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They act directly on the liver. They cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, nausea, and dyspepsia. Take a laxative dose each night. For 60 years years they have been the Standard

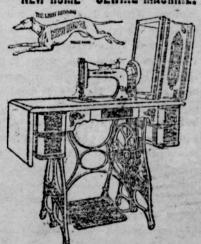
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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roschurg, Oregon, May 12, 1900.

Notice is hereby given that the followingnamed 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. Holon, U. S. Commissioner at Lake Precinct, Oregon, on June 28, 1800, viz: William F. Harris she be speaking of my nucle, so reon his H. E. No. 7167 for the E 1/2 SE 1/4 Sec 8 & spected, so quiet as he was? It was W 1/2 SW 1/4 Sec 9, T 19 S, R 11 W. He names the following witnesses to prove is continuous residence upon and cultivation-

of said land, viz: einet, Oregou. J. T. Buibens, Register

C. A. SNOW & CQ.

MR. JOSH SIMPKINS ON ETIQUETTE. and before evening she had shared the

I've studied up on etiquette, Read every book that I could get, Read every book that I could get.

And yet

There isn't one in all the lot.
That tells a feiler it is not
De rigger to eat pie
For breakfast; hence, why shouldn't !?
And, furthermore, I cannot find
In all the books I call to mind
A single line
That gives a reason worth a whoop
Against a second plate of soup
When fellers dine,
And as for eating marrowfats
Without a spoon I think that that's

A fool-

A fool-Ish sort of rule. Lh sort of rule.

When I cat peas.
I'll do as I darn please!
And, what is more, till I'm a snob
I'll eat my corn straight off the ceh,
And sparrengrass I'll eat as I
liave always done in days gone by—
A sort of dangling from the sky,
A sort of gift from heaven come,
Held 'twixx my finger and my thumb;
And as fer those peculiar things
Called finger bowls I wow, by Jings,
I will not use 'em as they say
The bon ton uses 'em today,
I'my hands ain't both good and clean,
The pump is where it's always been,
And, far us ever I could see,
It's pleuty good enough for me.
I don't stand much on etiquette,
But yet'
I'm too polite to wash my paws
At table, spite of social laws.
—Harper's Bar

FORGOTTEN

A Tragic Story of the French Revolution.

Some few years after the reign of terror a man of middle age entered a small inn in Germany and called for refreshments. His manners were timid and shrinking, and he looked as if he might just have recovered from some terrible illness, he was so strangely,

ghastly pale. The landlord supplied his wants, and, half curious, half to kindness, he made some remark as to the stranger's appearance, coupling it with the question. Do you want aught else for your com-

"Nay. nothing." said the pale man hastily. "I have food and light and air; what could I want more?" And he sighed deeply.
"My friend," said the landlord, seat-

ing himself, "you speak as if you had known the want of these things. Have I guessed aright?" His guest looked up. "Would you hear my tale?" he asked. "For years I have kept silence, but today it seems as if it would lighten my heart to speak. Listen and believe if you can.

Less than seven years ago I was a gay. light hearted youth in this our quiet fatherland. Having no near relatives, I was led to visit some distant ones who had lived for many years in a

small town in France. "My uncle, as I called him out of friendliness, was a kind, good fellow, well known and respected in the place. where he carried on the craft of a watchmaker, and it proposed that I should become his apprentice and partner. I liked the little town, I liked my much. I liked my aunt, and I soon gave that the control of the contr my consent. They had no children-I thank God for that now-but my aunt's kindly soul could not be content without young people around her, so she kept and clothed two neighbors. Trim and neat they looked, too, wearing the costume of that part of Germany whence my aunt came—a pretty fancy of her own; it seemed quaint enough in

a strange land. "It was a happy little household. No wouder I was glad to belong to it. But, alas, it was soon to be swept away by terrible affiletion. For some time we had heard of strange troubles going on in Parts and the large towns, Good dealers wanted in every town.

| Dallas, Texas. | Can Francisco, Cal. | Atlanta, Ga. | But our little place was still quiet. | One morning, however, we woke to find everything in confusion. Our may-Weite for prices and terms to San Fran or had been ordered to resign, and his place was to be tilled by some one sent

from Paris. "Still, we never dreamed of that fearful misery of which this was the forerunner. We had no time to dream, el-

ther, the blow fell so suddenly. "There had been a stir going on in the market place for the two days following the arrival of the new official, but my uncle and I were busy over a discovery which we had made in our trade, and we were less than usual in the streets. At noon on the third day, however, he went out for a stroll to rest his eyes and look about him for a few moments. My aunt and ber maidens arranged as usual the midday meal, and we were all ready to sit down, only my uncle was missing. He was usually so punctual that we dined without him. At the close of the meal

I stepped out to look for him. "I had not got a dozen pards from the house when I met our baker's wife, her eyes starting out of her head. 'Go hack, she said; 'go back; it is too late! The monster! The wretch! He has executed the bonest man without even the farce of a trial on his accursed

guillotine yonder!"
"I stood petrified with horror. Could too true. The wretch in office bad lost no time, but had begun his work of bloodshed at once, and my uncle was of said land, vis:

Robt. B. Mills, of Achine, Oregon, G. R. Mills,
of Achine, Oregon, Andrew Hartley, of Lake
Precinct, Oregon, John Schultz, of Lake Presheltcred under his roof some months since a poor Swiss. I retraced my steps to the house. My aunt's anxious face met my troubled gaze. She had begun to suspect evil. The two girls waited fearfully in the background. I tried to speak, but I turned away and burst into tears. I was young then. Master Landlord, and had tears to shed. My aunt passed me by and rushed into the street, straight to the market place. I could not follow. What happened there was told me later.
"Wild with agony at her husband's

fate, my gentle, loving aunt had burst into a flood of reproach of his nurder-er. In these days this was crime snough for the heaviest punishment,

same fate as my uncle.
"The reign of terror had indeed begun with us. The girls had fled, terrified at the fate which had befallen their protectors, and I was meditating in a half stupetied way the same measure when a knock came at the door, and two men who had often eaten and drunk at my uncle's table came in and made me a prisoner, confiscating all the possessions of the family to the

"In those days a man's foes were often members of his own household. I offered no resistance. The shock of the day had completely unmanned me. I made certain that I, too, should die that night. But my time was not yet

"In consequence of the lateness of the hour I was taken to the town prison, a dismal building which I had never known to be occupied. There I was thrust into a deep dungeon and left in total darkness till morning, when I doubted not I should be conducted to the same cruel fate as my poor rela-

tives had met. "But morning came, as I guessed by the sound without, and still no summons. Worn out with suspense and waiting, I fell asleep. When I awoke, hunger and thirst oppressed me. Hap-pily I had stored some bread and meat and a small bottle of wine in one of the pockets of my coat preparatory to my intended flight. Of this I now ate and drank. No one came nigh me, and yet I could hear sounds as if wretched

prisoners were being led forth out of neighboring cells, doubtless to death, for they wept and pleaded—valuely, as it seemed to me. "But the third day a great stillness fell on the prison. I could not understand it. My senses were enfeebled for want of food, for my small stock had long been exhausted, and I almost lacked strength to wonder why I was left to live so long. Presently arose an awful terror lest this should be my sentence-to perish miserably for want of food in this damp dungeon. Death on the scaffold appeared light by comparison. I clamored at my prison door. I shouted as loudly as I could. All to no purpose! Then I burst into an agony of tears. My fate was too dreadful to bear. With the soft nature of youth I pitled and bemoaned myself

as a text in the school, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.' "They came like a ray of light into my prison, and I clung to the promise as if it had that moment been made to me by a pitying God. I felt soothed

sorely. All at once words came into

my mind that I had learned years ago

and hopeful, and in this condition I sank back in a doze or swoon. "How time passed I could not tell; day and night were alike to me in my cell. I woke up to find light and warmth and kindly faces about me. Slowly I regained consciousness enough fact that the news had just reached our town of the death of one of the greatest leaders of the revolution and the consequent decline of the party. in fear of his life, our terrorist mayor had fied, and the old mayor, resuming power, had ordered the prison doors to be set open. I in my solitary cell had been forgotten, and but that some one had been sent to examine all the cells and collect the fetters used therein I might have perished miserably. As it was I was carried out perfectly sense-less and brought to life with some diffi-

"I am safe now, as you see, comrade, in my own country, but the anguish of those few days will never be forgotten. I bear about with me in my face the remembrance of it. Daily thank God for light and air and food, and yet these good gifts of his fall to make my heart rejoice. Still, those dreadful days in the dungeon have given me a firm reliancé on his mercy, and I know that I shall one day be joyful again in the city of which the gates are never shut and where there is no darkness."-Ex-

Blasting Was Good.

"The guides who pilot visitors about in Norway," said a tourist, "are a pleasant, intelligent set of men. They have had so many associations with English and American travelers that they speak our language fairly well and are always on the alert to pick up new words. Sometimes this desire leads to funny mistakes too. While exploring some of the wild and precipitous cliffs one day with my guide, we came upon a spot which looked like an abandoned quarry.

What is this, Karl? I asked. 'Have they been getting out stone here? 'Yes, sir,' he answered. 'It is where some time ago they have been shooting the rocks.'

"'Oh, yes, blasting,' I said, smiling, and Karl's quick ears caught the new word for 'shooting.' I heard him murmuring it to himself two or three times afterward. "The next day our journey brought anything interesting to say. -Onicago, us into a large tract of magnificent forest. 'Karl,' said I, 'there ought to

be fine hunting here in the season.' "'Yes, sir,' was the prompt reply; 'very good hunting.' Then, with the air of a man who seizes an opportunity, he added proudly, 'Indeed it is near here, sir, that we blast many bears.' "-New York Tribune.

Interesting Souvenir. Pearl-Don't soil that pincushion, dear; It cost \$500. Ruby-You are joking. Why, there

a nothing in the pincushion but say-Pearl-That's just what cost so much. Uncle Ben paid \$500 for it up in Chica-go. Thought it was some kind of green goods, J believe.—Chicago News.

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the very frequen-Discovery" saves life, robs the fact of general inter-est. For obstinate the respiratory organs, "(

medical Discovery" is the one niedicine which offers certain help, and almost certain cure. It contains neither alcohol nor narcotics. nor narcotics.

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ENOUGH SAID.

There lives upon Warren avenue west There lives upon Warren avenue west a certain young man who is given rather too much to "charging." That is to say, he has formed the habit of going into the shops down town and buying anything that may please his fancy and having the article "charged" to his father. The pater is wealthy and entirely responsible for any debts that his son might contract, but there was a time when he was noor and he feels that it when he was poor, and he feels that it will do his boy no good for him to know that everything he sees he may have, even though the money is at hand the first of the month to pay the hills.

Haberdusheys in restimles has an

first of the month to pay the bills.

Haberdashery in particular has an overwhelming fascination for the boy, and hardly a day passes that he does not make a purchase of a scarf or a new pair of golf hose or a negligee shirt. He goes into the shops where he is known—and they all know him—and, buying what he wants, simply says, "Charge it." And forthwith is the article "charged." The father, too, is given to purchasing neat neokwear in abundance, but he has asked the merly what he is paying for; hence when the boy buys an article and requests that it be "charged" it is entered on

the books, "To one necktie, per son." Day before yesterday there came in paterfamilias' mail a statement from a down town clothier in which articles in

the sum of \$80 were charged "per son."

The boy was in the office when the governor opened the bill. The old man's eyes scanned the amount and his lips puckered into a whistle. He turned to the youth and said: "Charley, what do you think of this? Here some person has been buying \$80 worth of neckties and having them charged to we. New York here were the person to the person the person that the person the person the person that the person the perso has been buying \$30 worth of necktics and having them charged to me. Now I'll bet I sha!! out a stop to that. I shall write a note and have it inserted in every paper in town to the effect that. I shall be responsible for no debts contracted by this person. But, I guest come to think of it, I'll wait a month

and see if he keeps it up."
Churley said, "Isn't it strange?" But, just the same, when he left the office Le muttered to himself: "That. settles it. Have to cut out that dozen of striped shirts now, until I've saved up enough out of my allowance to pay for 'em. '-Detroit Free Press.

Ligh Lights. The man who sings at his work

makes other men swear. Men sometimes forgive, but women and Indians like to avenge, an injury.

Adam had his faults, but he never gave Live \$5 and then borrowed \$3 of

The engaged cirl need not talk much

Her giggles are sufficiently expressive. A self made man should not solicit outside criticism on the quality of the Thrift is denying yourself pleasures. Stinginess is withholding pleasures

from others. Genius recaires patience. The people who have to live with a genius need the patience.

Some men admire activity so much that they sit still all their lives watch. ing other men work. Always look at the bright side of things. The back of a mirror never has

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Careful estimates of the ferce of a cyclone and the energy required to keep.

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full fledged burricane in active operation reveal the presence of a power that makes the mightiest efforts of man appear as nothing in comparison.

A force fully equal to 473,000,000 horsepower was estimated as developed in a West Indian cyclone. This is about 15 times the power that is creatable by

all the means within the range of man's capabilities during the same time. Were steam, water, windmills and the strength of all men and all animals combined they could not stall approach the tremendous force exerted by this

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