THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best beloved things away
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our heart all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers—
Transplanted into bliss they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now her everlasting song
Amid the Tree of Life.

And when he sees a smile too bright
Or heart too pure for taint of vice,
He bears to it that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is Life—there are no Dead.

—Unidentified.

THE CONCEALED PAPER.

With a dull light thrown in spreading rays, the peculiar light which gives to the surrounding objects a mysterious and tragic air by sharpening shadows, the yellowish glare of the bull's eye lantern illuminates the scene. It was in the office of the commissaire of police of one of the quarters bordering the left bank of the Seine.

The bull's eye, placed on his desk, traces the outlines, like Chinese shadows, of a group of men gathered about something invisible and extended—a person or thing. One distinguishes the kepis of the sergents de ville, a few fashionably cut coats, a blue blouse, a hand clasping a sort of a bargeman's hook; and then, talking together at one side, the commissaire of police and a young doctor of a neighboring quarter.

On the command of the commissaire one of the sergents de ville lifts the bull's eye, the group divides and the luminous arrow falls upon a stretcher and a rigid form sharply defined, whilst the faces of the spectators and the rest of the room disappear in inky night with but a single fantastic reflection left upon the ceiling and a restless shadow or two upon the wall. The rigid form is that of a woman, young, blonde, very pretty, undisfigured, the simple woolen dress molded to the limbs by the weight of the water with which it is soaked and which drips to the floor. The little boots are coquettish, the stockings fine, the underlinen lace trimmed, the entire costume that of one of the better class of working women, probably a milliner in some shop on the boulevard. In her ears are tiny turquois forget-me-nots, and on her fingers rings.

The doctor, on one knee, beside the stretcher, feels her hands, studies her face a moment, and speaks:

"Three days, at least three days, she has been dead."

Then commences the search for the identification of the drowned girl. In her pocket is a handkerchief embroidered with an "A," a purse containing ten francs twenty-five centimes, a bunch of keys, a gold thimble. One after another the commissaire receives and notes these objects.

"Murder or suicide?" he questions the doctor, who does not hesitate.

"Suicide!"

But to be sure of it he re-examines her neck, whose round, plump whiteness shows not the slightest mark; the calm face sleeps immovably; he lifts the arm and regards the wrist, where clink some Turkish bangles—nothing, not an abrasion, of the fine, delicate skin. He repeats, "Suicide."

As he draws the pallid hand again an object rolled into a ball and hidden in the closed palm of the dead remains between his fingers. It is a paper—perhaps the revelation of this gruesome mystery. Almost instinctively the doctor conceals it; if it proves of importance it will always be time to speak. Besides, in a case of suicide the reason of it is not a matter of importance, and that suicide it was is evident to all. These were the only indications that could serve to identify the young woman.

"Perhaps she will be recognized at the morgue," concluded the commissaire.

"Perhaps."

The young physician rises, bids him good night and the group separates.

* * * * * * *

Once in the street, the doctor walks rapidly, mechanically fingering the scrap of paper which he had retained in the grasp. The sentiment which had kept him silent was a complex one which it would have been difficult for him to explain. He had acted from impulse and almost unconsciously. Was it pity for that young creature whom all those curious eyes had been searching? Did he think to hide from their vulgar and commonplace conjectures some sad and touching drama of love? Was he one of those who believed that the secret which the suicide had hoped to engulf with herself in those dark and straggling waters should not be wrested from her? A little of all these sentiments, perhaps, floated through the young physician's soul as he walked thus through the night.

All at once he stopped in front of a brilliantly lighted shop window, and smoothed out the crumpled paper, wet still with the water of the Seine, and read it.

"Three days did I say?" he murmured aloud; "three days—then—but no, no, I am wrong; it would be too horrible! Nevertheless, I will speak to him—I must speak to him—I must make him understand!"

And the doctor retraced his steps, turning this time towards the boulevard, his features drawn and agitated by a tenacious and unwelcome memory.

* * * * * *

Still young, his beard and hair untouched by time and work, his eyes clear, his figure supple and erect, Dr. Lucien Telurque was one of the most pleasing members of Parisian society, and at the same time a practitioner with a future. Tenacious and persevering like all Bretons, he had made his own way in the world, using in the service of an iron will a superb physique and an unbroken and robust constitution. Esteemed and appreciated by every one as he undoubtedly was, there were still not a few who did not pardon him for the brusque frankness which kept him constantly at war with the loose morals and careless, callous consciences of the majority of the worldlings with whom he associated.

Among his patients there was one in particular who disagreed with him, an old college companion and chum, "handsome Robert Berain," as he had been called, at present a stock broker, husband of a charming wife and father of three lovely children. Telurque felt for him a sincere and genuine friendship, although their characters differed as widely as the poles.

As a bachelor, when their college days had passed, Robert had been a thorough rake, always in some "affaire" or dangling at some woman's apron strings—briefly, through and through, though Telurque had refused to believe it, an unscrupulous scamp. In late years Lucien, by reason of his position, his manly character and serious way of regarding women and love, had engaged in many a hot discussion with his friend, whose sensuality, which he was beginning to find out, knew no bounds and recognized no obstacles.

When Berain married Telurque had hoped for a time to see him change, but alas! at the end of six months of married life the rake had returned with greater self indulgence than ever to his bachelor vices, and Telurque was saddened and disheartened more than I can say.

"...," he would exclaim when angered by ... proof of Robert's frivolous pro... ...n belong to that class of men who ...e themselves honest because ...ontents of another's pocket ... a jewel from a woman's ...d take from her what is ... her honor!"

...ingly and always ...ur, as he termed it, pleasantly assuring Lucien that "the ladies had never yet complained of him; that those who did not wish to yield to his blandishments knew precious well how to guard their honor."

"All the same," the doctor would persist, "contact with sensuality perverts, whether she consents or not, and the unhappy woman whom you tempt and who listens to you is lost irrevocably, for you can make her no reparation whatever."

At this point in the discussion Robert usually ended it by retreating and leaving the floor to the doctor.

Such was the position of matters three days before the nocturnal scene in the commissaire's office on the left bank of the Seine, when Lucien Telurque, passing the Cafe Riche about midnight, heard his name called from one of the little tables which line the terrace and sidewalk in front of it.

"Hello there, doctor! Where are you going so late! Wait a minute and I'll accompany you."

It was Robert Berain, and, hastily shaking hands with his companion, he rose and joined Telurque, who, in obedience to his request, had stopped and waited for him. Berain's face was flushed, his eyes red and feverish—his whole appearance, in short, that of a man who had dined too well and passed an evening in debauchery. He was gnawing at the end of a cigar, but without smoking it.

The first glance gave the doctor the secret of his condition; his face darkened and he even contemplated pretending a professional engagement to rid himself of his companion. Robert, however, was in high spirits and observed nothing.

"Ah, my dear boy," he cried, "what an evening I have had."

Lucien Telurque with a word—a single violent word—threw his crime in Robert's face.

"Hein! What!" cried Berain, astounded and scarcely comprehending Telurque's epithet. He repeated it.

"And when we meet in future," he added, "you will be kind enough not to speak to me, for I know you not."

"Are you jesting?"

"Jesting! No, I am not jesting; henceforth and forever I refuse to touch the hand of other than an honest man."

And the doctor, at the moment in front of his former friend's door, turned his back upon him and walked away. This was three nights before the scene in the commissaire's office upon the bank of the Seine—three nights only.

* * * * * *

It was 11 o'clock when Lucien Telurque, who had walked rapidly, still crumpling between his fingers the wet and soiled paper taken from the suicide's hand, reached the Cafe Riche. He seemed to know intuitively that the one he sought would be there.

And Robert was there, sitting alone at a small table to one side. He stepped in front of him.

"I wish to speak with you," he said, briefly

At first the other showed a little hesitancy, but the doctor's frigid, cutting tone impressed and disquieted him.

"All right," he answered. "I will hear you."

Telurque unfolded the paper he held in his fingers and placed it under his eyes.

"Do you recognize it?" he demanded.

Robert, astounded and apprehensive—why he could not have told you—read it once, twice, thrice.

"And you, how did you come by it?" cried he at last in a sullen, angry voice.

"How?" The young physician caught him roughly by the wrist and bent to his ear. "Listen—you shall know." And he told him everything—all that he had divined, all that he knew.

Crushed, humiliated, in consternation, with drops of anguished sweat upon his lowered brow, Berain could only hear him and stammer with ashen lips:

"Horrible! Horrible! I swear to you I did not dream it—I swear it!"

"What would the result have been?" continued Telurque inflexibly, heedless of his excuses, "had another than myself been called by the commissaire, had this paper by chance come into the hands of the law! Think you that they could not have found you? My duty—you know it as well as I—is to restore this paper and let justice take its course"—

"But, Lucien, in the name of heaven and our old friendship"—

"Our friendship—do not speak of it, wretched man. It exists no longer, and if I am or become your accomplice, it is from pity for your wife and children, who without me would be the first victims of your cowardly act."

As the doctor turned contemptuously upon his heel to leave him Robert made a final and supreme protestation.

"It is the last, the very last!" he cried; "I swear it, Lucien, I swear it—believe me!"—Translated from the French for the New York Mercury by E. C. Waggoner.

Women Ought Not to Labor.

"I think the women who have been engaged in the struggle for equal rights have done some good for women in the direction of obtaining equal wages for equal work. There has also been for many years a tendency among women in our country to become independent—a desire to make their own living—to win their own bread. So many husbands are utterly useless, or worse, that many women hardly feel justified in depending entirely on a husband for the future. They feel somewhat safer to know how to do something, and earn a little money themselves. If men were what they ought to be, few women would be allowed to labor—that is to say, to toil. It should be the ambition of every healthy and intelligent man to take care of, to support, to make happy, some woman. As long as women bear the burdens of the world the human race can never attain anything like a splendid civilization. There will be no great generation of men until there has been a great generation of women. For my part, I am glad to hear this question discussed—glad to know that thousands of women take some interest in the fortunes and in the misfortunes of their sisters.

"The question of wages for women is a thousand times more important than sending missionaries to China or to India. There is plenty for missionaries to do here. And by missionaries I do not mean gentlemen and ladies who distribute tracts or quote Scripture to people out of work. If we are to better the condition of men and women we must change their surroundings. The tenement house breeds a moral pestilence. There can be in these houses no home, no fireside, no family, for the reason that there is no privacy, no walls between them and the rest of the world. There is no sacredness, no feeling 'this is ours.'"—Robert G. Ingersoll in New York World.

They Drank It Dry.

There was a circus and with it were seven elephants. Their car was run alongside a locomotive. One of the elephants put his trunk out through a crevice in the car, reached over to the tender of the locomotive, lifted the lid of the water tank, and helped himself. The other six elephants did the same, and in a short time the tank was dry. The train hands did not see the performance, and only when the engineer tried to start his engine did he find that the water was gone.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Wasted Time.

A Frenchman has succeeded in making a perfect steam engine which weighs only one ninth of an ounce. He could have husked 23,000 bushels of corn while he was fooling away at this useless toy, but that idea probably never occurred to him.—Detroit Free Press.

School reports show that Jewish boys and girls are passing rapidly to the top in our educational institutions throughout the country. They seem to pass to the top after they leave school, too. America is, or at least ought to be, a good enough Palestine for the Hebrew people.

A Methodist woman preacher, Miss Alva Button, has left that communion because it refused to ordain women, and connected herself with the United Brethren. The Brethren have regularly ordained her as a circuit preacher.

While the law courts of New York were wrangling over the question whether electricity will kill, men were killed every week by coming in contact accidentally with live wires.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

"Let him go, my son," said an ancient father to his boy, who had caught a rabbit, "and when he gits bigger ketch him again." The boy did az he was told, and has been looking for that rabbit ever since.

The world owes all its energy and refinement tew luxurys. Digging roots for breakfast and going naked for clothes iz the virtewous innocence of a lazy savage.

There is lots ov folks who eat well and drink well, and yet are sick all the time. Theze are the folks who always enjoy poor health.

If a man hits yu and yu hit him back yu are even, but if yu don't strike back he is your debtor, and alwus owes yu a crack.

Men, if they ain't too lazy, liv sumtimes till they are 80, and destroy the time a good deal as follows: The fust thirty years they spend throwing stuns at a mark, the seckond thirty they spend in examining the mark tew see where the stuns hit, and the remainder iz divided in cussing the stun throwing bizness and nursing the rumatizz.

Not a Dandy's Foot.

Dr. John Ritchie, the great voluntary leader, had charged the ministers of the established church with leading the lives of Sybarites, faring sumptuously every day and clothing themselves in soft raiment. At a public meeting Dr. Guthrie had to reply to the assertion. He was standing on the front of the platform; his boots were strong, ironshod country boots and his trousers were bespattered with mud, for he had just walked several miles. Looking round upon the audience and holding out his foot, he pointed to it and said: "My friends, Dr. Ritchie declares that we are a set of dandies. Do you call that the foot of a dandy?" The appeal was irresistible, and was responded to with great laughter on the part of the audience and with cheers, which were redoubled as Dr. Guthrie stood holding out his foot and looking about him with a quiet, comical smile.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Compressed Air Company.

One of the most important enterprises in Paris is the Compressed Air company which distributes power throughout the city. It began with a pneumatic clock system about 1870. This business grew until there are now about 8,000 pneumatic clocks, public and private, driven from a station about four miles east of the Madeleine. The company distributes power for any purpose. There are about 250 motors, varying in power from one eighth horse power to fifty horse power, for all sorts of purposes, all driven from the central station. The system used is that of Victor Popp, and it is being extended with great rapidity.—Paris Letter.

She Can Tell Their Names.

One of the most remarkable old ladies in Cobb county is Mrs. Olive Hamby, the mother of the well known and highly esteemed Hamby boys, of this county. She is now over 75 years old and the mother of nine children, six of whom are living. She has sixty-six grandchildren, and can reach all of them in two hours' ride, except two who reside in Arkansas. She can tell the names and age of every child and grandchild, giving dates with perfect clearness, displaying a memory truly remarkable. All of her children and grandchildren have good homes and are doing well.—Marietta (Ga.) Journal.

A Wonderful Dog.

H. C. Wheatly, employed in an asylum at Milledgeville, Ga., has a wonderful dog. He sends him on errands to any one about the institution, or to almost any place, the dog having learned the places by name and obeying every instruction. He can count, spell, and invariably, before retiring for the night, kneels by the side of Mr. Wheatly's bed and says his prayers. He can climb a ladder from the under side, placed at an angle of 30 degrees, and performs a number of tricks that require more mental strength than is usually found in the canine family.—Chicago Times.

Talmage's Church.

From Maine to the four new states, from Oregon to Florida, sympathy and regret will stir the breasts of men and particularly of women at tidings of the burning of Parson Talmage's church, the Brooklyn Tabernacle. However the masses of people disagree on politics or theology, they all read Talmage's sermons. He has reached the popular heart as no other preacher of his time, except Beecher, has done in this country. For years, regularly every Monday, good grandmothers all over the land have seated themselves, newspaper in hand, spectacles on nose, and read Talmage's sermon, every line and letter.

But the fire that consumed Talmage's church could not put out the fire in the dauntless parson's soul. His trustees announce that the church will be rebuilt immediately, not indeed on the same site, but farther away from the business center. It is rather remarkable that this is the second fire that has consumed Talmage's church in Brooklyn on this same site. The first one occurred in December, 1872. The present organization is not so rich as supposed. Hardly anybody is. The congregation were still burdened with debt for the building just destroyed.

Meantime the indomitable parson who has brought consolation to so many hearts, now asks consolation for himself and his people. Since he and his church have included the world in their Christian ministrations, they now appeal to the world to help them rebuild their Tabernacle. The parson will himself acknowledge with his own hands all subscriptions sent to him, T. De Witt Talmage, Brooklyn. And newspaper readers will still have the Monday sermons.

Uniform tests for sight and color blindness are to be established at the international marine conference in Washington.

At last it is claimed there is a charm to remove wrinkles, and preserve women in fadeless beauty. A French physician, Dr. Vernoy, says he can do this miracle by means of electricity. The process is painful, but not so very painful. Even if it were, though, that would make little difference, all the world would go in for it.

Are our seal and salmon fisheries to be exhausted at length, like the rest of nature's bounties? The Alaska company report that it now requires many more skins to fill a given number of casks than it used to. A similar story is told of salmon canning establishments. There are only 50,000 cases this year, against 100,000 last. We shall be lunatics and criminals if we let these splendid industries go down. When the country was first settled, old histories say that myriads of water fowl lined the banks of New England rivers and darkened the air above them. The streams were crowded with as many fish as could live in their waters. Shall we let the west become as the east is now?

Royal Dinners in England.

The royal dinner parties of England are the most formal and studied in the world. To beginners they become a frightful ordeal, and they rarely at the end can tell what the meal consisted of; to old stagers they are a frightful bore. The novices are expected to arrive early so as to be posted by Sir Henry Ponsonby in court etiquette. The queen usually receives her guests for afternoon tea in her own sitting room, and remains a short time with them chatting on light subjects; then they are permitted to wander over the castle or stay in their rooms till dinner time, which is at 9. She says a few words to each guest as she enters the dining room, and then leads the way to the table. It always seems so discourteous for no one to step up and offer the old lady his arm, but it would require an equal in rank to do so, and she enters and leaves the room alone. There is very little conversation at the table. Each guest is asked one question by the queen and can make one reply. The pauses between are dreadful, and the mechanical parceling out of questions and answers makes it seem as if the queen were putting a Bible class through its catechism. Each one waits for his turn to come next, and in the embarrassment the "answers" are often of the most stupid kind.—New York Star.

He Had a Corn.

A resident of this city had a corn on the middle toe of his left foot, which had bothered him greatly for many years.

One morning he could bear it no longer and adopted a unique and sudden method of getting rid of it.

He obtained a rifle and fastened it firmly, muzzle downward, on a board set for the purpose. Then he laid a board down under it and fired it twice. The bullet entering the board at exactly the same point each time convinced him that the rifle was firmly fixed and properly adjusted, and his next move was to place his bare foot on the board so that the corn on his toe came directly over the bullet hole.

This matter being arranged to his satisfaction, he got a friend, who was present during the preliminary operations, to pull the trigger. The result fully equaled if it did not exceed his expectations. The bullet went through his toe and carried the corn with it, leaving a large ragged hole, which will be quite likely to give him as much trouble as did the corn.

He refused to have a physician and says a bullet hole is better than a corn any day.—Concord Monitor.

Faster and Faster.

Unrest, hurry, is a bad characteristic of these times. We do everything by telegraph. We live as well as travel by the lightning express. The late Sir Henry Holland, a polyglot man, in a charming book of personal recollections covering sixty years of the Nineteenth century, says: "People walk faster in London streets than they did when I first knew them. And this augmented speed of locomotion is carried into every department of life—politics, art, literature, commerce and social existence. The charm of tranquil leisure is less and less sought after."

This, which is true the world over, is truest of all in our country. Like the old Mississippi steamboats, we are built on the high pressure principle; and, like them, we are liable to blow up. This hurry makes business harassing and wearing. Our merchants die at the top, in insane retreats. It ruins home life, for that demands repose. The home should be a breathing spot, a place uninvaded by fret and sacred to peace. Go slow. You will get there just the same and save your health and prolong your life in the bargain.—St. Louis Republic.

The Intelligent Horse.

The horse will leave musty hay untouched in his bin, no matter how hungry. He will not drink of water objectionable to his questioning sniffs or from a bucket which some other odor makes offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostrils will widen, quiver, and query over the daintiest bit offered by the fairest of hands. A mare is never satisfied by either sight or whinny that her colt is really her own until she has certified the fact by means of her nose. Blind horses, as a rule, will gallop wildly about a pasture without striking the surrounding fence. The sense of smell informs them of its proximity. Others will, when loosened from the stable, go directly to the gate or bars opening to their accustomed feeding grounds, and, when desiring to return, after hours of careless wandering, will distinguish the one outlet and patiently await its opening. The odor of that particular part of the fence is their guide to it.—Exchange.

Punishing the Babbler.

Russia keeps up the informal habits of Peter the Great, and the conversation is very gay and general at the court table, with much of the brilliancy of an officer's mess on a grand scale. In old times in Russia wherever a guest made a distasteful remark a trumpet sounded. The offense repeated, the too talkative person was led away and had his tongue cut out. Nero used to have a pet tiger extended beside him on his couch, which, at a sign, sprang at the throat of any indiscreet babbler. In contrast to this life it is almost painful to mention the clock work formalities of other courts, and the mapped out rules for conversation at Victoria's table seem absurd.—New York Star.

Some Cold Facts.

When one sits down and calmly figures up the number of bushels of potatoes which could have been bought for the poor with the millions of dollars carried over to Paris and left there by American visitors, he must roll his eyes with astonishment. And when he reads the estimate that not more than one out of ten of those visitors had ever seen Niagara Falls, the Rocky mountains, the Yosemite, or any of the other natural attractions of the United States, he feels like exclaiming:

"By gosh!"—Detroit Free Press.

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The S. P. Co's Ferry makes connection with all the regular trains on the East Side Division, from foot of F street, Portland.

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BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS.

Mail Train, Daily (Except Sunday.)

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Express Train Daily (Except Sunday)

4:50 P. M.	Lv	Portland	Ar	9:00 A. M.
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Castoria is recommended by physicians for children teething. It is a purely vegetable preparation, its ingredients are published around each bottle. It is pleasant to the taste and absolutely harmless. It relieves constipation, regulates the bowels, quiets pain, cures diarrhea and wind colic, allays feverishness, destroys worms, and prevents convulsions, soothes the child and gives it refreshing and natural sleep. Castoria is the children's panacea—the mother's friend. 35 doses, 35 cents.

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Is Peculiar to Itself

Do not be induced to buy other preparations, but be sure to get the Peculiar Medicine,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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Bids Wanted

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Oregon City, Or., Feb. 15, 1890.

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 the county judge, or in his absence before the county clerk of Multnomah county, at Portland, Oregon, on Monday, April 21, 1890, viz: William M. Hardin, Homestead Entry, No. 5381, for the SW ¼ of section 24, township 1 S, R 5 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: B. T. Wilhelm, W. A. Johnson, F. S. White, and C. Hardin, all of Aimes, Clackamas Co., Oregon.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.
2-20-90—37-6.

Notice for Publication.

United States Land Office, Oregon City Or., Feb. 15, 1890.

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 the register and receiver of the United States Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Tuesday, April 22, 1890, viz: Clark Hardin, Homestead Entry, No. 5283, for the NW ¼ of section 34, T 1 S, R 5 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: P. Wilhelm, W. A. Johnson, F. S. White, and W. F. Graham, all of Aimes, Clackamas county, Oregon.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.
2-20-90—37-6.

Notice For Publication.

United States Land Office, Oregon City, Or., Feb. 15, 1890.

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 the county judge, or in his absence before the county clerk of Multnomah Co. at Portland, Oregon, on Monday, April 21, 1890, viz: William A. Johnson, Multnomah county, Oregon, for the SW ¼ of sec 22, T 1 S, R 5 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land: Wm. Butler, C. Dickson, W. Harding and C. Harding, all of Aimes, Clackamas Co., Oregon.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.
2-20-90—37-6.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Oregon City, Or., Feb. 13, 1890.

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 the register and receiver of the U. S. land office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Friday, March 28, 1890, viz: J. Oglesby, Preemption D. S., No. 5426, for the lot 8, section 30, T 4 S, R 1 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: G. W. Kingsel, E. Hilton, and W. Noblet, all of Needy, Clackamas county, Oregon, and A. E. R. Howard, of Aurora, Clackamas county, Oregon.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.
2-20-90—37-6.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Oregon City Or., Feb. 15, 1890.

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 the register and receiver of the U. S. land office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Tuesday, April 29, 1890, viz: Giovanni Tavelli, Homestead Entry, No. ..., for the lots 1 and 2, and SE ¼ of NE ¼, and NE ¼ of SE ¼ of section 4, T 2 S, R ... E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: T. D. Phelps, S. E. Jones, P. Harris, and P. McAdams, all of Sandy, Clackamas county, Oregon.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.
2-20-90—37-6.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Oregon City, Or., Feb. 15, 1890.

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 the register and receiver of the U. S. land office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Monday, April 28, 1890, viz: Gabriel Norris, Homestead Entry No. 5109, for the NW ¼ of sec 14, T 2 S, R 3 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: W. Boring, D. Vincent, J. Welch, and G. Basey, all of Damascus, Clackamas county, Oregon.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.
2-20-90—37-6.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Oregon City, Or., Feb. 15, 1890.

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 the register and receiver of the U. S. land office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Friday, April 25, 1890, viz: James Jr. Gibson, heir at law of Harry Gibson, deceased; Homestead Entry No. 5686, for the N ½ of NW ¼ of section 2, T 7 S, R 4 E. He names the following witnesses to prove deceased entryman's continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: C. Carter, H. Hoffmeister, and C. Casedy, all of Eagle Creek, Clackamas county, Oregon; W. P. Palmeteer of Currinsville, Clackamas county Oregon.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.
2-20-90—37-6.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Land Office ...
Oregon City, Oregon, January 27, 1890.

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 the Register and Receiver of U. S. office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Friday, March 21, 1890, viz: John Mahan, Homestead notice, No. 5704, for the SE ¼ of ... ¼ of Section ..., Township 3 South, R ... West. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: D. C. ..., W. C. Hester, ... and W. ..., all of Smocky..., ... Clackamas County, Oregon.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.
35-41—...9.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office ...
Oregon City, Oregon, January 30, 1890.

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 the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Saturday, April 5, 1890, viz: Eleanor ... heir ... deceased Homestead Entry No. ..., the S ½ of SE ¼ and E ½ of SW ¼ of Section ..., Township ... South, Range 5 East. He names the following witnesses to prove his and deceased entryman's continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: C. ... Stokes, R. S. Bowen, C. Hardin and W. A. Johnson, all of Aims, Clackamas county, Oregon.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.
15-41—2-6-90.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.

Notice for Publication.

United States Land Office,
Oregon City, Oregon, Dec. 11, 1889.

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," James H. Roblin, of Seattle, County of King, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1891, for the purchase of the SW ¼ of Section No. 10, in Township No. 2 South, Range No. 7 East, 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 Oregon City, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 14th day of May, 1890. He names as witnesses: John McIntyre of Sandy, Clackamas County, Oregon; W. A. Caborn and John Haggett, of Portland, Multnomah Co., Oregon; Henry Simpson of Seattle, Washington.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 14th day of May, 1890.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.
29-38—12-26-89.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.

Notice for Publication.

United States Land Office.
Oregon City, Oregon, Dec. 11, 1889.

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," Henry Simpson of Seattle, County of King, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1892, for the purchase of the NW ¼ of Section No. 10, in Township No. 2 South, Range No. 7 East, 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 Oregon City, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 14th day of May, 1890. He names as witnesses: John McIntyer of Sandy, Oregon; W. A. Caborn of Seattle, King County, Washington; John Haggett, and Jas. H. Roblin of Portland, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 14th day of May, 1890.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.
29-38—12-26-89.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.

Notice for Publication.

United States Land Office.
Oregon City, Ore., December 2, 1889.

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," Harry Toodevold of Tacoma, County of Pierce, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1874, for the purchase of the SE ¼ of Section No. 8, in Township No. 2 South, Range No. 7 East, 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 Oregon City, Oregon, on Friday, the 25th day of April, 1890. He names as witnesses: Lewis Caris, W. A. Caborn, John McIntyre, and John Haggett all of Portland, Multnomah County Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 25th day of April, 1890.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.
27-36—12-9-89.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office.
Oregon City, Oregon, Dec. 10, 1889.

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," Chas. C. Newcastle, of Portland, County of Multnomah, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1897, for the purchase of the NW ¼ of Section No. 14 in Township No. 4 South, Range No. 5 East, 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 Oregon City, Oregon, on Monday, the 24th day of February, 1890. He names as witnesses: S. A. Matthieu, C. W. Cornelius, C. C. Woodcock, and S. H. D. Puter, all of Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 24th day of February, 1890.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.
27-36—12-9-89.

TIMBER LAND ACT, JUNE 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office
Oregon City, Oregon, Nov. 18, 1889.

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," Louis C. Heurys, of Portland, County of Multnomah, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1840, for the purchase of the SE ¼ of Section No. 18, in Township No. 2 South, Range No. 7 East, 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 Oregon City, Oregon, on Friday, the 28th day of March, 1890. He names as witnesses: O. E. Wilson, J. McCormick, S. L. Berry, all of Portland, Multnomah Co.; and T. Geoffe of Albina, Multnomah County; all of Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 28th day of March, 1890.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.
27-36—12-9-89.

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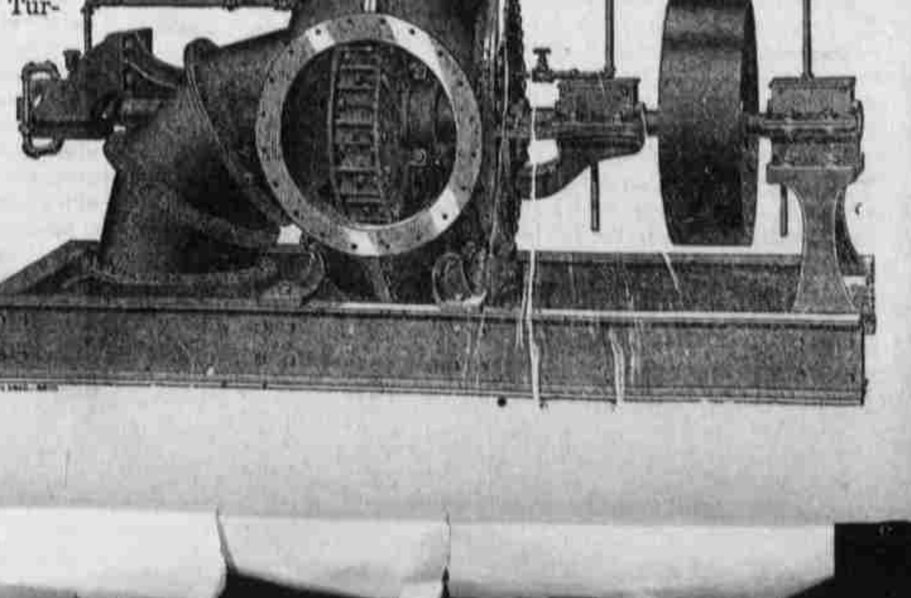

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