ODDS AND ENDS.

THE HOME GOLD CURE

An Ingenious Treatment by Which Drunkards are being Cured Daily In Spite of Themselves.

No Noxious Dores.—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, requires an antidote capable of neutralizing and eradicating this poison, and destroying the craving for intoxicants. Sufferers may now 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 hard a drinker. Our records show the marvelous transformation of thousands of drunkards into sober, industrious, and upright men.

WIVES, CURE YOUR HUSBANDS! CHILDREN, CURE YOUR FATHERS!! 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 knowledge of the person taking it. Thousands of drunkards have cured themselves with this priceless remedy, and as many more have been cured and made temperate men by having the "CURE" administered by loving friends and relatives without their knowledge in coffee or tea, and believe today that they discontinued drinking 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 effectual 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 Dept. 1. EDWIN B. GILES & COMPANY, 2330 and 2332 Market Street, Philadelphia.

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A SIGH AND A SONG.

Love's a sigh and love's a song,
Love's a gloom and 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,
Somehow, in his artful 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 Singers' 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, I shall 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, JOHN ELLIOTT HOBBS.

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 sketched 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 Madam—Notwithstanding our appreciation of 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 ELLIOTT 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 his courage and spirits were at ebb tide. It was all owing to the weather, 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 this 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,

MILDRED E. 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:

Sir—Allow me to return your property, which by some mistake was sent to me. As to my style, I consider it presumptuous on your part to pass any comment on what cannot possibly be of interest or concern of yours. I most heartily endorse your desire to discontinue all future correspondence, as your insults are only less clever than 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, good-by 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 asinine 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.

Somehow 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 an ideal wife to 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 Chinamen 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 something like that of a ferret. It is a very prolific creature and is sold in enormous numbers in all the markets of the great cities—neatly cleaned and skewered apart and strung in bunches of 20 or 30 on bamboo reeds.

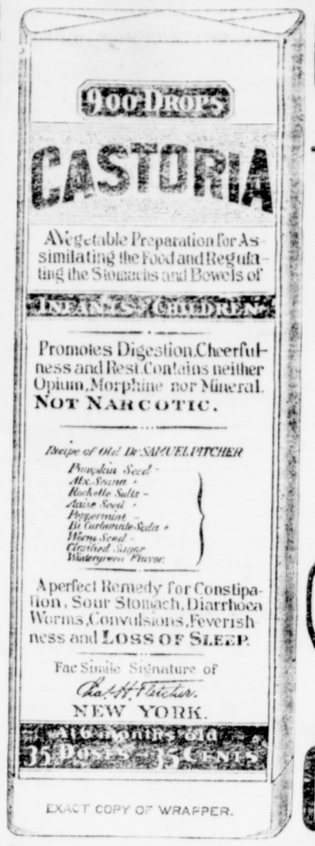
"The tsul-chow is strictly an edible animal, and, feeding entirely on rice, it naturally has very delicate and savory flesh. I have eaten them, and if I had been able to get the rat idea out of my mind would have relished the dish. They taste something like young squirrels, and alive or dead are certainly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

DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE

by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable.

HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY.

F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS:

BALTIMORE, Md., March 30, 1901.

Gentlemen:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion.

About five years ago my right ear began to sing, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in that ear entirely.

I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever.

I then saw your advertisement accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and to-day, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain Very truly yours,

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FOR SALE BY

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, October 1, 1901.

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, Ole B. Reno, of Sulphur Springs, county of Douglas, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1885, for the purchase of the w½ nw¼ and w½ sw¼ of Section No. 11, in Township 21 south of 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 8th day of January, 1902.

He names as witnesses:

Pat Cowan, Charles Mead, Henry Compton and James Compton, all of Sulphur Springs, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 8th day of January, 1902.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

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It Has Not Been Claimed,

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BEST ON EARTH.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, October 11, 1901.

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, Sadie A. Andrews, of Scottsburg, county of Douglas, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1866, for the purchase of the lots 1 and 2 and ne¼ nw¼ of Section No. 30, Tp. 22 S., of R. 9 W., 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 the said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Douglas county, Oregon, on Saturday, the 28 day of December, 1901.

He names as witnesses:

John T. Henderson, J. F. Andrews, T. W. Andrews and Asa Henderson, all of Scottsburg, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 28 day of December, 1901.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, November 19, 1901.

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, Henry L. Edmunson, of Mapleton, county of Lane, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1869, for the purchase of the Northwest Quarter (nw¼) of Section No. 15, Township 18 South, of 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 Saturday, the 8 day of February, 1902.

He names as witnesses: J. M. Edmunson, L. M. Travis, T. Neely and H. H. Fisk, all of Mapleton, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 8 day of February, 1902.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, Nov. 19, 1901.

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 M. Edmunson, of Mapleton, county of Lane, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1868, for the purchase of the Southwest Quarter (sw¼) of Section No. 15, Township 18 South, of 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 Saturday, the 8 day of February, 1902.

He names as witnesses: H. L. Edmunson, L. M. Travis, T. Neely and H. H. Fisk, all of Mapleton, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 8 day of February, 1902.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

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Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases.

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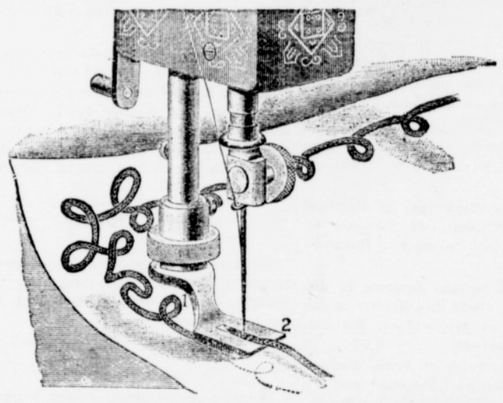

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CURES Hog Cholera, Swine Plague, Worms, Lice, and Cankered Sore Mouth.

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BANNERMAN'S PHENYLE cures sheep of foot rot, and is sure death to sheep tick. It is easily applied and never fails.

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