

ODDS AND ENDS.

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An Ingenious Treatment by Which Drunkards are Being Cured Daily in Spite of Themselves.

No Noxious Doses.—No Weakening of the Nerves.—A Pleasant and Positive Cure for the Liquor Habit.

It is now generally known that drunkenness is a disease and not weakness. A body filled with poison, and nerves completely shattered by periodical or constant use of intoxicating liquors, require an antidote capable of neutralizing and eradicating this poison, and destroying the craving for intoxicants. Sufferers may cure themselves at home without publicity or loss of time from business by this wonderful "HOME GOLD CURE" which has been perfected after many years of close study and treatment of inebriates. The faithful use according to directions of this wonderful discovery is positively guaranteed to cure the most obstinate case, no matter how long a drinker. Our records show the marvelous transformation of thousands of drunkards into sober, industrious, and upright men.

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This remedy is in no sense a nostrum but it is a specific for this disease only, and is so skillfully devised and prepared that it is thoroughly soluble and pleasant to the taste, so that it can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the person knowing it is there. It is taken in the form of a drink, taking it of their own free will. DO NOT WAIT. Do not be deluded by apparent and misleading "improvement." Drive out the disease at once and for all time. The "HOME GOLD CURE" is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, thus placing within the reach of everybody a treatment more effective than others costing \$25 to \$50. Full directions accompany each package. Special advice by skilled physicians when requested without extra charge. Sent prepaid to any part of the world on receipt of One Dollar. Address: Dr. J. T. BRIDGES, GILES & COMPANY, 2330 and 2332 Market Street, Philadelphia.

All correspondence strictly confidential.

OLD TIMES, OLD TONES.

Old times, old tunes! How memory croons Their rhythm through my soul tonight Of joy remote or pathos sweet, In scenes that charm my raptur'd sight!

A form once loved, by fancy moved, Entrails me as in days ago, And bright eye beams with love's first dream— Lips warm unto mine own.

Hand clasps hand in friendship's bond, O'er yon once broken, now restored, And laughter low, with music's flow, Vibrate with one accord.

Oh, tender past! Swirl, mystic past! Pain would I dream thy pleasures o'er, And tenses, old times that memory croons, Thrill through my soul forevermore.

—Richard Peckham in Washington Post.

A Leviathan's Revenge.

By M. Quad.

We were bound for Albes Island, off the coast of Lower California, in the bark Dolphin, to look for an old wreck of 40 years before. One day, when yet 200 miles to the north of the island, a whale suddenly breached within 300 feet of our craft, which was making only about three knots an hour under a light breeze. The monster of the deep shot to the surface and above it as if propelled by an engine of 1,000 horsepower. At least 40 feet of his great body was in the air when he came down with a crash, and the fall kicked up such a sea that the bark was bounded by three waves in succession. Instead of sinking out of sight or making off the whole kept company with the vessel and gradually edged down toward us until a man could have tossed his cap over the rail on the broad back covered with patches of barnacles. Almost as the whale shot up from the depths of the sea our mate, whose name was Davids, cried out: "Before heaven, but that's old Sam Patch, and he's after me!"

We had come out of a California port with a picked crew, excepting the mate. I mean by that that Captain Chambers knew his men personally, and most of whom had sailed with him before. At the last moment the old mate of the bark had met with an accident, and Davids had been given the berth at

wins up to all our tricks. For seven long hours he lunged to us, and then of a sudden he sank out of sight without so much as a splash. We argued that he had gone for good, and it was a weight off our minds, but Davids shook his head in a mournful way and replied: "Sam Patch came here after me, and he won't leave for good till he gets me. He's only off to feed."

We reached the island without having seen more of him, however. As we came within a mile of the north shore the bark was thrown into the wind, the boat lowered, and Davids was to be rowed in to sound the depth and find a safe anchorage. Three sailors took their places at the oars, and the boat shoved off. It was a sunny sky and a calm sea, with never a thought of danger, but the vessel had not pulled away a cable's length from us and every man in the bark had his eye on her when she suddenly rose in the air with a crashing, rending noise. Below her appeared the great head of Sam Patch, and it was thrust upward until the stove beam was lifted 30 feet high and then slid off. When ten feet more of the body was exposed to view, the whale fell over with a mighty swash, rolled his great body over and over three or four times and then disappeared beneath the surface.

We had a second boat down in no time to pick up the men, but while four had gone in the boat there were only three to rescue. The trio were more or less knocked about and almost frightened to death, but they had come off better than the mate. Whether the whale seized him in its mouth or drowned him as it rolled we could not say, but our search for the body was in vain, and Sam Patch disappeared to trouble us no more.

The Fate of the Fly.

At one of the English-German schools in the city a teacher recently announced to a class of very young girls that they could have 20 minutes to write a composition on any subject of their own selection. A bright girl, whose head is adorned with a liberal supply of beautiful auburn hair, handed in the following:

"Flies from Flyland.—Mrs. Fly had a very great deal of trouble with her children. They worried the old lady so much she did not know what to do. One little fly—Worst One by name—never did obey his mother. Now, of course, there never yet was a case of disobedience which was not punished in some manner. If you do wrong and nobody is around to punish you, you usually knock against something or fall down and hurt yourself.

"We will see now what little Worst One did and how he was punished. One day he and his brothers had a chat, and in it they spoke of the jam that the cook left standing on the kitchen table, and they all determined to get just the tiniest bit of it, and they went. Now, the mother knew of this, and she went with them, and of course she did not scold. Oh, no! Why, every fly caters jam, but you must not go inside the jam jar, as no one knows what will happen to you if you do. Just rest on the top! the mother said.

"The others were all afraid and did not go in, but little Worst One, he did not care; he was going in, and in he went in spite of what his mother said. And what do you think happened to him? Never before in the history of flies did such a strange thing happen. You think he died and remained there, don't you? You are mistaken. They did get him out, but he had a terrible punishment, and he had to carry it with him ever afterward. His hair had turned red with fright. I believe after that he obeyed his mother."

The teacher gave this composition "100."—Baltimore Sun.

Queen Nests of Fishes.

During a summer vacation the rare opportunity was given me of studying the nest building habits of a small flat fish that frequents the shallow places in Lake Superior, N. D.

My fish had selected a quiet cove within a few feet of the shore, and quite near a row of cottages. Presumably they were less in fear of man than of the bony tribes. Their nests were circular in form and about the size of a bushel basket. They were hollowed out in the center like a saucer and were kept in perfect shape and beautifully clean by a swift, fanlike motion of the tail fin of the fish, held in a perpendicular position. The bottom of the lake being of a dark color and those nests made of white sand, you could easily see what a neat housekeeper this little fish was. Each nest had its owner, who fought for her "chamber and home" with great valor, chasing off every intruder and seldom being vanquished in the fray.

This punctate creature was essentially a home body, seldom leaving a nest except to dart off a few in quest of food or in hot pursuit of an intruder. This little fish is a bold robber as well as a valiant fighter. I noticed one of the largest specimens drive a smaller one from her nest again and again and then take possession of it, spending her time between her own nest and the one she had robbed. I counted three dozen of these nests, not more than a foot apart. Some of these fish were beautifully colored.

I went down to the lake very early one morning to take a look at my nests. The water was very calm and clear. Nearly all of the fish were lying perfectly still in the center of their nest, apparently fast asleep.—Interstate Journal.

Her Inheritance.


"Your daughter's voice," said the professor, after the first lesson, "really has a timbre."

"There!" said Mrs. Rockley. "I always knew it. I've told my husband ever since the day Adeline was born that she took after him. He was in the lumber business when we got married."—Chicago Times Herald.

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Wm. W. Wells
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There is nothing like Asthma. It brings into even the worst cases. It cures when all else fails. The Rev. C. W. Wells, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "I had a terrible attack of Asthma, and I could not tell you how thankful I feel for the good result. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I advertised for the cure of this dreadful and distressing disease, and thought you had overspoken and resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, it acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle." We want to send to every sufferer a trial treatment, similar to the one that cured Mr. Wells. Write it by mail POSTPAID, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE to any sufferer who will write for it, even on a postcard. If you are despairing, however bad your Asthma, do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. T. A. T. BROS., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, August 3, 1901.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 8, 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, James W. Ware, of Eugene, Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 176, for the purchase of the Lots 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.



"THAT'S OLD SAM PATCH, AND HE'S AFTER ME!"

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

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