A WINTRY LANDSCAPE.

Not summer's self was ever half so fair As this white winter wrapped in ermins

A royal silence brooding everywhere
And all the world a voiceless dream of peace.

Amber and opal, faint est pearl and rose, Orange and purple in the senset sky; In flery hues the wide west flames and glows, Nor fades till start bre sinning out on high.

O'er steel bine lyces the sheen is bright like The trees in maked beauty lift their limbs, Tae wind is hy hed that erst did sob and wail— Softer its toges than mother's cradle hymns.

Strange, silent winter, fair beyond belief, White royed and fair and dreamy as the nig Forgetting, pain and care and joy and grief, Creeps solumnly apage and the omnly epace and shrouds the light.
—Harper's Bazar.

NUGGETS' LUCK.

How the spruce looking stranger got into the little, old, dilapidated town up in the Sierras none of its inhabitants appeared to know, but most of them were extremely anxious to ascertain. Soldom it was that any one went to the town. Apparently there was no particular reason why any one should. The surrounding scenery was grand, it is true, but the town could make no claim

Well, this went by, and the law stopped hydrauleeking, and purty much every one left the town that could git out o' it, and it ain't been worth a d—n sence.

"Nuggets' daughter she married Bob to being an essential part of the gran- Hittel, who was a teamster and didn't mountainside for a short distance and rore, but they managed to make a liv-lost its way in the forest. A long, ram-in and keep old Nuggets besides. shackle "hotel," several despondent Course you know the old man couldn't looking stores and a number of saloons do nothin but sit around and talk those made up what it was pleased to call the words I told you of. business portion of the town. On all and yellow and reddish clay, mountains | deal o' harm. seamed and gashed and cut in twain, miles of rusty and disjointed gigantic wander over into Rattlesnake canyon iron pipes, told of the days when the and spend nigh on to a day there. When miners with hydraulic guns "held up" he'd come back, he'd be worse tuk than nature and forced it to deliver its treas- ever and go moonin around and sayin

now, and to the stranger's not unnatu- I don't think so.' ral inquiry as to how the people supportone another.

of the stores beside one of the citizens to go and her father was dead set on and soon found himself listening to a havin him with him she didn't make no monologue offered for his entertainment. It would have been a dialogue between them, but the entertainer would not have it that way. An old man, with grizzled beard and weather beaton face, was he. The stranger noticed, with bout ten years ago—I was here then "Yis, m" and soon found himself has been than any more objections. The boy used to say that while they was in the canyon Nuggets spent most o' his time huntin for something he couldn't find.

"One even in in the summer time, "Yis, m" bout ten years ago—I was here then "Yis, m" any of the boy was into the control of some surprise, that, although stained myself-Nuggets and the boy kem into and rusty, his long frock coat and the town and gave it a surprise that it ain't trousers stuck into his boots were of got over sence. You can believe it or good broadcloth. A very conspicuous not as you want to, but he'd got back watch chain, a huge diamond pin in a setting of tobacco stained shirt front as I'm talkin now. Don't believe he and the entire absence of a collar made ever was crazy myself—just think he'd

"Yes, you're right," began the entertainer, starting the monologue with
considerable energy, "this town ain't
worth a whoop in hell today, but you

"But he was purty near crazy with
happiness. He'd an old rusty knife in
his hand, and he kept sayin to us all
"Delia!" oughter seen it onct. Ain'ta forty-niner the time, 'Twarn't no dream after all, myself, and you got to make a good deal 'twarn't no dream.' Seems when they of allowance for what some o' these old was in the canyon the boy got to playin has beens tell you, but they all do say around and crawled under a big tree it was a hummer before they stopped that 'ad been blown down and found hydrauleekin.

they ever did any hydrauleekin-when where that knife was found. everything was placer and sluice minin-He'll tell you his story. He'll tell it without bein ast. I've heard it so often that I know it myself. He likes to hear gage on about everything Jake Open-

"He was one o' the first to come acrost the plains-leastways that's what in business for himself. he says-and when he got here he just old emigrant trail back o' Lake Tahoo and into Hangtown.

"Haugtown-you know, that's what they called Placerville in them dayswas a great place then. Meals was \$3, The stranger arose, stretched himself, and so was beds; whisky was four bits and, striding up the street, encountered and two bits a drink, accordin as how the one legged druggist standing in the you wanted it, and flour was \$10 for a doorway of his store. small sack. Course, you know, most all supplies kem around the Horn to Frisco, was boated up to Sacramento and teamed out to the mines from there.

Business was good in California in niner. them days Most every one had money, and it wasn't no trick to get it. The cricks and river bottoms was full o' gold, and any one could take a shovel, pick and rocker and wash out as much as he liked. Course that sort o' thing spoilt the Argonauts, as they call 'em, a a good many of 'em anyhow-would

didn't w orry much and wasn't partienler about, avin it. They was all about purty hard for awhile and cleaned up a little pile he'd, Tet to thinkin he needed "Well, Master Johanis alike, and a 'ter a fellow had worked little pile he'd ret to thinkin he needed "Well, Master Johnnie, did you inrelaxation, and a own he'd go to Frisco form your mother what refraction of rounds of the various departments,

goldfields for anothe, stack o' bhie received?"

chips.

"Course every one had a partner in them days, and this here a cone by the name o' Wilkins. One day one by the name o' Wilkins. One day they kem into this town with a your that was a corker. Was as big a home to that gold stickin out of it all around.

"The involve offered 'em \$1,500 fee."

The jeweler offered 'em \$1,500 fo. it, but they wouldn't sell it. Nusm from, but no one believed him. "Everybody thought that Nuggets and Wilkins had found a small pocket, and that was all there was to it, but

some o' these pockets are good enough for a pore man anyhow. "That night there was an awful windstorm, and two days afterward Nuggets was found comin out o' Rattlethe canyon over there plum crazy.

They brought him into town, and all they could get out o' him was a string o' the d-dest, foolishest words you ever heard of. He didn't say much else for a good many years afterward— youster sit around the town here and get it off to himself. Went somethin

like this: " 'Changed all the trees in the Rattlesnake-moved 'em and mixed 'em all up. Might 'a' been a dream, but I don't think so. Ask Bill—he knows. Put a thot in her. Seen rock in my time, but no rock like that. Bill, d—dold fool, gits scared, and we kivered her up to ome back to. Didn't blaze no tree, but my old knife's stickin on the moss side o' that tree. Might 'a' been a dream. Ask Bill.

"Course you can bet your life that old canyon was prospected pretty well after that, but nothin was found. The specimen was sold and the money divided between Bill Wilkins and Nuggets' daughter, who had to take care o' him. Wilkins went over into Calaveras soon after that and fell down a shaft about 500 feet deep.

"Well, time went by, and the law

Its one street straggled up the have much o' it to do either. They was

"Every one was kind to him, except, sides and as far as the eye could see, however, were the imperishable evidences of what this little town once had him a good deal and josh him and ask been-the center of a natural wealth al- him when he was goin to open her up, most inconccivable. Vast areas of white but I reckon he didn't mean a great

"Every now and then Nuggets 'nd those words: 'Changed all the trees in But all that was long ago and is only the Rattlesnake-moved 'em and mixeda pleasant memory with the little town 'em all up. Might a-been a dream, but

" 'Bout this time his little gran'son ed themselves came the cheerful and was growin up, and Nuggets began for cannibalistic reply that they "lived on to take him along with him in his trips to the canyon. Mrs. Hittel, she objected The stranger sat on a box outside one at first, but when she seen the boy liked

drauleekin. the knife stickin in it undergeath. You oughter get old Nuggets to tell Course you know what that meant.

you somethin about it. Ain't you met "Well, Nuggets is all right now. So place, sound asleep!" Nuggets yet? Well, you should, for he's was his claim. He sold it for a purty about the only sight we got in town- nice sum to a couple o' big mining men only thing the town brags about and down below. See those smokestacks in p'ints out to strangers. Nuggets was the trees over in the canyon? Well, ere-or som'ers about here-before there's a 14 stamp mill on the spot

> heimer's got left, and the boy-the gran'son, you know-he's down below

"That's about the story old Nuggets nacherally staid. He kem around by the 'Il tell you when you meet him. Some o' it's true I know myself for a fact, and I reckon, mebbe, some o' it's-well, you know, Nuggets is a Missourian and a purty good liar himself."

The stranger arose, stretched himself, "Great story I just heard," said the stranger.

"Been talking to the old pioneer?" "Pioneer? Why he's not a forty-

"No, but he's a forty-eighter." "Who is he, anyhow?"
"Him? Oh, that's Nuggets."-Wil-

liam A. Taaffe in Argonaut.

A lad in one of the London board schools was found guilty of a serious in-

The next morning the schoolmistres called Johnnie to her desk, when the fol-

discipline you were guilty of yesterday and blow in his plate the trail for the and the reprimand and punishment you

> "Yes'm," was the sententious reply. "Well, and what did your mother "She said she'd like to wring your

No more discipline reports were sent home to that mother. - Pearson's

Burbank-You say that you never w that man befere, and yet you think has been married about 15 months like mighty well to know what is about him to make you arrive

a conclusion? k Holmes, Jr. - Watch bim Sherla I you will notice that he closely, an y sound as if he were afraid starts at eve. to the baby. -Cleveland it would wa

A Tough, Tough Fish. Fish seem to have no sense of feeling, and many people believe that the angry and energetic movements of a fish when it is caught are due rather to annoyance at losing its liberty than to any sense of pain. I can confirm this, because I have over and over again taken an undersized pike that has been once or twice caught and put back into

of the Old brigade-were fishing in a small pool in a narrow, sluggish river. Jones caught a small pike, and as it was undersized, being barely four pounds, he cut the hooks out of its gullet and threw the fish in again. Inside of 30 seconds Jones caught the same fish again. Once more he cut out the hooks, and this time he had to maul it very much. Once more it was kicked

Then I caught it, still bleeding. I got the hooks out with difficulty, and before I could throw the fish in again a terrier dog bit it half through. Then I kicked the fish in, and Brown caught It. At last we got so tired of catching this fish that I threw it away in disgust. It caught in the fork of a willow

tree and staid there for half an hour, when a crow attacked it, dislodging it from the tree, but not before it had removed one of the eyes. The selfsame fish was caught next day by the keeper.-Fishing Gazette.

Pride of the Poor.

Mrs. Clarence Burns, who is so well known for her phllanthropic work, says that in all her experience in visiting the tenements of the poor of the Hugh Cassidy on his H. E. N. 7863 for the SW 1/4 city she has never been asked for alms. Mrs. Burns has made a business of visiting the poor with the hope of helping them whenever she saw the need, but finds it almost impossible to make the really deserving poor acknowledge that

they are in need of anything.
One day she visited a family who were all huddled together in one bare, cold room, and their faces were so pinched she knew they were starving. But in response to her offer to help them the mother said:

"No, thank you. The children have had something today. I am sure to get

work soon." After questioning as to just exactly Burns found that they had subsisted for three days on a few dried scraps of stale bread. This experience, she says, is repeated frequently.-New York

She Hadu't Dropped Off. "Della!"

"Yls. ma'am." "I am very tired, and I am going to lie down for an hour."

"Yts, ma'am." "If I should happen to drop off, call me at 5 o'clock."

"Yis, ma'am." So my lady lies down, folds her up a somewhat incongruous appearance. got his mind set on one thing and hands, closes her eyes and is soon in the land of dreams. She is awakened

> "Yis, ma'am." 'Why didn't you call me at 5 o'clock,

as I told you to do?" "Shure, ma'am, ye tould me to call ye if ye had dropped off. I looked in on ye at 5, and ye hadn't dropped off at all! Ye was lyin on the bed in the same

Mutually Agreeable.

One day last summer a sour visaged, middle aged, fussy woman got on one of the smoking seats in an open car in the subway. Next to her sat a man who was smoking a cigar. More than that, the woman, sniffing, easily made out that the man had been eating onions. Still more than that, she had the strongest kind of suspicion that he had been drinking beer. The woman fussed and wriggled and grew angrier and looked at the man scornfully. Presently she could endure it no lon-ger. She looked squarely at him and

"If you were my husband, sir, I'd give you a dose of poison!"
The man looked at her. "If I were your husband," said he, "I'd take it!" -Boston Transcript.

Found His Auditor.

Professor Charles D. R. Roberts, the poet, reads the modern languages very easily, but speaks them imperfectly. At n reception held in New York just prior to his leaving for Europe Roberts was introduced to a distinguished French artist, who was here on a visit. The artist asked in his own tongue,

"You speak French?" "No," answered the poet. "I am sorry I do not, but I understand it well when it is spoken to me."

"I am so glad," replied the Frencha-a poilt most any one fraction of discipline and was directed man. "You are the audience I have by his teacher to tell his mother when long wanted. I can talk to you all I supply would last forever, and they be got home what misdemeanor he had Colorado Springs Gazette.

> "Young man," asked the proprietor "how can you afford to dress so claborately and expensively on the salary

> we pay you?" "I can't," gloomly answered the salesman. "I ought to have more salary."-Chicago Tribune.

> Driven to Drink. Artist-My next picture at the nead-emy will be entitled "Driven to Drink." His Friend-Ah, some powerful portrayal of baffled passion, I suppose? Artist-Oh, no; it's a horse approach-

> ing a water trough! The bank checks passing through the clearing houses in London and New York in one month exceed the value of all the gold and silver coin in the

> Give a youth resolution and the alphabet, and who shall place limits to bis career?

I have used Ripans rabules with so much eatisfaction that I can cheerfully resolutioned them. flare been fromfield for about three years with was: I cance billious attacks coming on regularly since a work. Was to, by different physicians that it was usued by bed-teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tabules in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small facent boxes of the Tabules and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by flipons Tabules induced me to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your

I want to inform you, in words of highest prefie, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tabules. I am a professional nares and in this prefection a clear head is always needed, Ripans Tabules does it. After one of my cases I found myesif completely run down. Acting on the

found myeelf completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bow-er. Fh. G., 588 Newark Ava., Jorsey City, I took Ripans Tabules with grand results. Miss Bregje Windmar.

I have been a great rufferer from constipation for over five years. Schiling gave me any reliat. My feet and logs and abdornen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my fest and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tabules advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tabules. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the droppy and I am trying Ripans Tabules for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long: You may use my letter and name as you like.

Mrs. Maxy Gommi Clarky. Mrs. MART GORMAN CLARKE. Ectetettettettettettett R·I·P·A·N·S

> The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ill of humanity.

with hearthwin and slooplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper indorsing Ripans Tabules. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tabules regularly. She kee family take the Tabules regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before sho took Nigare Tabules. My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a saftron color. testimontals in favor of

A new style packet containing TRN RIPANS TABULES packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—you five curves. Take low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dosen of the five-cent cartons (130 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHIMMORAL COMPANY. No. 10 Spruce Street, Now York—or a single carton (TRN TABULES) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABULES may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barbor shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Land Office, at Roseburg. Oregon. May 9, 1900. Notice is hereby given that the followingamed settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Reg. & Rec. at Poseburg, Oregon, on August 4, 1900, viz NW ¼, NW ¼ SW ¼ Sec. 10 T 21 S, R 11 W. He names the following witnesses to prove

his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Catherine A. Cassidy, of Gardiner, Oregon, John Joyce, of Gardiner, Oregon, John Henderson, of Gardiner, Oregon, Wilbert Peck, of Gardiner, Oregon.

J. T. BRIDGES.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Land Office, at Roseburg Oregon May 8, 1900.

Notice is hereby given that the followingnamed settler has filed notice of his intention what the children had had to eat Mrs. 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 June 29, 1900, viz: James B. F. Dodge, on his H. E. No. 8119 for the S 1/4 SW 14, S 1/4 SE 1/4 Sec.

11. T. 15 S., R. 12 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

Iva Breey, of Minnie, Oregon, B. C. Smith, of Minnie, Oregon, A H Guynn, of Minnie, Oregon H Guynn, of Minnie, Oregon.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register'

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had laid on a new diversion for his special cronies. A phonograph stood on the table, and it was emitting sounds of revelry by night. All the latest new and popular comic songs of the day were on tap, or,

to speak more by the book, came up to the scratch. Old Blinders was extremely interested. He had seen nothing like it in his

"What might I be able to get one of them things for?" he asked a melantholy personage, a stranger to him. "About a fiver. " 'Tain't dear at that. Very extraor-

dinary things! Kind of talking machines, ain't they ?" "Talking machines? That's what they are!" "Maybe you understands them?"

"I ought to. I've got one at home." "Got a what?" "A talking machine." "Have you, now! What did it cost you, if so be as it ain't a rude ques-

"A mint of money-hundreds of counds. "Hundreds of pounds for a talking machine ?"

"Sir," returned the other, "that was what I said. I have a wife!" Then everybody knew why he was so melancholy. - Ally Sloper.



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