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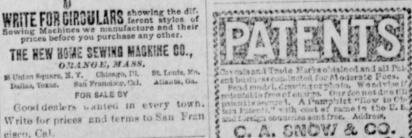
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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon. July 31, 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 hat said proof will be made before C. H. Holen U. S. Commissioner, at Florence, Oregon, on September 21, 1990. viz: F. Joseph Buttgen-bach on H. E. No. 7700, for the SE14 SE14. Sec. 21, W1/4 SW1/4, NE1/4 SW1/4, Sec. 22, Tp. 17 S. R. 11

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Robert Bay, of Linneus, Oregon; James Bay,

of Minerva, Oregon; Frank Conden, of Minerva, Oregon; James Dick, of Minerva, Oregon. J. T BRIDGES. Register.

THE FIRST FIRE OF THE SEASON.

How it leaps, in dance excited; How it sieeps, in trance delighted; How it looms in liquid shining. How it glooms in wan declining. While around the hearth we gather, One and all, In the bleak and windy weather Of the fall!

Friendly flame, remote Chaldean Seers of name effaced, dabean shepherds in the elder ages, Persian bards in mystic pages, Thee adored, for so divinely Streamed thy light, Half we follow and enshrine thee, Spirit bright.

Dear the friends each heart remembers Dear the friends each heart remems as in cheer we stir the embers, Bid the ash renew its beauty. Sparkle, flash and glow till duty. Through the comfort of the hour, Wooes our soul.

And we deem its sterner dower Life's best goal.

So we dream not visionary.

When we deem the missionary
Household fire, once more relighted,
Blazing higher, the whole united,
Round the hearth of home we gather,
One and all,
In the bleak and windy weather
Of the fail!

—Kitchen Magazin

-Kitchen Magazine.

FROM THE ENEMY'S LINE

\$>>>>>>>> Sergeant "Teddy" Wilkins was lying on his breast behind a heap of earth listening to the zip of Mauser bullete over his head. The Spanish picket.line was sheltered by a group of trees not far away, and occasionally a guerrilla sharpshooter sent a message of defiance from the high branches.

The sergeant belonged to a New pathetic sergeant. York regiment which had hurried to the front almost before congress had officially declared that the United States was at war with the proud old land which had taken the trouble to discover her.

"It seems to me," remarked the sergeant as he casually inspected the number of cartridges in his belt, "that this business is growing very tiresome. What we need is a little diversion, a little of the romance of war."

"Well," replied young De Jones, who formerly marshaled figures on a trial balance sheet, "you'll get more romance than you want if you don't lie a little closer down there."

Three or four of the guerrillas had dropped from the trees, and the Spanish stragglers had been driven back toward Santlago by a rattling fire from the Springfield rifles of the volunteers. The weather was entirely too hot to follow up an advantage gained over a. few rice fed conscripts, and Company K was resting a bit and wondering if the commissary department would call

upon them that day.
"Teddy" Wilkins was smoking the artistically colored meerschaum which he had brought from home. There had been no tobacco in the rich brown bow! for days, and the sergeant was contentedly puffing at some of the dried grass

"Hello!" exclaimed De Jones. "Here how they found out we were receiving this afternoon. Get out the Boston wafters, Sarg, and I'll hunt up the sou-

venir spoons." "They" proved to be a slender young woman, who walked with a springy step, and an elderly woman, who was anything but sylph like, who seemed to roll along the brown earth. There was a look of terror in the eyes of both of them. They advanced toward the American soldiers and held their hands

above their heads. "Mercy, mercy, senor!" cried the girl, in broken English. "Tell them to sit down on the sofa and make theriselves at home," sug-

gested De Jones. "The young one is rather good looking, at that." Sergeant Theodore Wilkins of Company K bent his stiffened limbs, adjusted his cartridge belt and went to

meet the newconsers. "We beg protection," said the younger woman. "We have come from the city, and we beg to be spared by the chivalry of los Americanos."

Wilkins, who remembered somewhat of his Clendorf, attempted to say something in Spanish which he meant to be reassuring. The girl shook her head and a puzzied expression came into her

"Do not spik a Spanish more, senor," she said. "I have the English very well. I went to school in Connecticut.' Whereupon the rien who had been engaged in the gentle occupation of exchanging compliments with Spanish foemen burst into an uproarlous guffaw, to the great annoyance of Ser-

geant Theodore Vilkins. "That Spanish of yours is great," suggested the corporal.

A lieutenant came up just then. The two women said that they had just come from beleaguered Santiago in order that they might escape death in the bombardment which was sure to come. The lieutenant told them that to escort the visitors out of harm's

Teddy Wilkins was very young. He he enlisted about a year before. He had been educated in a military school,

second nature to him. He remembered as he escorted the refugees through the chaparral that times. The holding of the ild was not there was a situation in a grand opera which was not so very different from the one in which he found himself. He wondered if Carmen were as beau- the drinker, a playful after dinner tiful as the Cuban girl who picked her way among the faller brauches and the stones which lar in their pathway.

that he knew a girl in Harlem who was far more so. The more he advanced his proposition to himself the more was he convinced that it was ut-

terly untenable. "Senor," said the girl, "you are very You are-our very vallant kind.

knight." Teddy Wilkins' youth often caused him to speak hastily. He glanced at the young woman's mother, and, being convinced by her look of entire stolidi-ty that the duenna did not understand English, he remarked in a low and supposedly tender voice: "I wish that you would say 'my' instead of 'our,' senorita. I should be very happy if

you did." The young woman laughed and then thecked herself.

"Ah, senor," she said, "I have left those behird who were very dear to me. I think only of being reunited to

them.' "Let me go in search of them!" exclaimed the young sergeant. "I will go everywhere to find them in order to win even a smile from you."

"Senor," responded the young woman, "there is nothing in our Spanish tongue to describe one so noble. You are indeed a Sir Galahad. They came with us and were frightened from us. I have no doubt that they have succeeded in also placing themselves in the protection of los Americanos. Such is my earnest hope."

The girl stepped back in a coquettish way so that the young sergeant might walk beside her. The more he talked with ber the more he was convinced that she was hiding a great sorrow. There were lines in the classical forehead which showed that the young woman was more worried about the safety of those whom she had left behind than she would tell even the sym-

Sergeant Wilkins as he walked along felt a violent attack of jealousy. "Your sweetheart perhaps," he suggested.

The girl shook her head. "Alas, senor." she said, "not so. If it were a few years ago, I could truthfully answer yes."

The sergeant was sorry, but at last they reached the rear. The young woman and her mother were taken under the protection of a branch of the Red Cross. The sergeant remained near them as long as he could and then reluctantly started back to the front. "Perhaps we shall meet again," said

the girl just before he went away. "You give me great hope," replied Teddy Wilkins. "If I can ever be of service to you, no matter where you may be, you must let me know."

The girl smiled and said that she would never forget him. The young sergeant touched his cap, and, with one last lingering glance, he went his way. He was so preoccupied on the way back that the soldiers with him exchanged sly winks and assumed expressions intended to be exceedingly

love lorn. Sergeant Theodore Wilkins found little time that night to think of the fair orita. The Spaniards advanced, and it took all the vigor of the exhausted volunteers to hold them in check. Yet even when the Mausers filled the they come to our pink ten! I wonder air with weird songs there came to "Teddy" Wilkins the vision of a face framed in dark hair and the sound of a

voice which was musical and low. Days of hard fighting followed, and when it was all over Sergeant Theo-Wilkins went in search of her who had called him a Sir Galahad. He found her, too, within the protection of the American lines, sheltered by the Red Cross and happy, because she had been rounited with her own-her husband and her four children.-New York

Herald.

Cats and Monkeys. All animals, even the wildest, can be subjected in some way to the dominion of man and be domesticated to some extent. Here, for instance, are two very curious facts about cats. Many persons, including some of our greatest naturalists, believe that our English domestic cat is descended from the Egyptian domestic cst, yet all records go to prove that the cats of Egypt lived in droves, were cared for in droves, were fed in droves and worshiped in droves, with the result that Egyptian cats never got domesticated or became

half as intelligent as ours. The like truth is suggested from india, where monkeys are worsh'ped. These are allowed to become nulsances. They are fed, and they have any amount of liberty. And what is the consequence? They never lose their innate sayagery. The method of caring for them has been wrong. All the devotion and care expended on them are practically wasted, and if we treated our cats in the same fashion as the Indians do these monkeys they would become just as wild and undomesticat-

ed.-Cassell's Magazine.

A Loving Cup. Naturally some of the ancient city customs are connected with the art of dining. Gastronomy and the Guildhall are inseparably associated. One of the most curious of these is the passing they need fear no danger, for "los of the loving cup, which takes place at Americanos" did not make war upon all the guild dinners as well as at the women and children. He ordered Ser- banquets of the corporation. The cup geant Wilkins and a guard of two men is a two bandled one with a lid. While one guest is holding the lid the next sips the spiced wine. A third, on the other side of the drinker, stands up. was so youthful that he had hard Then, the brim having been wiped by work in getting into the regiment when a clean napkin, the cup is passed to the guest holding the lid. He drinks in his turn, while his next neighbor takes and the mechanism of drill seemed a charge of the lid. In this way the cup makes the round of the table.

This enstom dates from Anglo-Saxon then an act merely of courtery, for the guest who held it was thus prevented from drawing his dagger and stabbing practice not uncommon in those times. Meanwhile the guest who was standing guarded the drinker from an us-Then he tried to convince himself sault from behind, -Good Words.

SLICK PETE'S WATCH DEAL?

Bought Them at \$2.15 Each and Sold. Them to Swindlers For \$10 Apiece. An old time detective the other day

was discussing with some sleuths new m the profession the methods of up to tate swindlers. After deprecating the originality of the modern crook he told of what he considered the sharpest game be ever saw worked.

"I suppose you fellows know," he said, "that during Centennial year Philtdelphia was a hotbed of bunko steerers and sharpers of every description. Wall, I was detailed to keep an eye on these gentry, and in time I became acquainted with most of the 'big ones,' who were enerally exceedingly bright men. One in parmeular, who was known as 'Slick Pete,' I took a great liking to, for he tad an inexhaustible fund of humor and was a good hearted chap. Toward the end of the Centennial exhibition one day I dropped into a down town auction room where some fake jewelry was being sold. A lot of watches were offered, and I saw that they had been made evidently for bunko steering purposes, for the works were good, and the cases were made to look like solid gold. They were finally knocked down for \$2.15 agiece, and I saw that the buyer was 'Slick Pete.' Jewelry was out of his line, but I knew he had some scheme in view.
Two months passed before I again saw
Pete, and then I sated him what he had Pete, and then I asked him what he had done with the watches. He began to laugh and said, 'Oh, skinned some swindler with them!' Then followed the explanation. He had hired a room and inserted an advertisement in various papers something like this: 'Fourd -A solid gold watch; Elgin works; loser pay costs. Apply, etc.' Nearly every crook in town answered the ad. and claimed the watch. Pete, who made up as an old man, seemed a mark, and the 'fly' crook, in the hurry to depart, made but a cursory examination. 'The costs,' \$10, were invariably handed over, and in two days Pete had disposed of his stock."—Philadelphia Record.

THE CAMPFIRE.

Wartime Reminiscences of a Veteran of the Civil War.

"Men build fires in various places to cook their coffee by or to make them-selves warm or for company's sake," said a civil war veteran, "and any fire is likely to be more or less a gathering point, but I suppose that the fire to which the name of campfire properly belongs, the campfire of song and story, is the cook's fire at the end of the oc pany street, built on the ground, under a pole supported at the ends by crotched sticks driven in the earth and from which the camp kettles are suspended. This was the gathering point of the

"Men did not always stand about the campfire. It depended upon eircumstances and on the weather. They met here, of course, at mealtimes, and there were times when men would stand around the fire and smoke and talk, and then it might be that the men would keep their tents, playing cards or smok-ing there, or mending their clothes, or polishing up their accouterments, so that there were times when the fire was quite deserted or when perhaps there might be seen there a solitary figure, a

man who had come to light his pipe. "But, though it might be descrited the fire still burned. Sometimes on cold and windy nights the wind would blow it about and scatter it, and sometimes, when it was no longer attended, the rain would put it out black, but there was usually a living fire there by day and a bed of embers by night, and

here was the soldier's hearthstone."-New York Sun.

Parrots Are Never Original. I have read of a father who would not let his children tell their dreams because there is in such narrative too great temptation to wander from the truth. Parrot stories are too often like dream stories-one-half true, and they are sometimes; plainly to any who knows the true talking power of these birds-nade up entirely or greatly exaggerated. While the parrot has a certain unmistakable sense of humor, and is correspondingly wise, none of the various species is or ever was capable. of the original wise and witty tolk fa-

In fact, the parrot is never original in speech. It is altogether imitative, and a bird that has never heard spoken words has surely never uttered a sylla-

miliar to us in new spaper anecdetes.

But, judging from parrots' clever uso of what they learn to say, it is almost certain that they come to know in a measure the meaning of the phrases they learn .- Charlotto Bouer in St.

The Dambes Gun. The natives in the Bucherganj district of Bengal have been deprived of their guns, and since then they have resorted to the native bamboo in the hunt,

for defensive weapons. They hollow out the bamboo, load it with an ounce or two of native powder and a handful of iron sings and touch it off with a fuse in the immediate neigh-

borhood of the offending person. Another way, as the cookery books say, is to employ the bamboo as a fork with a cebra pinned to the far end. An application of the cobra to the sleeping body of an eveny is all that is neces-

Customerde Little Boy-Please, I want the doctor to come and see mether.

Doctor's Servant - Doctor's out. Where do you come from?
Little Boy-What! Don't you know me? Why, we deal with you-we had a baby from here last week.-London;

Hindoos Use Little Soap.

The only soap which the Rindocs of the orthodox type employ is made en-tirely of vegetable products. But scap is little used in India, being almost an nutnown luxury with the names.

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