess X. and the prince's mother.

"Behold us, then, the next day in the gallery! Nadia and I were somewhat nervous, the prince as glum as usual, the old lady very curious, and the rest of the company politely interested. There was the model, and I am bound to say that it was not a very good one.

"'Yes,' said Nadia, 'it is stiff and awkward. I said so before to your mother, prince.'

"'Did you?' he growled.

"Then the old lady, who had been examining the figure carefully, burst out in acid triumph:

"'It's not the figure I saw! What's the meaning of this? The one I saw had a red flower in its buttonhole. Nadia, what's the meaning of this?'

"The poor girl flushed crimson, but I interposed with great suavity:

"You are perfectly right, princess." The figure is not the same. The one you saw was an experiment—a trial. It was considered unsatisfactory and was melted down. This is a new one. Isn't that so, M. Marribon?"

"'It is so, monsieur,' said Marribon, who was accompanying our distinguished party.

"'But,' cried the old lady, 'the one I saw was a thousand times better. It was most lifelike.'

"'Oh, did you think so, dear?' protested Nadia.

"Suddenly the prince turned furiously to Marribon.

"'Speak the truth,' he cried, 'as you told it to me at the police bureau this morning!'

"The wretch looked at me with an expression of helpless apology and behind him I saw that policeman!

"'Does M. le Prince cite M. Marribon to contradict me?' I asked haughtily.

"'You'll hear what he says. The truth, sir, not the lies you bribed him to tell.'

"Marribon had sold me! No doubt the policeman had smelt a rat, and the prince's threat had done the rest. In a trembling voice the wretch began to repeat the whole story of how I went to him. The old princess' eyes blazed with triumphant malice, the prince listened with a grim smile, and poor Nadia was as pale as a ghost, and, as you may suppose, I was very uncomfortable.

"'Then,' asked the prince, 'there was no figure of this gentleman here at all the day before yesterday?'

"'None, your highness.'

"'Yet my mother saw one, and you, policeman, saw one?'

"The policeman stepped forward.

"'I saw a figure, your highness,' said he.

"'I think we will ask Mr. Dexter to explain,' grinned the prince. 'Otherwise we must come to the conclusion that there was no figure.'

"I had nothing to say.

"'And,' he pursued, 'that a trick has been played, and that the pretended figure was Mr. Dexter himself, who undertook this deception for motives not hard to guess,' and he stared cruelly at the hapless Nadia.

"Every one was silent. The truth seemed now too plain to be denied. I saw what would happen. My portrait would be ignominiously ordered off, I ran a risk of worse things, and I did not dare to think what would happen to poor Nadia, who, overcome by shame, began to shed tears.

"At this moment a quiet, grave voice was heard. Everybody listened, for it proceeded from the Grand Duke A., who was (I forget whether I mentioned it before) one of my guests.

"'I can understand the princess' indignation and the emotion she shows,' said the grand duke. 'What I do not understand, and I desire to speak with all respect of Prince X., is the remarkable scene to which we have been treated. What may be the motives of this rogue,' he indicated Marribon, 'I do not know, but I am so happy as to be able to bear testimony, which will command. I venture to think, at least as much attention as that of a felllow who comes forward with such a tale. Pray, Prince X., are you willing to accept my word against that of your waxwork maker and your policeman?'

"Every one was astonished, I most of all. Nadia looked up with a gleam of hope in her eyes. Of course the prince could do nothing but bow deferentially and say:

"'Whatever your imperial highness speaks to needs, sir, no confirmation, and is affected by no contradiction.'

"'I am obliged to you,' said the grand duke stiffly. 'What I have to say is simply this—that in the morning of the day before yesterday, at the invitation of my good and distinguished friend, Mr. Dexter, whose merits the czar, no less than myself, is delighted to see recognized, I accompanied him to this gallery, incognito, for the purpose of giving him my opinion on the experimental figure. The figure was then in its place, and I inspected it in company with Mr. Dexter himself. It will hardly be suggested that I saw double.'

"He ceased. I dared not look at him. The prince and his mother were confounded, but they could say nothing. Nadia was full of gratitude and began to thank the grand duke warmly.

"'I have only said what any gentleman would,' said the grand duke, bowing respectfully to her.

"In fact, we triumphed all along the line, and there stands the model of me to this day, unless, of course, it has been removed since I was there."

"And what became of Marribon?" I asked.

"He got 12 months, the rascal, for slander. The prince was forced to do it by the grand duke."

"But, Jack," said the colonel, "why did the grand duke"—

"Oh, well," said Jack, "he was a very gallant man, and—this is between ourselves, you know—he had a tenderness for Nadia himself. She never returned it—why, of course, I don't know—which makes his conduct all the more handsome."

He rose and moved toward the door.

"She was a woman of great presence of mind, your princess," some one observed.

"Wonderful!" said Jack. "And of even more marvelous beauty," and he laid his hand on the door.

"What's become of her?" cried the colonel. "Do you ever see her now?"

"Never. I never shall again," said Jack, in tones of deep emotion, as he opened the door.

"But, good gracious, what's happened to her?"

Jack turned round as he was half way out of the room. He shook his head sadly, cleared his throat, and ejaculated one terrible word—"Siberia!"

And he shut the door.—Anthony Hope in English Illustrated Magazine.

A Maker of Glass Eyes.

Visitors to the World's fair will remember the quaint little workman who sat in one corner of a great building and made eyes from morning until night, part of them for dolls, part of them for human beings and occasionally one for a horse or some other pet animal. The workman, whose name was Muller, had come over from Germany to show how his people worked, and when the fair was over he set up a little shop in Chicago and tried for awhile to make his industry flourish on American soil. But after a time he found that the wholesale dealers persisted in sending across the water for their supplies, and he grew so homesick that he finally returned to the fatherland, and he is now doubtless working in some one of the quaint little Thuringian villages.

It will be remembered that he was marvelously deft in his work. First he blew a bulb from molten glass. Then, when it was cold, he carefully broke off one side so as to leave a shell, the edges of which were blunted by melting. He secured the proper size of eye by having the person for whom it was made stand before him as he worked. Having the shell complete, he bent down over a Bunsen burner, and just touching its upper surface to the flame he worked the eye design on the glass with little sticks of varicolored glass, the points of which were melted in the flame.

The work required a wonderfully steady hand and a true eye in order to make the iris and the retina of the proper color and shape. The workman is so skilled that he can copy direct from the person who stands before him.—Chicago Record.

Why She Was Out.

She came in answer to my advertisement for a "waiting maid." She was towheaded, pimpled and freckled. When I questioned her as to her ability to fill the above named position, she answered with modestly dropped eyes and promiscuously dropped "h's. When I inquired why she had left her former situation, she told me the following story: "The loidy where I lived larst 'ad a 'ansome little poodle dawg nymed Scipio. She nymed 'im harfter a hansunt Rummun—I suppose because 'e was such a little rum un isself. Scipio, 'e was troubled with somethink of a hirritatin natur', an the missus harsked me to herradicate it. So I saturated Scipio with turpentine an shut 'im in a room with a good 'ot fire, so he wouldn't ketch cold. Scipio, 'e was a werry hintelligent hanimal, 'e was, an feelin cold an damp 'e poked the fire a bit with his toyl. W'en I went hinto the room a' 'arf 'our later, there wasn't a 'air or 'ide or hoven a grease spot left o' 'im, an thot's why I'm looking for another sitooation, mem."—London Truth.

The Biggest Goose.

I heard the other day an amusing tale of a certain well known English nobleman who had imported two emus with the hope of breeding from them, and on leaving his estate for town left also strict injunctions that the greatest care should be taken of the lady emu if she produced the desired egg or eggs. The egg arrived in due course; but, as artists have found before now, the lady declined to "sit." The steward, however, was an ingenious man and thought of a substitute, but his powers of composition were by no means on a par with his inventiveness, and he announced the interesting event to his master in the following terms:

"The emu has laid an egg, but we were in a great difficulty, as she would not sit on it. I did what I thought was best, and in your lordship's absence I have placed the egg under the biggest goose on the estate."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Catarrh.
E. W. JOY COMPANY—Gentlemen: I have just completed the second bottle of your Vegetable Sarsapaillia. I have had Catarrh for years which affected my eyes, hearing and stomach. Frequently would have dull headache for days at a time. Since taking your remedy I have felt no disagreeable symptom. Trusting you will publish this as I want any one suffering from any of the above symptoms to be benefitted. Kindly send me two more bottles by return express. (Signed)
MR. FREDERICK DE RICHMOND.
Seattle, Wash.
Every mail brings a new batch of testimonials for Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla.

Ice cream and ice cream soda at the Kandy Kitchen.

Notice is hereby given to the public by the undersigned that I do not allow dead animals to be buried on my premises, at Roseburg, Oregon, or garbage dumped thereon or sand or gravel taken therefrom, unless the party taking sand or gravel first contract with me for the right to so do.

Tresspassers will be prosecuted according to law. AARON ROSE,
Roseburg, Oregon, March 17th, 1891.

Buy your cigars at the Roseleaf.

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Of capacities varying from 1 to 25 horse power affords the most convenient, economical and reliable power for all light service. One of these may be seen running at this office. Send for circulars. The Pelton Water Wheel Co., 121 Main St., San Francisco, Cal.

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