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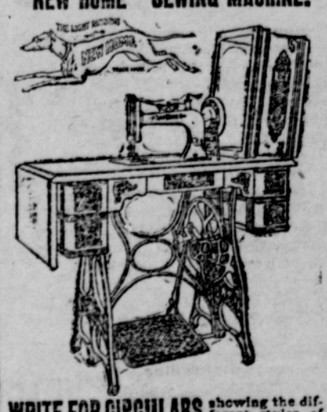

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Land Office, at Roseburg Oregon.
June 28, 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 August 17, 1900 viz: Overton Dowell, on H E No 7367, for the SW ¼ NE ¼, NW ¼ SE ¼, NE ¼ SW ¼, and lot 5, Sec 30, Tp 17, S R 11 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

William Morris, of Florence, Lane Co, Oregon, James Morris, of Florence, Lane Co Oregon, O W Sutton, of Florence, Lane Co, Oregon, Marion Roth, of Florence, Lane Co, Oregon.

J. T. Bridges, Register.

SOME QUEER DREAMS.

VISIONS THAT RESULTED IN THE CAPTURE OF CRIMINALS.

Marvelous Manifestations That Baffle the Ingenuity of Man to Explain and Which Prove Anew That Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction.

A very remarkable instance of the tracing of a criminal by means of a dream occurred in St. Louis. A woman named Mary Thornton was detained in custody for a month, charged with the murder of her husband. A week or so after her arrest she requested to see one of the prison officials and told him she had dreamed that an individual named George Ray had murdered her spouse, giving the official at the same time full details of the tragedy as witnessed in her vision. The man Ray was not suspected at the time, but the prison authorities were so much impressed by the woman's obvious earnestness that a search was at once made for him.

After some delay he was traced and charged with the crime, the details of the same as seen in the dream being rehearsed to him. Overcome with astonishment, he then and there confessed that he had committed the crime. Curiously enough, the woman had only met the murderer once and believed him to be on the very best of terms with her husband.

Almost as remarkable was the case of a woman named Drew, who dreamed one night that her husband, a retired sailor, had been murdered by a peddler at a Gravesend tavern, where the said husband was in the habit of putting up when visiting the town in question. The first news that awaited her on rising in the morning was that her spouse had been assassinated at the very tavern she had seen in her extraordinary vision, whereupon she burst into hysterical tears and cried out that her dream had come true.

She calmed down somewhat after a few hours and then handed the police officials an exact description of the peddler of the vision, giving a minute account of his dress, which included a blue coat of a very peculiar pattern. Marvelous as the fact may appear, a man wearing such a coat and following the occupation of a peddler was discovered two days later at an inn some six miles from Gravesend, and, on being taxed with the crime, he at once admitted that he was guilty and that robbery had been the motive of the outrage. He was hanged soon afterward, his doom having been brought about by the flimsy evidence of a woman's dream.

Women as dreamers seem more successful than men, but a rather peculiar instance of a crime being traced by a vision and in which the dreamer was a member of the male sex comes from Rennes, in France. A worthy merchant, having quitted his office one Saturday evening, proceeded home to dinner and after enjoying a substantial meal lay down on the couch and fell into a light doze. A very vivid dream then came to him wherein he saw two men of the burglar type engaged in rifling the safe in his office, and so much impressed was he by the vision that he resolved, upon awakening, to at once go to the office and see that everything was under lock and key.

His amazement may be imagined when, on arriving there, he discovered the door forced and a burglary in progress. To summon a couple of gendarmes was the work of an instant, and five minutes later the thieves, who proved to be notorious housebreakers, were on their way to the police depot, where the prosecutor told his extraordinary story. In view of the fact that the safe contained valuables to the extent of some thousands of pounds, the dream in question proved a very fortunate one for the dreamer.

How to explain these marvelous manifestations, which prove once more that truth is stranger than fiction, is a task beyond the ingenuity of man to compass. Perchance the theory of telepathy may have something to do with the mysterious business, but even that theory would appear rather inadequate in such cases as the aforementioned.

A skillful forger who moved in the highest circles of society was once detected by the agency of a dream. The affair occurred in Boston and caused the greatest excitement of the time.

The forger, a young man of eight or nine and twenty, had become acquainted with a rich publisher, at whose house he became a constant guest. One day the publisher's bankers discovered that some one was forging their client's signature to various large checks, and two detectives were at once instructed to look out for the culprit.

Their efforts proved useless, but one evening the publisher's youngest daughter, a little girl of 11, dreamed that she saw a man whom she described as "like Mr. Blank," the visitor to whom reference has been made, sitting in a room in Maine street copying her father's signature. The child's dream was communicated to the police, who, though inclined to ridicule the same at the outset, eventually promised to have the gentleman in question watched, with the result that his lodgings were raided and a complete plant for the making of bank notes found there. It then transpired that he was a man who was wanted for manifold forgeries throughout the Union, and he was sent to prison for a very long term.

The child's dream was all the more extraordinary in view of the fact that she was too young to understand the leading incidents of the business and attributed the copying of her father's signature in the dream to the "gentleman wanting to write nicely, like papa." Strange, very strange, but none the less true, and proving once more that, as Hamlet remarked, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."—Philadelphia Times.

Nast, Conkling and Curtis.

It is to be suspected that some of Tom Nast's wittiest work with his marvelous pencil was "printed, not published"—was intended simply to gratify his friends—and never met the eyes of the general public. Not long ago, in looking over the album of a lady who for years was a social leader at Washington, I came across a contribution of Nast's which was as effective in its way as any of the cartoons which have made his name famous.

He wanted to impress upon the lady that Washington life had been too much for him and did so by drawing a capital full length picture of himself as he appeared walking along the avenue. What gave the picture point and rendered it irresistible was the fact that the back of his head was where his face ought to be—in other words, Washington had turned his head.

I suppose the politicians still recall Roscoe Conkling's famous allusion to the great cartoonist in his Rochester speech "dedicated" to George William Curtis. Mr. Curtis at the time was the editor of Harper's Weekly, a position which he had held for many years. In the course of his philippic Mr. Conkling took occasion to refer to The Weekly, and, although Mr. Curtis sat listening to him, he described it simply as "the paper made famous by the pencil of Nast."—New York Mail and Express.

Tragedies of the Grand Canyon.

Tragic stories are told of men who have lost their lives in the search for precious metals which may lie hidden or uncovered, says Harriet Monroe in The Atlantic. The great primeval flood cut its broad V through all the strata of rock, with all their veins of metallic ore, down to the earliest shapeless mass, leaving in its wake the terraced temples and towers which seem to have been planned by some architect of divinest genius to guard their inaccessible treasures till the end of time. And the river, rising far to the north among mountains rich in mineral, has been washing for ages the sands away and depositing thus gold and silver and lead in the still crevices of the inaccessible chasm.

Here the earth laughs at her human master and bids him find her wealth if he dare and bear it away if he can. A young Californian who accepted the challenge and set forth upon the turgid water to sift its sands for gold never emerged with his hapless men to tell the story of his search. Only near the brink of the cleft are a few miners burrowing for copper and sending their ore up to the rim on the backs of hardy burros, as who should prick the mountain with a pin or measure the ocean with a cup.

Got the Correct Time.

Jake Foster was for many years one of the characters of Oregon, Mo. He drove the hack between Oregon and Forest City, and was known to every man, woman and child in Holt county. Oregon is three miles from the railroad and for many years was not connected with any other town by either telegraph or telephone. One morning Robert Montgomery hailed Foster as the hack started for Forest City and said:

"Jake, I wish you would get the correct time at Forest. My watch stopped last night."

"All right, Bob," said Jake.

When Jake returned from Forest, he put up his team and walked around to the bank where Montgomery presided. Stalking into the bank, Jake stepped up to the window and laid down a soiled bit of paper bearing the figures "11:17."

"What is that?" asked Montgomery in astonishment.

"That," replied Jake, "is the correct time at Forest."—Omaha World-Herald.

Lungs and Long Life.

One of the most remarkable cases of longevity on record was that of an Englishman, born in 1483, whose delicate appearance made all the doctors give him up when he was in the cradle. His chest was so narrow, says the report, that he seemed to have difficulty in breathing. Well, this young moribund, condemned by the doctors to die in short order, died in 1651 at the age of 169. He saw the reign of ten kings.

Secundi Hango, consul of Venice at Smyrna, measured only 57 centimeters around the chest, and one of his lungs was diseased. Nevertheless he lived to the age of 115 years. He was married five times and had 49 children. When he was 100 years old, he got his wisdom teeth. When he was 110, his hair turned black again. At 112 his eyebrows and his beard turned black.

Proved His Theory.

The late Hall McAllister some years ago entertained a visiting scientist at the Union club, before its amalgamation with the Pacific, and during the evening, a particularly foggy one, made some whimsical remark conveying the idea that fog was an excellent conductor of sound.

The scientist took exception to this novel theory and asked Mr. McAllister on what it was based.

"On phenomena which we have all observed," returned the ready jurist. "On an evening like this we hear the fog horn quite distinctly, but when there is no fog we cannot hear it at all."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Slip of the Tongue.

"What do you sell that ribbon for?" asked a young lady in a High street dry goods store.

"Eight dollars a week—oh, beg pardon, 25 cents a yard, madam."—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

Unappreciative.

"Shall I sing 'Because I Love You?'" asked Mrs. Darley as she seated herself at the piano.

"No," replied Mr. Darley, who is a brute. "If you love me, don't sing."—Detroit Free Press.

A Positive Woman.

A woman has a right to be positive on matters which are matters of personal knowledge and experience. Every woman who has used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for diseases of the womanly organs is positive as to its wonderful curative value, and confidently recommends it to similar sufferers.

Women who suffer from inflammation, ulceration, female weakness, or nervous diseases caused by disease of the womanly organs will find a complete cure by the use of "Favorite Prescription."

"Several years ago I suffered severely from female weakness, prolapsus, and menorrhagia, and used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription with splendid effect," writes Fannie Shelton, of Washington, Iowa. "Glad I have not needed it for a few years past, but if I should have any return of the old trouble would surely try 'Favorite Prescription.' I have recommended it to a number of my lady friends. I always tell them to try a bottle, and if they are not benefited by it I will pay for the medicine. In every case they have spoken in praise of it."

FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION
MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG AND SICK WOMEN WELL.

Too Much For Watson.

Only once did Watson, when a captain, never fail to punish a man for intoxication. This was in the summer of 1898 at Boston, when the San Francisco took the Massachusetts naval militia on its first practice cruise. Among the regular crew was old Alexander Parker, sailmaker's mate, who was never known to remain sober when there was liquor to be had. When the naval militiamen came on board a witty boatswain's mate, while no officer was near, sang out in an authoritative tone:

"All you men having whisky on board lay below and turn it in to the sailmaker's mate for safe keeping."

Many amateur sailors took the bait, and in a few minutes old Aleck, sitting down below decks in his sailroom, was surprised to have a vast collection of flasks passed to him. He received all these as gifts with many thanks. He was found a day after sound asleep in his sailroom, literally covered with empty bottles of every size and shape. He was finally taken before the captain, to whom was told the circumstances. "Parker," said he sternly, "I have no words with which to discuss your case. Go forward."—New York Times.

Asked For a Shirt and Got a Wife.

During the civil war there was a certain young lady in Georgetown who found it in her power to do a great deal for the Confederate soldiers confined in prison at Washington. Young, beautiful, cultured, popular, of a wealthy and prominent family, she was frequently allowed admission to the prison, whither she always took her maid with a well stocked basket of good things for the poor boys behind the bars. One day as she was passing through a group of men in the common prison she stopped and said to them:

"If there is anything you would like to have that I can bring you, won't you let me know? I shall be very glad."

One man stepped forward promptly. Bowing most courteously, he said:

"If you will be so kind, I should like very much to have a clean shirt."

He was a young lieutenant from Louisiana, one of the handsomest and most elegant men I ever met, and when that young lady looked up into his brown eyes she found it in her heart to give him much more than a clean shirt, for she married him as soon as the war was over.—Philadelphia Times.

What He Didn't Know.

"'They say that ex-Mayor Latrobe went to some sort of a celebration given by the Ebenezer colored church down on Montgomery street,' said a man about town. 'He was asked to speak and of course complied in his usual style. 'You have named this church after a great man,' he said, 'and I hope you will try to emulate his example. He was a man who couldn't be led astray by any one and believed his first duty was to God and then to his fellow man. He was a'— Well, I don't know what all he didn't say about that fellow Ebenezer, but anyhow he noticed for some reason or other his address wasn't as tumultuously received as usual, and as he drove away after the meeting behind Old Liz he was humming the old hymn 'Here I Raise My Ebenezer' and trying to figure the matter out. When he got home, he asked a good Christian lady, who happened to be there on a visit, who Ebenezer was.

"'Why, you goose,' said she, 'Ebenezer wasn't a man. Ebenezer means a stone. Didn't you know that?'

"Now when General Latrobe addresses a church audience he carries a pocket Bible dictionary with him."—Baltimore News.

Decreasing Sympathy.

Hitte de Rhodes—De latest news in dis paper warns us dat we must t'fink up a new dodge.

Walker Boutt—W'at's de matter wid dis Cubian insurgent scheme we has been workin?

Hitte de Rhodes—Dis plan o' de political bosses t' cast reflections on de insurgents is a workin, an we's got ter be mighty careful. I guess de best t'ing we kin do is t' begin tellin dat we was wid Cervery.—Omaha World-Herald.