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high quality and great assortment of our jewelry,
diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and
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It keeps
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an old baldness, but
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thinning, easy to
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Land O'See, Roseburg, Oregon.
June 5, 1910.
Notice is hereby given that the following
named settler has filed notice of his claim,
and that said proof will be made before C. H.
Holden, U. S. Commissioner, at Lake Prædect,
Oregon, on July 21, 1910, viz: William Cham-
berlain on his H. E. No. 7987 for the Lot 1, Sec.
1 and Lot 1, Sec. 2, T. 28 N., R. 13 W.
He claims the following witnesses to prove his
continuous residence upon and cultivation of
said land, viz:
Darius Vandenberg, of Lake Prædect, Oregon,
James Young, of Lake Prædect, Oregon,
Richard Lester, of Gardiner, Oregon, William
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HERE'S GOOD LUCK.
The touch of a hand, the glance of an eye
Or a word exchanged with a passerby;
A glimpse of a face in a crowded street,
And afterward life is incomplete;
A picture painted with honest zeal,
And we lose the old for the new ideal;
A chance remark of a song's refrain,
And life is never the same again.
A friendly smile, and low's embering spark
Leaps into flame and illumines the dark;
A whisper "Be brave" to our fellow men,
And they pick up the thread of hope again.
Thus never an act or a word or thought
But that with unguessed importance is fraught;
For small things build up eternity
And blazon the ways for destiny. —Anon.

THE DRUMMER
AND
THE DRUMMER
A Story of War and Peace.
BY CHARLES H. DAY.

I.—WAR.
"Why, you're a Yankee, aren't you?"
That was what Gladys Clayton, a lit-
tle southern girl, said one morning to a
small boy dressed in blue who upon
her approach had half risen to a sitting
posture beside a patch which led both
to a spring and a negro cabin, within
hailing distance of the spot where the
reclining unformed figure was gazing
in open eyed wonder on the vislous
juvenile loveliness.
"Yes, I'm a Yank," replied the boy,
instinctively saluting. "You can tell
that by my blue." Then he paused for
a second and said hesitatingly, "Of
course you are—are a—"
The boy in blue blushed, and the lit-
tle maid, with a twinkle in her eyes,
said:
"A little rebel. Do you surrender?"
"Hardly," replied the boy, making an
endeavor to take his feet, but falling
back until he supported himself upon
his elbow. An expression of pain
swept over his face which startled the
child as she exclaimed in sympathetic
tones:
"Oh, dear, what a pity! You are
wounded, and only a boy!" Then, as a
reassurance, she added: "You needn't
be afraid, Yankee boy. I won't hurt
you, and all the gray soldiers are gone
away."
"Where am I?" asked the drummer
boy.
"You are on the Clayton plantation,
Yankee boy. My mother says that it is
20 miles from nowhere and the last
place that was made."
"There's been a big fight," said the
boy, "which licked?"
"Mother says that she reckons they
both got all they wanted and then
withdrew in good order," answered the
girl.
"Where is your father?"
"Licking Yankees," was the reply,
with a great deal of energy thrown
into the words.
"Oh, boy!" exclaimed the boy, and
then, in spite of himself, he permitted
a groan to escape his lips.
"Oh, dear!" said the girl, coming
close up to him. "Are you hurt much,
little Yankee boy?"
For the moment the boy in blue had
forgotten himself as he asked in auxil-
y:
"Please, little girl, have you seen my
drum?"
The girl looked up and down the
path on either side, and at length she
discovered the wreck of the martial
instrument.
"Here it is, little boy," said the girl,
with much dignity.
"Thanks, miss," said the soldier boy.
"The rebels have shot it full of holes,
and it's no good. Throw it away."
The girl threw the shattered drum
into the bushes.
"What can I do for you?" asked the
girl, somewhat perplexed at the situa-
tion.
"I'll tell you," replied the boy. "And
I want you to do it right quick. I want
you to get me out of this 'right smart,'
for a scouting party of rebels might
come riding this way and capture me—
or worse."
"Yankee boy, my mamma would
have a fit if she saw you in that blue
suit. She hates you all! Let me seelet
me see!"
Then she clasped her hands and ex-
claimed:
"I know what I'll do. I'll go to old
Sl, down at the cabin. He and auntie
are the only ones of all the slaves who
have not run away to follow the Yan-
kees. Sl will do anything for me. Be
as patient as you can while I am gone,
for it won't be long."
It was not long that the lad had to
wait, but when the people returned
with the two colored people he was
quite faint, and gasped:
"Water!"
"Bring the gourd from the spring!"
commanded auntie, who had arrived in
advance of her rheumatic husband.
The labors of years and perfect
health had given the black woman im-
mense strength, and the drummer boy
was little more of a burden to her than
an infant.
Gladys ran on ahead to the cabin.
Auntie strode on taking such immense
steps that her husband, in a vain en-
deavor to keep up, was taken with a fit
of coughing and was obliged to take a
long rest by the wayside. When he
did arrive at the cabin, the boy in blue
was snugly hidden away in its privacy
and receiving the kind offices of the
colored woman, who had had many
years of experience in nursing.
Now that the wounded drummer boy
was made as comfortable as possible,
auntie closed the cabin door and said
as impressively as if she were reciting
one of her best ghost stories:
"You hear me, Miss Gladys, an you,
ole man? You both done keep yer
mouth shut 'bout this 'ere young un.
You both all know that the nisey at
the big house is jest pizen on the Yan-
kees, for all s'ize's a dreadful good wun-

an. But for all that we mustn't let
her know of this little chap a-hidin'
'ere any more than that 't was a-hidin'
Linkum hisself."
II.—PEACE.
"Lines," said the head of the house
to a favorite commercial traveler who
had just returned from an extended
tour, "do you know anything of the
south?"
"A little," was the reply.
"How far south have you been?"
"Richmond."
"Ah!" exclaimed the head of the
house. "Long getting there?"
"Pretty near three years."
"First time that I ever heard that
you were in the 'late unpleasantness,'"
returned his employer. "Never heard
about your adventures in that line."
"Well," interrupted the salesman,
"you see, I am the only man engaged
in the civil war who is not writing for
the magazines."
"In many battles?" asked the man-
aging partner.
"Yes."
"Wounded?"
"Twice: once in the leg and the other
time in the heart."
"Recovered from the effects of both
wounds?"
"Recovered from the shot in the leg;
the wound in the heart is still open."
"Glad!" was the finale of this running
conversation.
The salesman nodded, and then the
converse became "strictly business."
The desire of the firm was concisely
this—to renew a southern trade pre-
viously held by the house which had
been interrupted by the civil war and
never regained; never regained be-
cause the house had never made an ef-
fort to resume business relations with
that section.
"Walter," said the senior partner, be-
coming familiar, "we must win all that
trade back again. I not only want the
city houses, but those remote planta-
tion stores at the crossroads which carry
such big stocks of our very lines.
And as for the salary and commission,
the house will guarantee that your
trial trip in the new section shall be no
loss to you."
When the day for the salesman's de-
parture for Virginia came, the head of
the house at parting said:
"Well, you are advancing on Rich-
mond this time under somewhat dif-
ferent circumstances."
"Not so very different," interrupted the
salesman, with a quiet chuckle. "I
was a drummer then, and I'm a drum-
mer now."
Just at dusk one night he drove up
to the store on the Clayton plantation
and walking into the establishment
announced himself and his business by
presenting his card, as he said:
"I want supper, feed and keep for
my horse, lodging for myself and will
talk business later."
A young man behind the counter re-
plied:
"That'll be all right, Mr. Lines. The
proprietor will be here in a moment."
Then he ordered a lounging dandy to
"take the horse round to the barn."
The drummer was just going to ask
the condition of trade when a woman
entered.
"Miss Clayton, the proprietor," said
the clerk, introducing the newcomer.
The greeting of the two was so
hearty that the clerk almost fell over
the counter.
"Why, Walter?"
"Why, Gladys?"
That clerk was a jewel. He knew
his business. He hurried out of the
store to feed the drummer's horse.
In inclosing an order for a large bill
of goods on the ensuing day, the drum-
mer in a communication to the head
of the house wrote:
"I have entirely recovered from that
wound of the heart." In Miss Gladys
Clayton I have found an old acquaint-
ance, a new woman of the new south,
whom I shall have no trouble in bring-
ing into the Union. At present her
mother is rather a hopeless case, but I
am quite sure that she, too, will be
completely reconstituted in due
season."—Charles H. Day in Home
Magazine.

Probably She Meant It.
"When she will, she will, you can
depend on it," is a line which many
men have quoted of many women. The
saying is often unjust, and the woman
is often justified, but now and then
the cap fits perfectly.
Not long ago a fast express was
bowling over the sands of Arizona.
Just how it happened was frequently
explained and never understood, but
as the train sped along the side of a
paroled river it suddenly left the rails,
rolled down the bank and landed in
three feet of muddy water at the bot-
tom of the river bed.
Within the cars there was some natu-
ral confusion. Men, women and
lunch boxes were thrown into a heap,
and not an umbrella or parcel was left
in the racks.
One by one the occupants of the rear
car extricated themselves from the
mass and sought for means of escape
while stanching various wounds caus-
ed by broken glass. Every exit was
jammed tight. Just then, in the midst
of the doubt and confusion, rose a wo-
man's voice in emphatic demand:
"Let me out! Let me out! If you
don't let me out, I'll break a window!"
—Youth's Companion.

A Unique Symbol of Freedom.
A curious custom is observed in the
village of Great Bookman, Surrey,
England. When the wife of a trades-
man goes off for the usual summer
holiday to the seaside, one or two ex-
pert climbers ascend at midnight to
the roof of the house and insert old
brooms in the chimneys as a sign that
the head of the house has the super-
vision of the domestic arrangements in
addition to his ordinary work. The
wife of the worthy departed, the wife
of the Crown hotel, having departed, no few-
er than eight brooms adorned the
house.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Fascinating Stranger.
"A Worcester man," says the Worcester
 Gazette, "who makes frequent
trips to Europe full in with a fascinat-
ing stranger the last time he was across.
The stranger, who may be designated as
 Ferguson because that does not
sound at all like his real name, was an
American, his manners were those of a
gentleman, and he seemed to be well
supplied with money and to know a
great many people worth knowing. In
conversation with the Worcester man
one day Ferguson said: 'Worcester is a
charming city, and I have some very
dear friends there. I presume you know
Colonel E. J. Russell? He is an old and
highly esteemed friend, to whom I am
deeply indebted for many favors.'
"When the Worcester man returned
home, he met Colonel Russell one day
and in course of conversation remarked
that he had met a man in Europe who
said that he was an old friend, Colonel
Russell thought for a moment, and then
he replied: 'Oh, yes, I remember Fer-
guson very well. I ought to, for he
is often justified, but now and then
the cap fits perfectly.
Not long ago a fast express was
bowling over the sands of Arizona.
Just how it happened was frequently
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as the train sped along the side of a
paroled river it suddenly left the rails,
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jammed tight. Just then, in the midst
of the doubt and confusion, rose a wo-
man's voice in emphatic demand:
"Let me out! Let me out! If you
don't let me out, I'll break a window!"
—Youth's Companion.

A Lost Opportunity.
The Chicago Record says that some
time ago a young organist secured per-
mission to practice on the big organ in
the Auditorium. An elderly man walked
in and took a seat a few rows away
from the musician. The young organist
noticed him, and was encouraged to
"show off" and do a few tricks of play-
ing for his audience. He rattled on
for an hour, and the elderly man sat
there, apparently impressed. The young
man tired at last and was about to look
the organ when the elderly man ap-
proached him and said in broken Eng-
lish that he wished to play for a few min-
utes.
"They don't allow any one but an
experienced organist to touch the in-
strument," said the young man pityfully.
With a little gesture, suggestive of
meekness and humility, the stranger
proceeded to his organ, "Alexandre Guil-
maut, Paris."
That it was time for the young or-
ganist to go home. He had missed the
chance of his life. For an hour he had
been entertaining the great master with
homemade chival.
A Needless Question.
"Could you identify the man that
struck you?" asked Mr. Rafferty.
"Do you mean to insult me?" rejoined
Mr. Dolan. "In course of coulda,
Ather O'gorth went 'im his own
mother wouldn't know 'im."—Washing-
ton Star.



Dr. PIERCE'S
FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION
GIVES STRENGTH TO
NURSING MOTHERS.
IT MAKES
WEAK WOMEN STRONG
AND SICK WOMEN WELL.

It takes but an ordinary man to re-
turn an angry answer to an insult. The
extraordinary man is he who, under
such circumstances, holds himself so
well under control that he controls his
adversary also.
Persia once possessed such a man,
and was clear sighted enough to make
him a judge. He was the chief judge of
Bagdad in the reign of Caliph Hadeed,
and his name was Abou Yuseph. He
was a very wise man, for he knew his
own deficiencies and was actually
sometimes in doubt as to whether he
possessed sufficient wisdom to give a
just decision in cases peculiarly shroud-
ed in mystery.
It is related of him that on one oc-
casion, after patient investigation of facts,
he decided that he had not sufficient
knowledge to pronounce on the case be-
fore him. There was in his presence a
pert courtier, one of those men who
take long to learn that wisdom and im-
pudence are not closely related.
"I'm, do you expect that the caliph
is to pay you for ignorance?" he asked,
hoping to place the judge at a disad-
vantage.
"I do not," was the mild reply.
"—The caliph pays me—and pays me well
—for what I do know. Were he to at-
tempt to pay me for what I do not
know the treasures of his empire would
not suffice."—Youth's Companion.

A Worcester man," says the Worcester
 Gazette, "who makes frequent
trips to Europe full in with a fascinat-
ing stranger the last time he was across.
The stranger, who may be designated as
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rolled down the bank and landed in
three feet of muddy water at the bot-
tom of the river bed.
Within the cars there was some natu-
ral confusion. Men, women and
lunch boxes were thrown into a heap,
and not an umbrella or parcel was left
in the racks.
One by one the occupants of the rear
car extricated themselves from the
mass and sought for means of escape
while stanching various wounds caus-
ed by broken glass. Every exit was
jammed tight. Just then, in the midst
of the doubt and confusion, rose a wo-
man's voice in emphatic demand:
"Let me out! Let me out! If you
don't let me out, I'll break a window!"
—Youth's Companion.

A Lost Opportunity.
The Chicago Record says that some
time ago a young organist secured per-
mission to practice on the big organ in
the Auditorium. An elderly man walked
in and took a seat a few rows away
from the musician. The young organist
noticed him, and was encouraged to
"show off" and do a few tricks of play-
ing for his audience. He rattled on
for an hour, and the elderly man sat
there, apparently impressed. The young
man tired at last and was about to look
the organ when the elderly man ap-
proached him and said in broken Eng-
lish that he wished to play for a few min-
utes.
"They don't allow any one but an
experienced organist to touch the in-
strument," said the young man pityfully.
With a little gesture, suggestive of
meekness and humility, the stranger
proceeded to his organ, "Alexandre Guil-
maut, Paris."
That it was time for the young or-
ganist to go home. He had missed the
chance of his life. For an hour he had
been entertaining the great master with
homemade chival.
A Needless Question.
"Could you identify the man that
struck you?" asked Mr. Rafferty.
"Do you mean to insult me?" rejoined
Mr. Dolan. "In course of coulda,
Ather O'gorth went 'im his own
mother wouldn't know 'im."—Washing-
ton Star.