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**BLUE PRINT MAPS.**

Blue print maps of any township in Roseburg, Oregon, and District, showing all vacant lands, for 50 cents each. If you want any information from the U. S. Land Office, address

**TITLE GUARANTEE & LOAN Co.,**  
Roseburg, Or.

**Want a Claim?**

I can locate homesteads or timber lands, and will guarantee lines and descriptions to be correct. Call on or address at once

**G. ELKSNAI, Surveyor,**  
Waldport, Oregon.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon,  
June 18, 1904.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Oregon City, Oregon, on August 5, 1904, viz:

John D. McDonald, H. E. No. 14401 for the nw¼ of section 22, township 8 s., range 9 w.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

C. J. Franklin, Ferris A. Lucas and Wm. J. Southwell all of Falls City, Oregon; and William H. Butz of Rocca, Oregon.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon,  
June 18, 1904.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Oregon City, Oregon, on August 5, 1904, viz:

Christopher J. Franklin, H. E. No. 14370 for the ne¼ of section 13, twp 8 s., range 9 w.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

J. D. McDonald of Dallas, Oregon; W. J. Southwell, F. A. Lucas and Willard McKown all of Falls City, Oregon.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon,  
June 4, 1904.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make proof under in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Oregon City, Oregon, on July 18, 1904, viz:

William J. Southwell, H. E. No. 14601 for the ne¼ of sec 22, twp 8 south, range 9 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Ferris A. Lucas and Christopher J. Franklin both of Falls City, Or.; J. D. McDonald and William Butz both of Dallas, Or.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**

United States Land Office, Oregon City, Or.,  
May 28, 1904

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Polk County, Oregon, at Dallas, Oregon, on July 15, 1904, viz:

Fred Wittenstrom, H. E. No. 12446, for the ne¼ of section 30, twp 9 s., range 8 w.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

F. J. Morrison, Thomas Blower, G. B. Hampton and J. L. Morrison all of Rocca, Or.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

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Goes at Cost**

**FOR CASH ONLY**

**Come in and buy  
Yourself rich at a  
Real At=Cost Sale**

**GEO. L. McCAULOU**

**OYSTER FARMS.**

**The Natural and Artificial Beds in Eastern Virginia.**

In eastern Virginia there are several thousand acres of oyster farms where oysters are raised by artificial methods on artificial beds. The natural oyster bed is where the oyster breeds and matures naturally. There are thousands of acres of such beds in the Chesapeake bay system of salt water. In such beds the oysters breed by the millions, and as they are too close together there they cannot all reach a satisfactory growth. If taken when small from these natural beds and strewn along on the bottoms where there are no oysters naturally, at the rate of 600 to 1,000 bushels per acre, such young oysters mature and ripen off for the market, some in one and the rest in two years.

There is a profit in such work when intelligently managed of 25 to 33 1/3 per cent. Probably more than 100,000 acres of artificial oyster beds are made to grow an oyster crop in addition to the acreage embraced in the natural beds. The area of artificial beds is increasing rapidly each year.

One singular feature about the oyster is this: They all look exactly alike, there being no difference between the male and the female externally or internally. In fact, the art of man is not sufficient to distinguish one sex from another. Another unique feature is this: The male oyster "lays" as many eggs as the female—"equal rights," we perceive. The eggs of the male are called milt, and the eggs of the female are called spawn. An ordinary full grown oyster is supposed to lay a million eggs a year. In spawning season the water is full of these eggs, and when the milt and the spawn come in contact and the water is at the right temperature life is imparted to the microscopic egg, and it drops to the bottom, where, if it succeeds in grasping hold of something, such as another oyster or shell or rock or anything to hang on to, the tiny creature begins to form its shell and in a few weeks becomes visible to the eye.—Country Gentleman.

**Her Own Ticket.**

"Well, of course. I don't know how the young man will turn out. Marriage is a lottery."

"Yes, mamma, but a girl should hardly be expected to let her mother select her ticket!"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The innocent seldom find an uneasy pillow.—Cowper.

**Not to Be Hushed.**

Bishop Littlejohn of Long Island, who died at the age of ninety, refused up to the day of his death to accept the assistance of a coadjutor bishop, declaring that he was perfectly able to perform his duties and care for his people. At a meeting of the clergy in the last year of his life Archbishop Bryan was requested to call the meeting to order. The archdeacon arose and requested the delegates to give attention, remarking:

"The bishop wishes to say a few words."

"A few words, sir; a few words!" interjected the bishop. "I would have it understood, sir, that the bishop will say as many words as he pleases."

**The Benefits of Prayer.**

"Now, honestly," said the unbeliever, "have you ever been helped by prayer? Can you point to a single instance in which you can truthfully say that praying has done you the slightest service?"

"I should say I could!" replied the good old elder. "If I hadn't stopped to say my prayers the other morning I'd have caught the 7:40 train into the city, and instead of sixty-one passengers killed and injured in the wreck I'd have probably made the sixty-second."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**The Polite Butcher.**

Boy (in butcher's shop)—My mother sent me back to let you see what a big bone there was in the pound of beef she bought last night, and she wants another pound without bones. Butcher—Tell your mother the next time I kill a cow without bones I'll send her a leg for nothing.

**A Romancee.**

"I see Jones is going to write a novel."

"I never thought he had imagination enough for that."

"The deuce he hasn't! He's been making out expense accounts for nearly eleven years."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**She Thought So Too.**

Little Brother—Do you know, Mabel, I believe if I weren't here Captain Spooner would kiss you.

"Leave the room this minute, you impertinent little boy!"—Punch.

**Ill Advised Project.**

Johnson—'I's thinkin' ob ma'ayin' dat youngest Thompson gal. Jackson—Don't do it, niggah. Don't do it. Dat gal cannot keep a job more'n two weeks. Don't do it.—Albany Journal.

**ORIGIN OF PLUM DUFF.**

**How a Famous Dish of English Sailors Got Its Name.**

There are many traditions respecting the origin of the name "plum duff," the great holiday dish of sailors. No feast on shipboard is considered perfect without it. According to the story given in the history of the British navy, an English brig in the south Pacific was caught in a series of awful hurricanes. All on board were anxious to reach a port in time for Christmas, but the holiday found them still off the Navigator Islands. Worst of all, they had shipped a sea that carried away the hencoop containing a few chickens.

When the cook saw the Christmas dinner floating in the lee scuppers and in danger of going overboard he made a gallant charge down the slippery, sloping deck to recover it, but at that moment a great wave rose high over the bulwarks, broke with resistless fury on the very spot where he stood, and when it subsided cook and chickens had both disappeared.

This unfortunate accident left the crew not only without a Christmas dinner, but without any one to prepare an ordinary meal. The sailors were heartily sick of "hard tack" and remembered with longing the famous plum pudding of merry England. They determined that somehow they must have a Christmas pudding and drew lots as to who should be the cook.

The choice fell on the boatswain's mate, a brawny son of the Emerald Isle. In the galley he found an old cookbook. This he solemnly pored over in search of something promising, but for lack of skill or materials found nothing he dared venture upon. At last he settled upon a recipe which began, "Make a stiff dough." When he reached the word dough he said to himself, "If r-o-u-g-h spells ruff, d-o-u-g-h spells duff."

So he made the pudding, putting in some fine Malaga raisins, and served it out with a generous quantity of rich sauce. The gallors hailed it with delight and appreciation. "What d'ye call it?" they asked. "Plum duff," said the proud cook. And plum duff it has remained from that day to this.—Manchester Times.

**The Worst of All.**

"Pa, is retribution the worst thing a person can have?"

"No. It isn't half as bad as the feeling one has after he has confessed and then discovered that he wouldn't have been found out if he had kept quiet."—Chicago Record-Herald.