

ODDS AND ENDS.

"LOOKIN' BACK."
Wethers of Moyle an the white gulls flyin, since I was near y what I have seen? Dimp great seas an a strong wind sighin a night an day when the waves are green. Struth-na-Moile, the wind goes sighin Over a waige o' wethers green.

Bud stopped abruptly and came back and stood by the fence.
"I must be a-losin my senses, by gum, I must," he said, with an air of vexation. "I war just goin ter tell ye an forgot it. I see her down in the woods as I came across the creek. A limb had fell off that big ellum an killed her, an thar she lay deader 'an a doornail."

MA HEZ GOT ER BICYCLE.
Roy, ma hez got er bicycle? You'd oughter see her try in in the barn, when pa's away. To learn it on de sly.
She's lovin' ter keep de circus up till she kin ride all right. An den how pa'll be surprised.
An say, "Dat's outer sight!"

Slush an Treotan, dark wo' heather, High ar the Rockies, airy blue. Bare ye have snow in the winter weather. Here they're lyn the long year through. Shows are fair in the summer weather, Ooh an the shadows between ar blue.

Bugford took a long pull at his pipe. Nothing ever disturbed or excited him in the least.
"She hadn't bin milked this mornin nuther," he said. "An I reckon the dad blamed tree has spilled the hide. Ye can tell yer daddy ter come over in the mornin if it ain't rained, an we'll git at the corn cuttin."

But pa, he's on to her, all right. 'Cause I'olther day I spied Her peekin t'rough de barn door where She's learnin how ter ride. You'd oughter see him—hully gee, De spasm dat he'd git. An he's not ter lift wuz 'nuff To make yer t'row a fit!

Wethers of Moyle, I hear ye callin Clearer for half o' the world between. Antrim hills an the wet rain fallin. While ye are nearer than snow tops here. Dreams of the night an a night wind callin. What is the half o' the world between? -Motra O'Neill in Blackwood's Magazine.

The next morning as Mr. White was starting for Bugford's he saw a young man coming down the road from the direction of the little railroad station. He was dressed in a neatly fitting suit of gray and carried a small leather valise. The young man looked eagerly at White, and nodding, said:
"Good morning, Mr. White."

He'd take a peep, an den he'd His mout' shed wid his han' An squirms an stomp an snatter' An all de while, bustle de barn, Ma learnin in a walk, A-whirrin an a-thumpin' round' An usin Bible talk!

PED'S RETURN.

Silas Bugford sat in the shade of the big oak that grew by the kitchen door. He was in his shirt sleeves, and his coarse straw hat lay on the grass at his side.
He was leaning forward, his chin resting on his hands, his elbows upon his knees, calmly puffing a short cut pipe. Near by sat his wife, busily engaged in stringing beans for dinner.
"It's bin most ten years since Ped went away," observed Mr. Bugford, blowing a cloud of smoke over a vagrant bumblebee that was buzzing about a holly-hock.
"Ten years come this fall," remarked his wife without looking up.
"Come this corn cuttin time," corrected Bugford. "I reckon it well. He went off jst when I war busiest cuttin corn, an I had ter hire Sig Johnson in his place. Sig war n't worth his salt, an it war a clear loss uv \$5 ter me."

Mr. White took the proffered hand, looking very much puzzled.
"Ye seem to know me—but hanged if—y, bless my soul, it's Ped Bugford."
"So it is," laughed the young man. "I am glad to see some one who remembers me."
"I knowed ye as soon as ye laughed," said White. "But hang it, how ye have grown. W'y, ye are a man now, bigger 'an yer father."

Den pa, when he'd got sobered down, Went in ter git his cone, An bimely ma come sneakin in Excessivly so could be. Besides her nose wuz slum, An pa, he ast her, sobberlike, "Why, ma, what ley yer done?" Well, ma, she says, says she, "I climb De ladder on do now Ter make sign on de fell Right on der sulky plow." An pa, he took er gulp of tea Ter keep from lautin out, But, Lor', he couldn't keep it in An spouted all about.

"That you can't blame Ped for that," said his wife.
"He might 'a stayed till the corn was out."
"He loved you wasn't treatin him jst right—then Ped was our only child."
"I war an only child myself," complained Bugford, "an I reckon I war n't treated any better 'an Ped, but I didn't go rumm'in away. You remember my daddy wouldn't hear ter our bein married in a bizy time. Sez he ter me: 'Silas, I ain't goin ter have a weddin goin on right in plowin time. Wait till the corn's laid by, an then thar'll be plenty uv time fer fixin fer the weddin.'"
"Yes," said Mrs. Bugford, "an we had ter wait too. My mother was set ag'in our bein married right in gardenin time. She sez ter me, sez she: 'Mandy, it ain't no use in talkin uv yer bein married this spring. Sayin nothin uv the work thar's got ter be done, it would be a waste ter kill them chickens till harvest, an then thar's nothin in the garden ter make pies but pieplant an gooseberries, an they never did agree with me. Wait till after harvest, Mandy, sez she, 'an the blackberries will all be ripe.' Mother was powerful sot ag'in extravaganance, an believed in young folks mindin their parents."

Farmer White was not especially inquisitive, but he was not altogether devoid of a certain amount of curiosity regarding the affairs of his neighbors, and before the two reached their destination he had learned several important facts relative to young Bugford.
Among other things he learned that Ped had perfected a most valuable piece of machinery which he had been working on for years, and having patented his invention he had disposed of it to a wealthy firm in Chicago for a snug fortune and was coming home to share it with his aged parents.
White speculated on the surprise in store for Bugford, and he chuckled inwardly as he thought of the joy and amazement Ped's sudden return would bring to the parents.

Den pa, he had ter give it up An started on a run An t'row himself upon de grass Lor', you should see de fall He'd roll an laugh an holler like He'd gone clean off his hose; 'Twas better den a circus show An best a tatter race.

"So she did, an so did my daddy," said Bugford, "but things are different now, an mobley I war a little hard on Ped."
"Ped was a good boy,"
"Yes, but he kept goin with them Wykoff boys when he knowed that ole Wykoff had treated me meaner than dirt, then he war former workin with that fool machine idee uv his, when he ort ter bin at work on the farm."
"He said the machine might make us all rich if he got it fixed up right," suggested Mrs. Bugford.
"But sicl fool things don't ever git fixed right," declared Silas, "an I reckon he's found it out by this time. Ped war a good hand ter work, ough, when he did work, an mobley I ort ter loved him ter have his way about them fool idee uv his."

As they arrived before the farmhouse they saw Mrs. Bugford coming from the springhouse carrying a pan of milk.
As Ped came toward her she looked at him keenly, then set the pan of milk upon the ground, her form trembling.
"It's Ped!" she said in an agitated voice.
She took his hands and kissed him. Then he put his arms about her neck, while the tears ran down his cheeks.
"Ye have grown so," she said, holding him at arm's length and gazing fondly into his face.
"I was afraid you wouldn't recognize me," he said, "but you cannot deceive a mother's eye."
They stood talking for some moments. Some of the little ducks that were running about the yard came up, and pouncing into the pan of milk began to swim about in the liveliest manner.
"Where's the father?" asked Ped.
"In the house eatin his breakfast. Come, let's go in."

Well, ma, she says, says she, "I climb De ladder on do now Ter make sign on de fell Right on der sulky plow." An pa, he took er gulp of tea Ter keep from lautin out, But, Lor', he couldn't keep it in An spouted all about.



The Tall One—You fought for your country, and I will always look up to you.—New York Journal.

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I have had Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. I have been troubled for about three years with what I called biliousness coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians I had indigestion, but nothing helped me. Several I had tried had no effect, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tablets in the papers and had had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I have had from these tablets by Ripans Tablets induce me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now.

I have been suffering from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs at times were bloated and sore. I had to use a cathartic every day. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper and bought some. I am now, after seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. I have had the driest constipation since I was a baby. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my name and picture as you like.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefits I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. H. Roy, Ph. G., I took Ripans Tablets with grand results.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I have had these headaches for years. I had heard of Ripans Tablets from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from them that she advised me to take them, too, and I have been doing since last October, and they will say they have completely cured my headache. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use the testimonials I give you.

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A new style pocket containing TEN TABLETS packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores FOR FIVE CENTS. This low priced set is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (20 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the Ripans Chemical Company, 155 N. Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (two tablets) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABLETS may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, April 6, 1900.
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 C. H. Holden, U. S. Commissioner at Florence, Oregon, on May 22, 1900, viz: Horace J. Minor on his H. E. No. 7510 for the SE 1/4 NE 1/4 Sec 3 & 8 1/2 NW 1/4 & SW 1/4 NE 1/4 Sec 35, T 18 S, R 11 W.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
D. A. Bradley, of Point Terrace, Oregon; Moreen Allen, of Point Terrace, Oregon; George Allen, of Point Terrace, Oregon; Charles Anderson, of Point Terrace, Oregon.
J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, April 5, 1900.
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 C. H. Holden, U. S. Commissioner at Florence, Oregon, on May 19, 1900, viz: Robert P. Bernhard on his H. E. No. 7510 for the SE 1/4 NE 1/4 Sec 3 & 8 1/2 NW 1/4 & SW 1/4 NE 1/4 Sec 35, T 18 S, R 11 W.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
John Holzer, of Florence, Oregon; John Mason, of Point Terrace, Oregon; Arnold Karnovsky, of Florence, Oregon; William Hoffman, of Florence, Oregon.
J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

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THE WEST. FLORENCE, OR.

Wanted!
The people of Dresden are very polite, so overpolite that they not infrequently bring down ridicule upon themselves. It used to be told in that city that a stranger was one day crossing the great bridge that spans the Elbe and asked a native to direct him to a certain church which he wished to find.
"Really, my dear sir," said the Dresdener, bowing low, "I grieve greatly to say it, but I cannot tell you."
The stranger passed on a little surprised at this valuable answer to a simple question. He had proceeded but a short distance when he heard hurried footsteps behind him, and turning round, saw the same man running to catch up with him.
In a moment his pursuer was by his side, his breath nearly gone, but enough left to say hurriedly: "My dear sir, you asked me how you could find the church, and it pained me to have to say that I did not know. Just now I met my brother, and I grieve to say that he did not know either."

Painfully Polite.
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"I was a young man of spare build, with a half inch of downy beard upon his freckled face.
"Pap' lowed ye might want some an ter help ye out, an' he said, after exchanging greetings with Silas.
"I dunno jst yit," the farmer replied. "I'm intendant ter commence tomorrow mornin, though the fodder is a little green yit. My corn is later 'an yours."
"Yes, 'bout two weeks. Pap sod if ye need any help he'd come in the mornin."
"Waal, I'm goin ter want a couple uv han' for a few days, an I reckon ye an yer daddy might both come."
"Pap'll come, but I've got ter see ter strippin the sugarbun cane."
"I reckon I might git another hand. Tell yer daddy ter bring one if he can."
"All right. Heard anything from Ped lately?"
"Not for a good spell."
"How's he gettin along?"
"He don't never say. Jst sez he's well an workin every day."
"Don't talk uv comin home!"
"Noap. Reckon he'll sow his wild oats first."
"I lov' he will. Pap never loved me ter sow no wild oats. Waal, I must be travelin. Good day."
He was walking away when Silas called out:
"Say, Bud, ye didn't see anything uv my ole speckled cow as ye came along, did ye? She ain't bin up terday, dang her ole hide, an the calf's most hawled itself ter death."

Neither Was Any Good.
"A little fellow of our acquaintance," says Moonshine, "just turned 4, is remarkable for his philosophical way of viewing things in general. Coming in the other day from playing in the garden, he strolled into the reception room, where he spotted a strange lady. Now, the doctor had just brought Master Cyril a new little brother, with whom he was told he would always be able to play. When therefore he saw another strange, who seemed as if she, too, had come to stay, he sauntered past her, with his hands in his pockets, and glancing at her in a casual sort of a way, contemptuously remarked to himself, but in a tone loud enough to be heard by the visitor:
"H'm! More company! If there's much more company coming to this house to play with me, I'm off. They're both no good for cricket, I know. He's too little to hold a bat, and she's too fat to run."

Degenerate Age.
Dr. Pills—The degrading spirit of commercialism has affected even our profession.
Wallace—Quacks and all that?
"I wasn't thinking of that so much as of the way classical learning has fallen into disrepute. Nine times out of ten nowadays a rich man is not impressed in the least by one's giving his complaint a Latin name."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Used a Gun.
"I'll tell you what it is," exclaimed the editor of a yellow journal, "the days are mighty few when we don't make a hit."
Whereat a bystander quietly interposed: "Of course you use a fowling piece!"—Boston Courier.

All Agreed.
"Fellows, you wouldn't take me to be a member of a millionaire's family, would you?"
"Frankly, we would not."
"Neither would the millionaire. I asked him last night."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Rough on De Duds.
De Duds (who does not like a very high collar)—These collars are very high. Show me something lower.
Salesgirl (with dignity)—These are the cheapest we have, sir. We don't keep slopshop goods.—New York Weekly.

Hempack's Opinion.
"Professor Brainard is the brainiest man that ever lived."
"Indeed!"
"You bet. Why, he can say 'I love' in 39 different languages—and hasn't said it in any."—New York World.

The Cumminsville Sage.
"There is a complete difference," said the Cumminsville sage in the course of a discussion of the oil business, "between being a known well borer and well known bore."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Can't Be "Touched."
"Why do you call ole Skindist an abstract noun?"
"Because he is something you can think of, but cannot 'touch.'"
—Chicago Post.

Enfant Terrible.
"When you cough, you should hold your hand over your mouth, dearie."
"Why, mamma? My teeth don't fly out."
—Magendorfer Blätter.