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Land Office, at Roseburg Oregon. August 18, 1900. Notice is hereby given that the followingned settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and at said proof will be made before Joel Ware, J. S. Commissioner, at Eugene, Lane Co., Ore 3E% NW%, Sec. 36, Tp. 16 S., R. 10 West.

his continuous residence upon and cultivation Albert Bristow, of Junction City, Oregon; Henry J. Dickey, of Junction City, Oregon; William Ferris, of Mapleton, Lare Co., Oregon; oseph Duncan, of Mapleton, Line Co., Oregon. J. T. BRIDGES.

He names the following witnesses to prove

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 feller it is not
De rigger to eat pie
For breakfast; hence, why shouldn't 19
And, furthermore, I cannot find
In all the books I call to mind
A single
That gives a reason worth a whoop
Against a second plate of soup
When fellers dine,
And as for eathing marrowfats

And as for eating marrowfsts Without a spoon I think that that's A fool-Ich 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 cob,
And sparrengrass I'll eat as I
Have always done in days gone by—
A sort of dangling from the sky,
A sort of gift from heaven come.
Held 'twist my finger and my thumb;
And as for those peculiar things Held 'twixt my finger and my thumb;
And as for those peculiar things
Cailed finger bowls I vow, by Jings,
I will not use 'em as they say
The bon ton uses 'em today.
If my hands ain't both good and clean,
The pump is where it's always been,
And, far as ever I could see,
It's plenty 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 lawa.
—Harper's Barar.

***** FORGOTTEN

A Tragic Story of the French

***** 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 thuid and shrinking, and he looked as if he might just have recovered from some terrible illness, he was so strangely,

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

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?" 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. light hearted youth in this our quiet fatherland. Having no near relatives, I was led to visit some distant ones who had fived 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 he proposed that I should become his apprentice and partner. I liked the little town, I liked my uncle, I liked my aunt, and I soon gave 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

strange land. "It was a happy little household. No wonder I was glad to belong to it.

"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 rest his eyes and look about him for a few moments. My nunt and her maidens arranged as usual the midday meal, and we were all rendy to sit I stepped out to look for him.

she be speaking of my uncle, so respected, so quiet as he was? It was too true. The wretch in office had lost no time, but had begun his work of bloodshed at once, and my uncle was the first victim, his only crime being that he was of foreign birth and had sheltered under his roof some months since a poor Swiss. I retraced my steps to the bonse. My aunt's auxious 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 gon, on October 22, 1900, viz: William M. Kirby burst into tears. I was young then, on H. E. No. 7792 for the N1/4 NE1/4, 8W1/4 NE1/4. 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

into a flood of reproach of his murdeer. In these days this was crime enough for the heaviest punishment,

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

gun with us. The girls had fled, terrified at the fate which had befallen their protectors, and I was meditating in a half stupefied 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

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

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 relatives had met.

"But morning came, as I guessed by the sound without, and still no summons. Worn out with suspense and walting, I fell asleep. When I awoke, hunger and thirst oppressed me. Happily 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 risoners were being led forth out of neighboring cells, doubtless to death,

seemed to me. for want of food, for my small stock ead long been exhausted, and I almost my mind that I had learned years ago

for I am thy God.' and hopeful, and in this condition I

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 to understand what they told me. I had lain five days forgotten in my prison. The stillness I had noted the third day was accounted for by the 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 fled, 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-

Blasting Was Good. "The guides who pilot visitors about poet, reads the modern languages very easily, but speaks them imperfectly. At in Norway," said a tourist, "are a pleasant, intelligent set of men. They a reception held in New York just have had so many associations with prior to his leaving for Europe Robpleasant, intelligent set of men. They 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 gulde, 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,' be answered. 'It is where some time ago they have been shooting the rocks."

times afterward. "The next day our journey brought 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, be added proudly, 'Indeed it is near here, sir, that we blast many bears."-New York Tribune.

Interesting Souventr. Penri-Don't soil that pincushion, dear; It cost \$500.

Ruby-You are joking. Why, there is nothing in the pineushion but saw-

because I have over and over again

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 gulfish again. Once more he cut out the

There's nothing

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for an ordinary, everyday cold. The 50 cent size is better for the cough of broachitis, croup, grip, and hoarseness. The dollar size is the best for chronic coughs, es in consemption, chronic bron-

ghastly pale.

"Nay, nothing," said the pale man

His guest looked up. "Would you ess than seven years ago I was a gay,

But, alas, it was soon to be swept away by terrible affliction. For some time we had heard of strange troubles going on in Paris and the large towns, but our little place was still quiet. One morning, however, we woke to find everything in confusion. Our mayor had been ordered to resign, and his place was to be filled 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, elther, the blow fell so suddenly.

the streets. At noon on the third day. however, he went out for a stroll to down, only my uncle was missing. He was usually so punctual that we dined without him. At the close of the meal

"I had not got a dozen yards from the house when I met our baker's wife, her eyes starting out of her head. 'Go back,' she said; 'go back; it is too late! The monster! The wretch! He has executed the honest man without even the farce of a trial on his accursed guillotine yonder!" "I stood petrified with horror. Could

fate, my gentle, loving aunt had burst

same fate as my uncle.

"The reign of terror had indeed be-

"In those days a man's foes were

"In consequence of the lateness of

for they wept and pleaded-vainly, as "But the third day a great stillness fell on the prison. I could not understand it. My senses were enfeebled 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 pitied and bemoaned myself sorely. All at once words came into

as a text in the school, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, Tribune. "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

sank back in a doze or swoon. "How time passed I could not tell;

"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 I thank God for light and air and food, and yet these good gifts of his fail to make my heart rejoice. Still. ger. those dreadful days in the dungeon said: have given me a firm reliance on his mercy, and I know that I shall one give you a dose of poison!"

The man looked at her. "If I were which the gates are never shut and your husband," said he, "I'd take it!" where there is no darkness."-Ex-

'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

Pearl-That's just what cost so much. Uncle Ben paid \$500 for it up in Chica-

goods, I believe. - Chicago News.

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

Upon one occasion three of us-boys of the Old brigade-were fishing in a let and threw the fish in again. Inside of 30 seconds Jones caught the same tooks, and this time he had to maul it tery 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 thred of catching this fish that I threw it away in disgust. It caught in the fork of a willow tree and stald there for half an hour, when a crow attacked it, disledging 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.

Mrs. Clarence Burns, who is so well known for her philanthropic work. says that in all her experience in visiting the tenements of the poor of the city she has never been asked for alms. Mrs. Burns has made a business of vis-iting 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 plached 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 what the children had had to eat Mrs. 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 Hadn't Dropped Off.

"Yis, ma'am." "I am very tired, and I am going to lie down for an hour." "Yis, ma'am." "If I should happen to drop off, call

So my lady lies down, folds her hands, closes her eyes and is soon in the land of dreams. She is awakened

me at 5 o'clock."

"Yis, ma'am."

"Delia!"

by the clock striking 6 and cries indignantly

"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

镇

place, sound asleep!"

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 manwho 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 ion-ger. She looked squarely at him and

"If you were my husband, sir, I'd -Boston Transcript.

Found His Anditor.

Professor Charles D. R. Roberts, the

erts 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

"I am so glad," replied the French

man. "You are the audience I have long wanted. I can talk to you all I please, and you cannot talk back."-

when it is spoken to me."

Colorado Springs Gazette. "Young man," asked the proprietor of the store, who was making the rounds of the various departments, "how can you afford to dress so elaborately and expensively on the salary

we pay you?" "I can't." gloomily answered the salesman. "I ought to have more sales ary."-Chicago Tribune.

Driven to Drink.

Artist-My next picture at the academy will be entitled "Driven to Drink." His Friend-Ah, some powerful portrayal of battled passion. I suppose? Artist-Ob. 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 algo. Thought it was some kind of green

TORY

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