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Notice for Publication.

Land Office Roseburg, Oregon, November 18, 1895.

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 J. R. Neil, County Judge, of Jackson county, Oregon, at Jacksonville, Oregon, on January 4, 1896, viz: William H. Barlow on homestead entry No. 349 for the W 1/4, N 1/4, W 1/4, Sec. 10, T. 38, R. 23, E. 1, W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: James Garvin, Homer Neil, Patterson Hogue, and Robert Neil, of Williams, Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH, Register.

Semi-Weekly Tidings

Thursday, December 12, 1895

MAME'S ROMANCE.

Miekle Rafferty stood on the doorstep and looked up and down the alley. Just across the way an electric lamp glowed and glittered. In front of him crouched Jimsey. Everybody who reads The Post knows that Jimsey is Mike Haley's pink nosed bulldog, but few of the many know that Miekle and Jimsey are the very best of friends.

"Der ain't no use a-talkin'," said Jimsey, "I'll be here till you get up at all. You are a bit, an' I'm bettin' a hundred soods dat yer kin eat up any'nin' in de alley."

Jimsey whined a whine of gratification and flapped his pipe stem of a tail on the naked pavement outside, but he kept his hand in the pocket of his coat and fingered the last quarter he had in the world.

Presently old man Madigan came out of the front door of his "two story brick," and seeing Miekle and Jimsey muttered something that sounded like "D-n loaders, both of em!" Then Madigan filled and lit his imported pipe and walked out of the alley. When he turned the corner, Miekle threw away his cigarette and walked over to Madigan's two story brick. Jimsey was right at his heels. "Miekle!" "You got der money?" asked Madigan. "Der is der money," answered Miekle, "but I 'ze got ter, 'cause I 'ze got somethin ter say ter yer, Mame."

"Der der is off, Miekle," she murmured. "It's der bad enough ter take chances on der old man comin back an' findin yer inside, but if he found Haley's pup inside yer kin knock me head off just for instance. Yer kin come in, Miekle, but Haley's pup has got ter stay on der outside. See?"

"De pup ain't a-comin in," answered Miekle, "but I 'ze got ter, 'cause I 'ze got somethin ter say ter yer, Mame."

And then the wrinkles faded out of her low white forehead, and without a word she ushered Miekle and Jimsey into her room behind him. Miekle walked into the front room, but declined to seat himself in the chair that Mame pushed toward him. He simply stood in the middle of the room with his hands buried in the side pockets of his black cheviot coat and gazed at Mame.

Every man, woman and child in Paradise alley will tell you that a mere glimpse of Mame Madigan is almost a tonic for sore eyes. Why, her hair is as black as the blackest ink, and in the hollow depths of her big blue eyes there are the lights and shades that make old men forget their age and young men think of heaven. That night her petite but perfect form was in-closed in a new gown that must have cost old man Madigan a week's wages. It was all black, with a bit of yellow lace at the throat and a broad band of purple velvet about the slender waist. It clung to her as though it loved her, and in Miekle's humble opinion it outclassed all of the gowns he had ever seen. The lights were burning dim, but through the lace-trimmed windows glimmered a vague shaft of light from the electric lamp outside, and for reasons best known to herself the young girl stood in that patch of glittering radiance. Save for the pink tints in her cheeks, there was naught of color about her. Miekle looked at her in a way that made the pink in her cheeks deepen into a full fledged blush.

"Mame," he uttered, "yer der hand-somest thing on top of earth. D-n it all, de gang can't gey me fer bein stuck on yer."

"Stop yer geyin, Miekle," commanded Mame, but there was a ring of pleasure in her voice and Miekle knew that his emphatic compliment had been appreciated. And when he moved to her side ever so nervously in his body tingled and a lump came into his throat. He put out his hand and before she could protest his arm was around her waist and she felt his hot breath on her cheek.

"Mame," he murmured, "I shook de gang ter night, an' I come over here ter tell yer dat I like yer better than any chile in de alley. I ain't kiddin, Mame, an' I wants yer ter say dat I kin get de papers fixed up. Don't pull away, Mame, 'cause I wants ter settle down an have yer marry me. Hully gey! Can't yer see I'm soft on yer?"

Mame "saw." If her life depended on it, she couldn't tell you what she said to him, but whatever it was Miekle was more than satisfied. Mame turned up the light and told Miekle that she had loved him ever since the day the police had thumped his head with any chile in de alley. She might have said more, but Miekle didn't give her time. He drew back his arm, and measuring the distance landed a neat half arm punch on her left eye. And as she sank down on the carpet Miekle leaned over her and yelled:

"Dat's yer one fer geyin da meek as meat ter do der straight 'in! But, hully gey! Wait till yer see what I'll do ter dat bloke der Dublin."

And then he buttoned up his coat and went into the passageway.

It is now a matter of court record that Miekle chased "The Chicken" out the length of the alley, and it is also a matter of record that Jimsey aided and abetted Miekle in the task of "runnin der Fenian out der alley." Just as Miekle and Jimsey landed Clancy two policemen arrived, and the fun was over.

After Clancy had acquired the details of the story he turned to Miekle and said:

"Thirty days."

And just as Miekle started to return to the prisoners' pen the fat policeman handed him a crumpled bit of note paper, one side of which was covered with writing. He smoothed the paper, and this is what he read:

ME DARLON MICKLE—Me left eye is feelin awful, but I knows yer loves me, an' I forgive yer de swipe yer gave me. I'll be true ter yer, as I have dat fenian Clancy. Get out soon as yer kin. Yer own MAME.

—Washington Post.

Jenny's Kiss.

Jenny kissed me when we met— Not as once we concluded, Leaving doubt and vain regret— Jenny's lips were medicated.

So the romance fades away— Love has lost his dearest blisses. Ruined is the rose of May With these chilly, drug store kisses! —Atlanta Constitution.

SPURS TO ACTION.

The Very Simple Thing That Brought Me Griddletop.

A PROSPEROUS MAN.

"Some men need one spur, some another," said Mr. Griddletop. "Now, there was my friend Symon Griddletop. Mr. Griddletop was a man with a fair income, which, when the financial cyclone came along, was very greatly reduced. Mr. Griddletop promptly shortened sail to accommodate himself to the altered weather; he economized in all directions, and he was surprised to find how much he could economize; and while the new order of things wasn't like the old, it was gratifying to Mr. Griddletop to discover that it still afforded some measure of comfort."

"At last the financial cyclone passed, but Mr. Griddletop, who had accepted the changed situation manfully, now discovered that in the interval of comparative idleness his manfulness had given way to sluggishness; he had found it quite possible to live upon his reduced means, and now, instead of making an effort, he did as men sometimes do in like circumstances—he settled down into a placid, dull contentment with what he had."

"One of the economies that Mr. Griddletop began to practice immediately upon the curtailment of his income had been that of blacking his own shoes. There had seemed no easier way of saving \$18 a year than this, and he had found the work easy enough, without realizing at the time that this, like many another economy, like giving up going to the theater, for instance, meant the cutting off of so much communication with the world, and so tended to the gradual narrowing of his existence.

"One day, when he had occasion to see a man on a matter of business, finding his shoes in a not very presentable condition, Mr. Griddletop stepped up on a bootblack's stand and took his seat in the comfortable chair, as he had not done in a year before, and put his feet upon the metal footrests. It was like stepping back into the world from which he had been so long apart; it awakened in him a desire for all the old-time activities and pleasures of life. He stepped down from the bootblack's stand with a new ambition. It was for him just the needed spur to action." —New York Sun.

A. G. Bartley, of Maple, Pa., writes: I feel it my duty to inform you and the public that DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me of a very bad case of eczema. It also cured my boy of a running sore on his leg.

STARTLED THE OLD LADY.

An Inquisitive Youth Tumbled Over a Partition Upon a Spinster's Bed.

"When Mount Tabor, N. J., was first taken possession of by the Newark conference of the Methodist Episcopal church," said a clergyman of that denomination recently, "two had little money with which to clear up the grounds and erect the first buildings necessary. After putting up a sort of open air pavilion in which the preaching services could be held, we began to cast around for some buildings where transient guests might be accommodated."

"The structure resulting from this necessity was a long frame building, which was christened the 'Tabor House.' In constructing the house on an economical basis as possible the partitions were not run all the way up to the rafters and the room was not ceiled.

"I shall never forget," continued the minister, "one of my nights in this rather crude hotel. After I had retired I was suddenly aroused with a start by the most unearthly shriek.

"'Murder! Thieves! Robbers! Help! Help!' a woman was shouting at the top of her lungs.

"I hustled out into the narrow hall in my nightrobe and found others in the same attire—both men and women—running around in a distracted way. We all stopped before a door from which in which the sounds proceeded.

"'You beast! Help! Help! Murder!' still came the cries.

"There was a sound of scuffling from within, and suddenly the door opened and a woman, excited, panting, with wild and disheveled locks, appeared at the door clutching a boy, who was more frightened even than was the woman.

"One glance settled it. The boy was the son of a woman occupying the adjoining room. The little fellow, out of curiosity, had climbed to the top of the partition, and, losing his balance, had fallen over into the next room, landing on the bed of a rather elderly spinster.

"The ridiculousness of the whole affair seemed to dawn upon all at the same time, and every one joined in a good, hearty laugh. The boy was punished, and the old maid left the next day." —New York Herald.

A Gentle Corrective

is that you need when your liver becomes inactive. It's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets; they're from the Kingdom of God, and the griping that comes with the ordinary pill. The best medical remedy for the troubles of the liver, stomach and bowels, these tiny, sugar coated pills are most effective. They go straight to the work in an easy and natural way, and their good lasts. Once used, they are always in favor. Being composed of the choicest, concentrated vegetable extracts, they cost much more than other pills found in the market, yet forty or fifty pills are put up in each sealed glass vial, as sold through druggists, at the price of the cheaper made pills.

They cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, constiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, cold tongue and indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Put up in sealed glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. Whether as a laxative, or in larger doses, as a gently acting purgative, these little "Pellets" are unequalled.

"As a dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve the distress arising from over-eating, nothing equals one of these little "Pellets." They are tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules. Any child readily takes them.

Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be better for the dealer, because of paying him a better profit, but he is not the one who needs help.

A free sample (4 to 7 doses) on trial, is mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of name and address on postal card.

Address: WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

A PROSPEROUS MAN.

REV. DR. MADISON C. PETERS ON THE LIFE OF JOSEPH.

Thou Art Building.

Each man is surely building up a monument of deeds. And the stones are swiftly gathered as the glad year onward speeds. Be they smoothly dressed and chiseled, be they broken and uneven? On the solid, neglected, unplanned splintered fragments strewn? Bring the sturdy square and plummet, try the pitch with steady hand. For without a true foundation no life monument may stand.

Has the block of mortal weakness found a place amid the rise, Or does selfishness shine boldly in the shimmer of the skies? Is there yet another taint of avarice crept like a serpent in? 'Mid the rearing of the structure are there yet some blocks of sin? From thy heart lift out the plummet, try the pitch with steady hand. For without a true foundation no life monument may stand.

Shines there but one block of sorrow from a brother's helpless cry? Is there yet another tainted by the lonely widow's sigh? Gleam there now some orphan's tears, swiftly crumbling from the side? Rise up thy mighty structure on a corner-stone of pride? Bring the straightedge of thy conscience, try the pitch with steady hand. For without a true foundation no life monument may stand.

Freely strewn along the wayside rich materials there be, Rightly used would bring the blessing of a thankful world to thee. Life and hope and love and sunshine, honor, truthfulness and prayer, Thought and trust and noble impulse let thy brought, ere thou the square and plummet, try the pitch with steady hand. For without a true foundation no life monument may stand. —J. H. Mackley.

A Large Tooth.

While workmen were excavating a ditch in a swamp on the farm of C. E. Percival, in the southeastern part of Champaign county, a few days ago, they dug a huge tooth which has attracted considerable curiosity and the attention of scientific people. The tooth measured 10 inches in length, 4 inches across the face of the crown and weighed 7 1/2 pounds. When it was brought to this city, it was compared with a plaster cast of a mastodon's tooth in the University of Illinois, and it was found to correspond almost exactly with it. —Burlington Hawkeye.

Say, why don't you try DeWitt's Little Early Risers? These little pills cure headache, indigestion and constipation. They're small, but do the work.

For Over Fifty Years.

An old and well-tried remedy. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children's teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. It is pleasant to the taste, sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

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Knights of Pythias.

GRANITE LODGE, No. 23, Knights of Pythias, Ashland, Oregon, meets every Friday evening. Visiting Knights in good standing cordially invited. E. ALLEN HILDRETH, Comd. E. F. LOOMIS, R. K.

BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, BACON AND LARD.

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Pelton & Neil,

The business of the meat markets of R. P. Neil and J. E. Pelton is carried on now at the Consolidated Market, Ashland, Oregon.

Consolidated Market,

The old Pelton market, on the west side of Main street near the bridge, where old and new customers will find us better than ever prepared than ever to serve them with the choicest of meats and in first-class style at lowest prices.

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from a most horrible blood disease I had spent hundreds of dollars trying various remedies and physicians, none of which did me any good. My finger nails came off and my hair came out, leaving me perfectly bald. I then went to

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At reasonable prices.

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SOCIETIES.

Masonic Directory, Ashland.

MALTA COMMANDERY No. 4, K. T. Meets first Wednesday of each month. E. V. MILLS, E. C. E. D. BRIGGS, Recorder. Ashland, Oregon.

SISKIYOU CHAPTER, No. 21, R. A. M. Regular convocations on the Thursday next after the full moon. C. H. VAUEL, H. P. J. R. CASEY, Sec'y.

ASHLAND LODGE No. 23, A. F. & A. M. Stated communications on the Thursday of or before the full moon. J. P. GILMORE, W. M. J. R. CASEY, Secretary.

ALPHA CHAPTER No. 1, O. E. S. Stated meetings on 1st and 3rd Tuesday in each month. Mrs. ALICE KANE, W. M. Mrs. E. A. Sherwin, Secretary.

ASHLAND LODGE No. 45, I. O. O. F. Holds regular meetings every Thursday evening at their hall in Ashland. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited to attend. H. S. EVANS, Secretary. EMIL FEIL, N. G.

PILOT ROCK ENCAMPMENT No. 16, I. O. O. F. Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every 2nd and 4th Monday in each month. Members in good standing cordially invited to attend. Robt. Taylor, Scribe. H. E. EVANS, C. P.

HOPE REBECCA DEGREE LODGE No. 14. Meets on the 2nd and 4th Tuesday in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. Mrs. LUELLA WHITTEL, N. G. Mrs. Mollie Farlow, Sec'y.

Ashland Lodge, A. O. U. W.

Meets in lodge room in Masonic Hall every second and fourth Wednesday in each month. Present hour of meeting 7:30 P. M. All Brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend. M. R. MOORE, M. W. J. R. CASEY, Recorder.

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Granite Tent No. 4, Knights of the Maccoches Meet in regular review on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month at Odd Fellows' Hall, Ashland. Visiting Knights cordially invited. E. ALLEN HILDRETH, Comd. E. F. LOOMIS, R. K.

Knights of Pythias.

GRANITE LODGE, No. 23, Knights of Pythias, Ashland, Oregon, meets every Friday evening. Visiting Knights in good standing cordially invited to attend. S. G. EGGERS, C. C. F. D. WAGNER, K. of R. & S.

BURNSIDE RELIEF CORPS, No. 24. Meets at Masonic Hall at 2 o'clock p. m., on first and third Fridays of each month. Mrs. Lydia Griswold, Secy.

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An organization designed to collect and disseminate information relating to the scenery, mountains and places of resort in Southern Oregon for health and pleasure. Correspondence will receive cheerful and prompt attention. M. F. EGLESTON, Secretary.

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