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THE GENTLEWOMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, 125 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.

A BACK NUMBER.

Why the Hale and hearty Old Gentleman Felt Sad.

"Son-in-law of mine, too," groaned the hale and hearty old gentleman. "As bright a young fellow as I ever knew. I loved him as though he were my own flesh and blood. I never got such a thrown down from the time I began to work at 50 cents a day to the present time."

"You always told me that he was a veritable Napoleon of finance."

"So I did, and so he is," and the old gentleman made a sorry attempt to laugh. "And I encouraged him in it; I must admit that. I literally drummed it into him that business was business and that sentiment, friendship, even relationship, had to be put aside when it came to striving for money."

"But what has he done? Nothing criminal?"

"Taken me at my word, the world will say. I'm going to retire. I'm out-frozen out. You know the factory in which I have my biggest investment and controlling interest?"

"Certainly. It is coaling money, and your salary as president is \$20,000."

"Here the old gentleman groaned again. 'I went away for a vacation. What more natural than that my son-in-law should vote my stock? I gave him authority to do so, and I've no doubt that the young rascal recalled all that I had told him. He elected himself president, chose his own board of directors and increased the salary of his position \$5,000 per annum. He just jolted me when I take him to task and tells me I should have no care for the rest of my life. I'm simply turned out to pasture. My, what a boy!"—Detroit Free Press.

Held Up His Leg.

The following good story is told of a Glasgow magistrate: In Scottish courts of law witnesses repeat the oath with the right hand raised. On one occasion, however, the magistrate found a difficulty.

"Hold up your right arm," he commanded.

"I cannae dae 't," said the witness.

"Got shot in the arm?"

"Then you hold up your left."

"Cannae dae that, ayther; got shot in the lither arm tae."

"Then hold up your leg!" responded the irate magistrate. "No man can be sworn in this court without holding up something."—Philadelphia Call.

Editor and Poet.

"I am afraid," said the poet to the editor, "that you don't exactly grasp the depth of the ideas expressed in my blank verse."

"Perhaps not," said the editor. "They may be beyond my mental reach."

"I think you wrong yourself," said the poet kindly. "Let me test the point. Here is a line at random: 'She swiftly passed him down the silent way, and in her path a subtle perfume lingered.' There, that doesn't seem confused to you, does it?"

"Not at all," replied the editor briskly; "that's easy. You are simply trying to say that a gasoline automobile went down the pike!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Oh, Inconstant Man!

"Talk about woman's fickleness and capriciousness!" she exclaimed scornfully. "I'd like to know how she can beat man when it comes to being vacillating and mentally unreliable."

"What's the matter now?" asked her dearest friend.

"Why, if it were not for man's inconstancy I'd be engaged to be married."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, he asked me to marry him, and I refused. I didn't think I wanted to, you know, but afterward I made up my mind that I did, and the fickle thing never asked me again."—Chicago Post.

A Lively Function.

City Editor—How did we come to get scooped on that fire early this morning?

Night Assistant—There wasn't any one here to send out on it but the society reporter.

City Editor—Well, why didn't you send him?

Night Assistant—I did, and he merely turned in half a column of names of those present.—Philadelphia Press.

The One Who Was Left.

"I'm no kicker," said the man as he sat down on the curbstone to wipe his perspiring face with a ragged handkerchief, "but when I think of 'Tim O'Callahan been sent up to Sing Sing for five years to enjoy the cooling breezes and me left down here to sweat and swelter the time away it do seem as if some folks had more than their share of good things in this world."

Arms and the Girl.

They were out driving, and the young man was holding the lines with one hand.

A CYCLING BALLAD.

Oh, why doth Hubert sit apart
And make such doleful cheer?
To him the world is bleak and gray,
The times are out of gear.

His grief, his melancholy, is
From day to day the same,
The picture of a sorrow that
With sighs doth shake the frame.

Oh, Hubert loved a maiden, and
He loved the maiden well;
She was the baron's daughter, of
The countryside the bell.

'Twas not for him, a low born churl,
With rank and state to meddle,
Was won, with pack upon his back,
His fidelets to peddle.

But love scores all distinctions, and
The cost is never counting;
Dan Cupid lights a flame that is
Forever higher mounting.

And Hubert, 'neath the lady's bower,
Would breathe his fond desire;
Nor yet nor may she said, and yet
His fond heart knew no tire.

One month he'd been upon his rounds,
Away from home so drary;
His heart it yearns, and now he turns
A gladsome course to steer.

But four short weeks, and absence fed
The flame of love's young torch;
Her bowers in sight, it burns so bright
That he is like to scorch.

Below her window, barred, he sits,
All underneath the stars;
To climb he'd fain, but it were vain
To climb and handle bars.

And so he sighed, as lovers will,
In high falutin manner,
'Would she were by my side that I
Around her waist might spangle!"

But, lo, the shadow forms that o'er
The grassy sward slip!
Before he has perceived them they
Right up to his side slip.

"What bird of ill omen art thou
That here doth caw and croak?
I bid thee answer!" And it was
The baron's voice that spoke.

"I am the peddler, Hubert, and
I fain would have for bride
Thy beautiful daughter, but I know
My suit thou wouldst deride."

Then loud and long the baron laughed,
While Hubert knelt and truckled;
'Last week my daughter went to church
And to a mate was buckled!"

Young Hubert fell onto the ground
As though struck by a club.
'May, may!" he cried, but they replied,
'Yes, yes; she's ta'en a hub!"

He did not know he was in dreams
Or sleeping on a sward;
Of his love robbed, he simply sobbed
As though his heart would break.

But soon they brought him round again
With many a cuff and thump,
Then took and held his addled pate
Beneath the streaming pump.

And that's why Hubert sits apart;
Canst wonder now at him?
His litter cap he'll fall right up
And running o'er the b—

A Modest Request.

"Say, Wormy, can I have the core?"
—New York World.

At the Seaside.
Heroic Girl—What has become of that handsome man who cheered so loudly when I rescued the little boy from drowning?

Friend—He is over there on the veranda proposing to the girl who screamed and fainted.—New York Weekly.

Helping a Good Thing.
"You told me to come and begin work today," said the new boy.

"Oh, yes," replied the druggist, "you may begin by catching flies and putting them on those sheets of 'Sure Catch Flypaper' we're displaying in the window."—Philadelphia Press.

The King and His Fool.
"Prithce, your majesty, what is the difference between yourself and Shakespeare?"

"What is it, fool?"

"Because he knew it all and you only think you do."—Indianapolis Sun.

How They Did It.
"Mamie wouldn't sing for us because she wanted to be teased."

"And did you tease her?"

"Oh, terribly! We didn't ask her again."—King.

The Superior Art.
Dealer's Friend—Ah, truly, painting is a great art.

Dealer—Painting is all right, but selling paintings beats it all hollow as an art.—St. Louis Star.

Lucky Boy.
"I love to look at you, uncle."

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, February 18th, 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 C. H. Holden, U. S. Commissioner, at Florence, Oregon, on April 15th, 1901, viz: Fred C. Bean, on H. E. No. 9621, for the N. E. 1/4, S. E. 1/4, N. E. 1/4, S. E. 1/4, Sec. 10, T. 18 S., R. 10 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: P. E. Jackson, James W. Jackson and George B. Camp, of Mapleton, Oregon, and Joe Fellman, of Florence, Oregon.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT BY virtue of an order of the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, duly made and entered of record on the 19th day of February, 1901, in the matter of the estate of Anna Mathilde Funke, deceased, the undersigned, the administrator of said estate will on Saturday, the 31st day of March, 1901, at the S. W. door of the Court House of said County, at Eugene, Oregon, offer for sale and sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following described real property belonging to said estate, to-wit: Lot No. 2, in Block No. 2, in Cox's addition to Florence, and Lots Nos. 2 and 3 of Section 23, in T. 17 S., R. 10 W., containing 28.40 acres, all in Lane County, Oregon.

February 26, 1901. A. O. FUNKE, Administrator of the estate of Anna Mathilde Funke, deceased.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at 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 C. H. Holden, U. S. Commissioner, at Florence, Oregon, on March 15, 1901, viz: Joseph Fellman, on H. E. No. 9614, for the N. E. 1/4, S. E. 1/4, S. E. 1/4, Sec. 10, T. 18 S., R. 10 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: P. E. Jackson, James W. Jackson, Fred Beaudand George Camp, all of Mapleton, Oregon.

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I have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. I have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly every week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tablets in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since I tried the small 5-cent boxes of the Tablets and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now.

A. T. DEWITT.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tablets from an aunt of mine who was taking them for nervousness of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them, too, and I have been doing so since last October, and with my head completely cured my headaches, I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

Mrs. J. MacOMBER.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pain in his head, complaining of the stomach. He had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them, too, and I have been doing so since last October, and with my head completely cured my headaches, I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

Mrs. J. MacOMBER.

Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I tried them. Ripans Tablets not only relieved but actually cured my younger, the headaches have disappeared, he is in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions.

R. W. FRANK.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABLETS packed in a paper carton (without glass) now for sale. One of our drug stores—208 FIVE CENT. This low priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One of the finest cartons (10 tablets) will be sent for five cents. CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (one tablet) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABLETS may also be had of some grocers, general druggists, confectioners, and some liquor stores and better shops. They cleanse pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One great relief.

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