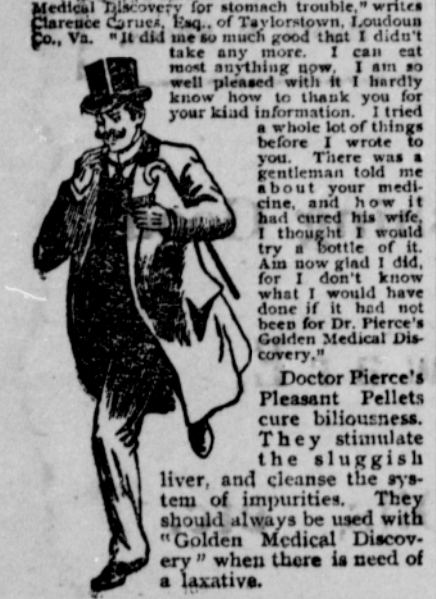


ODDS AND ENDS.

Eat and Run.

There isn't a man who would be seen running through the street munching a piece of pie. Why not? Because it would mean dyspepsia and stomach trouble? Not at all; but because it wouldn't look well. As a matter of fact many a business man snatches a lunch in such a hurry that he might as well take it on the run. That is one reason for the prevailing "stomach trouble" among men of business.

There is a certain remedy for diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It is Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The worst cases of dyspepsia and catarrh of the stomach have been cured by this medicine. It cures where all other means have failed to cure.



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wants an agent in your town. It gives prominent exposure to your piano, and you receive \$1000 in gold for the piano. This is a great opportunity for you to get a piano and a large amount of money. The piano is a beautiful one, and the gold is a large sum. This is a chance that does not come along often. Don't miss it. Write to the Gentlewoman of New York City, Box 1000, New York City.

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In addition to the piano, you will receive \$1000 in gold. This is a great opportunity for you to get a piano and a large amount of money. The piano is a beautiful one, and the gold is a large sum. This is a chance that does not come along often. Don't miss it. Write to the Gentlewoman of New York City, Box 1000, New York City.

A SIGH AND A SONG.

Love's a sigh and love's a song,
Love's a gloom and love's a glory.
Shall we linger with him long—
Hear the old sweet story?
Heights to climb and deeds to do;
Shall we dream the springtime through?
Welladay! Love leads to May;
Though the winter's round us,
Somewhere, in his aerial way,
With a wreath he's crowned us.
Heights to climb and deeds to do,
Shall we dream a lifetime through?
Yes, if love in gloom and gleam
Come in sweetest seeming;
If he but direct the dream,
Sweet will be the dreaming!
Shall we only dream and go?
Yes, if love will have it so.
—Atlanta Constitution.

A LUCKY BLUNDER.

It kept John Hobbs from marrying the Wrong Girl and Led Him to Marry the Right One.

It was just 3:30 by the dusty clock that did duty in the editor's office of the Daily Telegram, when John Hobbs, manager and general factotum for that enterprising paper, from which he derived a snug little income, suddenly remembered the day of the week. It was Thursday and on the following evening the most select concert of the season would take place, where the social set of Wrensville would be in evidence.

Now for nearly a year John had been a frequent and more or less regular caller on Miss Mabelle Whitney, the very pretty daughter of a very rich merchant.

He had intended to invite her all along, but this delay in his invitation might mean a disappointment. He would soon know and why not embody in his note a declaration of his affections, and so put to the test whether she returned his love or not. This seemed a happy thought, so he began:

My Dear Friend—May I hope for the pleasure of your company at the concert tomorrow evening by the Singer club? I have a question to ask you, the answer to which will make me either the most miserable or happiest of men. If you accept my invitation to the concert, that understand your answer will not be "No" to the more momentous question, and a refusal of my invitation I shall consider as a refusal of yours, with deepest regard.

For a man of so brilliant a mind this was really a very lame proposal, but John signed his name with a consciousness of having said just enough and not too much, feeling quite sure in the depths of his honest devotion to her that her answer would be what he hoped. With this load off his mind he turned to the perusal of his afternoon mail, with which his desk was littered.

Another story from the pen of Miss Davenport. Well, this one he had better reject, for she was really getting beyond her depth, or so it seemed to him. To be sure, she stitched her characters with an artist's skill and was decidedly original in plot and action, but the public, his public, must be amused, and her heroines never seemed happy, and what was more, never married the heroes, nor any one else, for that matter. He did not want to personally say "no" to this girl, in whom unconsciously he had become so interested and whom he recognized as a clever writer, sure to win for herself a name in the world. But he had already made up his mind not to accept more of her work, and so taking up the stub pen which had certainly seen better days, he dashed off as follows:

My Dear Miss—Notwithstanding our appreciation and admiration for your style we find we must discontinue acceptance for the present. Trusting to be of service at some future date, I am, yours very truly, John Hobbs.

"I flatter myself that is neatly done," thought John, so hastily placing the notes in their respective envelopes and addressing the same he rang for the office boy.

Friday morning dawned dull and rainy, with little prospect of clearing weather, and as John sat in his office he thought, and not a premonition of failure. Anyway he had stopped at the florist's and ordered a box of gorgeous violets sent his love, and they must be received by this time.

Just then the postman opened the door. Not a line from her in his mail, only some advertisements, a bill or two, three cards of invitation, a check, thanks for that, and last of all, a small envelope in the well known handwriting of Miss Davenport. A reply to his dismissal of the day before, he presumed, and, fearing to open the note he read:

My Dear Mr. Hobbs—The contents of your letter, although a very great surprise to me, have made me very happy. It is hardly necessary for me to add that I "accept" your invitation and shall expect you this evening. With regards from my mother and self, I am, most sincerely, Miss Davenport.

What did it mean? What invitation did she accept and why should his letter make her very happy? Quite the reverse, he had supposed. It sounded like some mystery of romance from her versatile pen, but it was no jesting matter he reflected, remembering the concert and his anxiety of mind concerning his answer from Miss Whitney. Just then, in his reflection, the door was flung open and a messenger boy sang out: "Mr. Hobbs! Very important. No answer." And depositing a package handed John his book for signature. John recognized the handwriting of the address and hastily tore it open. A large bunch of violets met his astonished gaze and a letter, which read as follows:

Mr. Hobbs—Allow me to return your property, which by some mistake was sent to me. As to my style, I consider it presumptuous on my part to pass my comment on what cannot possibly be of interest or concern of yours. I most heartily desire your desire to discontinue all future correspondence, as your results are only too clear from your compliments. Yours, etc., Mabelle Whitney.

Poor John read it with sinking heart, too utterly miserable to express the surprise it merited. Another riddle to

read, he thought. Was the whole world turning topsy turvy and with it his powers of comprehension? First, a letter of acceptance for an invitation which he had not given, and now this withering refusal and the return of his poor, despised violets. Well, goodbye to his dreams of love and future bliss and the castles he had built in his vain ambition. The disappointment he would bear so bravely no one would suspect its existence. But how explain to Miss Davenport her mistake, and, picking up her letter, he carefully reread it. Her quotation of the word "accept" was a bit strange. Its blindness suggested his own use of the word. What if he had made a mistake in the letters and inclosed them in the wrong envelopes? In that case he could understand all but his own astute stupidity. Was ever man in such a box before, engaged by letter to a girl he did not love and refused by the woman he did love and in a way that left no chance for explanation that he could see. Perhaps later he might find a way to enlighten Mabelle as to matters, but how to explain to Miss Davenport without cruelly wounding her pride and making matters worse? Of course he must call tonight and take her to the concert, trusting for some chance to straighten out this tangle.

John Hobbs never forgot that evening, and how he avoided actually committing himself by asking that question he presumed he was expected to ask, but in spite of his uncomfortable position and unenviable frame of mind he found himself enjoying the music, and could not but notice his companion's attractive face and charm of manner, and that her well bred composure was enhanced by a quiet modesty and seriousness of manner to which he had been blind before.

Somewhat John found himself saying he would call on Sunday evening, which he did, and really enjoyed the companionship of these two refined women. This call was repeated several times during the following month, and still John had not asked the question, but on the contrary had begun to wonder why he had not before noticed the many attractive qualities Miss Davenport possessed. As no word of explanation had passed between him and Mabelle Whitney, it was useless to anticipate any hope in this direction.

As for Mildred Davenport he had grown to admire the many beautiful qualities of her womanly sweetness. As a daughter she was devoted and thoughtful, and then the thought grew in his mind, would she not make a ideal wife for the man who should be fortunate enough to win her? Had he really any chance, he asked himself, a dozen times a day, and one night soon after he quietly told Mildred the whole story, saying, "And now that my mistake has been the means of my finding out what real love is and should be, will you, knowing all the story of my stupid blunder and happy awakening to a better, truer affection, accept a devotion which I will prove by my whole life is yours and yours only?" and Mildred's acceptance was given and not implied.—Boston Post.

The Rats They Eat.

"The current impression that Chinese eat rats—I mean ordinary American rats—is all nonsense," said Dr. James J. Mason, a well known Chinese missionary, chatting about his experiences in the Flowery Kingdom.

"The truth in regard to it is this: There is a small animal in China known colloquially as the tsul-chow, that is often bred especially for food. It infests the ricefields, and is about the size of an ordinary rat, but has a longer body and a head shaped somewhat like that of a ferret. It is a very prolific creature and is sold in enormous numbers in all the great cities—neatly cleaned and skewered apart and strung in bunches of 20 or 30 on bamboo reeds.

"The tsul-chow is strictly an edible animal, and feeding entirely on rice, it naturally has very delicate and savory flesh. I have eaten them, and if I had been able to get the rat idea out of my mind would have relished the dish. They taste something like young squirrels, and alive or dead are certainly much less repulsive than many things we commonly esteem as delicacies—eggs and frogs, for example."

A Mountain of Sulphur.

The Soufriere, or sulphurous mountain, is considered to be the greatest natural curiosity of St. Lucia, and in fact, of the West Indies. It is situated about half an hour's ride from the town of Soufriere, to which it has given its name, and nearly two miles to the east of the Pitons, and is at the foot of two small hills, both of which are quite bare of vegetation on the sides facing the crater. It covers a space of about three acres, and is crusted over with sulphur and alum. There are several caldrons in a perpetual state of ebullition. The water is quite black in the larger ones, but in the smaller ones it is quite clear. Visitors never fail to bring away specimens of the smaller caldrons, obtaining them from one of the creole guides, who keeps a supply on hand for that purpose.

Do Ants Plant?

Ants are very industrious seed collectors, and may be seen toiling along their paths laden with seeds, which are stored up in granaries in the nest. In the clear spaces round the nest there is frequently a patch or patches of a peculiar kind of grass that produces seeds that are much sought after by the ants. It has been said that the ants make the clearing, and sow the seed of this grass on purpose to reap the crop, but evidence is yet wanting to show that the grass is intelligently sown and not accidentally. The fact remains, however, that on or around many nests there are crops of the grass, and that it is not destroyed like other vegetation by the ants.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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414 Yamhill St. PORTLAND, OR.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, January 12, 1901.

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 Frank H. Rogers, U. S. Commissioner, at Gardenier, Oregon, on March 16, 1901, viz: Francis J. Cassidy, on H. E. No. 9024, for the NW 1/4 of SW 1/4 Sec. 7, Tp. 20 S., Range 10 West.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Patrick Cowan, John Leach, John Joice and Hugh Cassidy, all of Gardenier, Oregon.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, December 12, 1900.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Clinton D. Chorpensing of Florence, County of Lane, State of Oregon has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1246, for the purchase of the SW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, SW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 18, Twp. 18 S., R. 9 West, Range 9 West, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 6th day of March, 1901.

He names as witnesses: John L. Furnish and C. H. Holden, of Florence, Oregon, H. H. Fisk and P. E. Jackson, of Ft. Terrace, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 6th day of March, 1901.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

CONTEST NOTICE

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, United States Land Office, Roseburg, Or., January 10, 1901.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by One Phelps, contestant, against the above-named entry No. 9777, made March 5, 1900, for SW 1/4 Section 6, Township 18 South, Range 9 West, by Ole Aas, Contestee, in which it is alleged that Ole Aas has wholly abandoned said tract; that he has changed his residence therefrom for more than six months since making said entry; and that said tract is not settled upon and cultivated by said party as required by law; that said alleged absence from the said land was not due to his employment in the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps of the United States as a private soldier, officer, seaman, or marine during the war with Spain, or any other war in which the United States may be engaged, said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on February 23, 1901, before C. H. Holden, U. S. Commissioner, at Florence, Oregon, and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock p. m. on March 4, 1901, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon.

The said contestant having filed a proper affidavit, filed December 21, 1900, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, December 12, 1900.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, John L. Furnish of Florence, County of Lane, State of Oregon has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1245, for the purchase of the SE 1/4 of Section No. 10, in Township No. 18 South, Range No. 9 West, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 6th day of March, 1901.

He names as witnesses: Clinton D. Chorpensing and C. H. Holden, of Florence, Oregon, P. E. Jackson and H. H. Fisk, of Ft. Terrace, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 6th day of March, 1901.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, January 12, 1901.

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 Marie L. Ware, U. S. Commissioner at Eugene, Oregon, on February 9th, 1901, viz: Frank E. Taylor, on H. E. No. 9033, for the NW 1/4, NE 1/4, SW 1/4, NW 1/4, Sec. 18, Tp. 18 S., R. 9 West.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: J. L. Taylor, of Reed, Lane Co., Oregon; W. T. Bailey, of Meadow, Lane Co., Oregon; W. Nichols, of Elmira, Lane Co., Oregon; and A. M. Bristol, of Junction City, Lane county, Oregon.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief until I used Ripans Tablets. I could not get any relief from any other medicine. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in a daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. I have taken them about three weeks and it is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am this seven years old, have no occupation, only household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the drops and I am trying Ripans Tablets for him. He feels much better but it takes some time, he has been sick so long. I may use my letter and name as you like.


Mrs. MARY STOKES CLARK

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride to school or go into a crowd, or car or go into a crowd, place without getting headaches and sick at stomach. I heard about Ripans Tablets from a aunt of mine who was taking them for colic of the stomach, and she said they had cured her. I have been sick ever since I was born, and I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

Mrs. J. BROOKHART

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This monthly magazine is one of the best printed in this country, and is to all subscribers at rates within ability of all to pay. It is finely illustrated and presents the names of famous authors as contributors. THE WEST and the Cosmopolitan are sold at reduced rates at this office.

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"We do not take possession of our ideas but are possessed by them. They master us and force us into the arena, Where like gladiators, we must fight for them."

Such is the exalted motto of the Arena, and the entire contents of this monthly magazine are upon a plane and in keeping with its motto. The Arena's gallery of eminent thinkers is a group of interesting men and women, and their thoughts are worthy the consideration of all people. The Arena is sold with THE WEST.

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