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HOLIDAY PHOTOS. Come at once and have your holiday photos taken in time to send to friends for Christmas. Do not wait till the last moment. W. F. SHANAFELT, Gallery on West Side, opposite Masonic Hall.

J. T. ALLISON & SON, PLUMBERS. We will also carry in stock Bath Tubs, Sinks etc. which will be placed ready for use. Our workmanship and prices will be right. See us. Main Street—Near S. P. Depot.

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FOUND A CURE FOR INDIGESTION. I use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets for indigestion and find that they suit my case better than any dyspepsia remedy I have ever tried and I have used many different remedies. I am nearly fifty-one years of age and have suffered a great deal from indigestion. I can eat almost anything I want to now.—Geo. W. Emory, Book Mills, Ala. For sale by New Era Drug Store.

VERY LENGTHY SHAVES.

Razor Travels Many Miles Over the Average Man's Face. The distance a man shaves in an average lifetime, or the distance his razor travels over his face, will be a surprise to most people. From a multitude of examples an average measurement around the chin from ear to ear is found to be twelve and one-half inches. From where the beard starts on the throat to the chin and thence to the edge of the upper lip is four and one-half inches. You must reckon that the razor to each inch or fraction of an inch in order to cover all the surface and go over each section of the face twice in order to secure a clean surface.

So, multiplying the number of strokes by the number of times the razor is passed over the entire face, you get the figure 4, and four times the two above mentioned measurements gives you the figures 50 and 18 respectively, which, added together, produce 68. Therefore the average man, whether dark or fair, shaves 68 inches every twenty-four hours. With these figures we arrive at the result that every man wearing only a mustache shaves 2,304 feet 4 inches per year. That is, the average life at seventy years and that the fair man starts shaving at eighteen and the dark man a year earlier, or at seventeen, we have the following result: That a fair man, if he lives till he is seventy, will shave in the course of his life 20 miles 630 yards 4 inches. The dark man, if he lives till he is seventy, will shave in the course of his life 20 miles 1,340 yards 1 foot 8 inches.—Kansas City Independent.

The Foot Astray. William F. Cody was once relating a story which concerned an Indian who had met with an accident in a Buffalo Bill show. It was necessary to amputate the Indian's leg, and in the description of this operation Cody was interrupted frequently by a young doctor who injected technical and medical terms into the straight vernacular of the scout. He was irritated, but ignored the doctor. "A few days after the operation," continued the narrator, "the Indian learned that his leg had been buried. With a whoop he leaped from his bed and jumped upon the doctor with both feet." "Jumped with both feet after an operation?" shouted the doctor, exulting in his exposure of the great scout's absurd story. "I said upon the doctor with both feet," explained Cody, "in order to distinguish him from the other hospital physician, who had only one foot, having put the other into people's affairs so often that he lost it."

The Way Home. When the bishop of Truro, Dr. Gott, was dean of Worcester his absent-mindedness was so notorious that he carried for himself the sobriquet of "Dean For-gott." On one occasion he had invited some friends to dine with him. On their arrival, a short time before the dinner hour, he suggested that in the interval of waiting his friends would perhaps like to walk through the grounds. After spending about a quarter of an hour in admiring the flowers, shrubs and greenhouses they suddenly came upon a door in the garden wall. "Ah!" said the dean to his astonished guests. "This will be a much nearer way for you to go home than by going back to the front!" And, forgetting his invitation, he opened the door and bowed them out.

An Obsequious Cravat. A good story of Whistler and his peculiarities is told in the Free Lane. A gentleman went to Whistler with a letter of introduction and sent up his card with the letter. The servant promptly brought down the card with a note in pencil on it—"Who is the greatest painter?" The visitor promptly wrote "Whistler" and was immediately shown upstairs. An amusing scene followed, arising out of the fact that the visitor was wearing a red necktie. Whistler declared it interfered with the color scheme of his room and "put him off" a picture he was painting in quite a different "key." Finally he obliged him to take off the offending cravat before he would condescend to exchange another word with him.

Lucky Man. In crossing the ocean a father and son both became very seasick. The father recovered quickly, but the son was so exhausted with the attack that he sank into a state of apathy, from which it seemed impossible to arouse him. The steamer physician, thinking he would try a sudden shock, said: "I have had news for you. Your father is dead!" The son, raising his expressionless eyes to the doctor, replied, "Lucky man!"

Getting Up Early. "I can't get up early," said a wealthy gentleman to his doctor. "Oh, yes, you can," was the reply, "if you will only follow my advice. What is your usual hour of rising?" "Nine o'clock." "Well, get up half an hour later every day, and in the course of a month you will find yourself up at 4 in the morning."

Misera. "Did you ever notice that almost all the misers mentioned in the papers are single men?" asked Mr. Watts. "Yes," answered Mrs. Watts. "Married misers are too common to be worth mentioning."

Everything comes to him who waits, but this doesn't include books that have been borrowed. Call For Sympathy. First Bachelor—I wish I could write a decent letter of condolence. Second Bachelor—Some one you know dead? First Bachelor—No—engaged.—Do-trot Free Press.

Easily Explained. "Strange that after reaching the top of the ladder he should fall so suddenly." "There was a woman at the bottom of it"—Life. The characteristics of the blunderer are a killing tongue and a quiet sword.

BELL FOUNDING.

It is an Ancient Art, Its Origin Shrouded in Antiquity. The art of bell founding is undoubtedly of great antiquity. The Saxons are known to have used bells in their churches, although probably but small ones, for the Venerable Bede, writing at the end of the seventh century, alludes to bells in terms which seem to show that they were not unfamiliar things. The towers of the Saxon period have bellies of considerable dimensions in most cases, and at Crowland abbey, in south Lincolnshire, there was a famous peal of seven bells many years before the Norman conquest.

The monks at that time and for long after were the chief practitioners of the art of bell founding. Their bells were rarely without inscriptions, often in Latin, containing perhaps some obscure joke, the point of which is quite lost. More often they were of a religious nature, sometimes, we fear, unimpaired with a dash of superstition, as when the bell declares that its sound drives away the demons of the air who caused pestilence and famine, lightning and thunderstorms. As a rule, unfortunately, they put no dates on their bells, a defect which has been in some measure overcome by the researches of many enthusiastic campanologists, but which is likely to keep the early history of bell founding in darkness for a long time to come.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Remarkable Statue. Some years ago a melodrama was being performed in a country theater, the chief actor in which had made himself, from his haughty and overbearing conduct, disliked by all. In the last scene he was supposed to visit the tombs of his ancestors. In the center of the stage upon a marble pedestal stood the statue of his father. A heavy fold of drapery covered the figure. Enter Albert, who thus addressed the statue: "I am here once again to gaze upon those features which in life so often looked on me with tender affection. Father, thy mourning son now comes to pay thee adoration. Let me remove the veil which the vulgar gaze shields the beloved image of a sweet dear parent!" Off went the drapery, and, behold, the father stood upon his head! The effect cannot be described. It was electric. The shouts of laughter which followed the mistake of the super-factually put an end to the scene, which changed to the next as quickly as possible amid the jeers of the audience. The anger of the manager and the uncontrollable rage of the actor.—London Tit-Bits.

Fearing a Separation. Her father had read her the parable of the sheep and the goats at the day of judgment. She made no comment, but that night a sound weeping came from her room. Her mother went as consoler. "Why are you crying, dear?" "About the goats. Oh, I'm so afraid I'm a goat!" "Why, no, dear. You are a sweet little lamb, and if you should die to-night you would go straight to heaven." With this and like assurance she was finally pacified. The next night the same performance was repeated, and again her mother inquired the reason. "It's the goats, I'm afraid about the goats." "Didn't I tell you, dear, that you were a little lamb?" "Oh," she sobbed, "I'm not crying about myself, but I'm afraid you may be a goat!"—Brooklyn Life.

Odd Hair Styles. Some of the New Hebrides people do their hair up in a bunch on the top of the head and stain it yellow, while the inhabitants of Ombai island pass it all through a tube so as to make a kind of plume. The Marquesas chief's favorite method is to shave all the head except two patches, one over each temple, where he cultivates two horns of hair. No doubt this is to render him more a thing of terror to his enemies than of admiration to his friends. His reason for shaving the rest of the head is to allow more space for tattooing, as if all the available skin of the body were not enough.

Not Yet. "They're saying you're just like all the other members of the house," remarked the newly elected legislator's close friend. "They say you have your price." "That's a lie," declared the new member. "I thought so." "Yes, I haven't got it yet, but I have hopes."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. Cutting It Short. "How long can you stay?" asked a hostess who had received an unexpected visitor coolly. "No longer than I can help," was the crisp reply. "It has happened to me my trunk stay at the depot and to notify me of the first train I can take home. So sorry I can't stay longer."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Justice discards party, friendship and kindred, and is therefore represented as blind.—Addison. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. United States Land Office, Roseburg, Ore., Nov. 16, 1903. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of an act of Congress of June 5, 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.

CHARLES A. HARDY of Eugene, Co. of Lane, State of Oregon, as this day filed in this office his sworn statement, No. 5850, for the purchase of the SW 1/4 Sec. 2 Tp. 29 S. of R. 7 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 said land before J. J. Weston, U. S. Commissioner at Eugene, Lane Co., Oregon, on Saturday the 6th day of Feb., 1904. He names as witnesses: James N. Randle, George Hunter, A. W. Gilbert, of Eugene, Lane Co., Ore.; J. D. Michael, of Lewellyn, Lane Co., Ore. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claim in this office on or before said 6th day of Feb., 1904. J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

McKibben Brothers Saw Mill Three miles east of Cottage Grove on the old Jackson Kile place All Kinds of Rough Lumber, at reasonable prices. If you are in need of anything in our line call at mill or address us at Cottage Grove. WE WILL TREAT YOU RIGHT. McKibben Bros.

SOME ODD CHARACTERS OF MINES.

In the flush times in Colorado queer characters became rich in a day. One of the most picturesque of them was Pat Casey of Black Hawk. Pat was a day laborer without education. He could not read or write, and could hardly count. But when he was working on a little prospect hole one fine morning a single blast disclosed a great vein of wonderfully rich gold ore and he became at once "Mr. Casey."

His mine was one of the show places which tourists visited, and he himself was the greatest curiosity around the mine. He was much ashamed of his illiteracy, and one of his foibles was to keep a pile of pencils on his table in the office of the mine. Whenever he saw strangers coming he began sharpening a pencil, and never failed to inform the admiring visitor, in a brogue that was all wool and a yard wide, that "I use twelve lid pencils a day in me business."

The superintendent of the adjoining mine was a colonel. When Casey heard this he had all his men called up out of the mine and made a speech to them from the dump pile. "Byes," said he, "when there these teen-threeter here, yez will all be sure to call me Kunnel Casey. And when they be gone yez will all take a drinkin'."

He heard that there was such a thing as a diamond drill used in mining, but had not the remotest idea what it was, but he was with difficulty dissuaded from buying one, having got it into his head that it was used to discover diamonds in gold mines. There was an industrious couple named Flanagan in Black Hawk, who had been working away, in poverty, for years, the husband prospecting without finding anything, and the wife supporting the family by taking in washing. One day her customers found themselves without clean linen, and one of them went out to her cabin, up on the mountain side, to find out what the trouble was. He found her arrayed in all kinds of finery sitting on a wooden stool on the dirt floor of the log cabin. She received him with great cordiality, and produced champagne and cigars. "My old man has struck it rich, so I have retired from business," said she.

There were in Leadville three brothers, prospectors, Gallagher by name, who had discovered a mine called the "Pine," or something like that, which suddenly turned out rich. They sold it, realizing \$100,000 each. They had always been day laborers and never had any money and did not know the difference between \$100,000 and \$1,000,000. One of them, Pat, went down to Denver and put up at the Grand Central hotel, kept by "Uncle Dave" Gage, ex-city treasurer of Chicago. Pat's principal ambition had always been to own a gold watch, so the first thing he did was to go to Denver Tiffany's and buy six of the largest possible size, with a chain weighing about a pound.

Leaving five of the watches in the hotel safe, he sallied out to promote the circulation of currency, good fellowships, and wet goods. When he came back the hotel clerk pointed out to him that his watch was missing. He asked for another watch and it was given to him. But in trying to fasten it on the chain it slipped through his fingers and fell on the marble floor with a bang. Pat made several fruitless efforts to pick it up. Then he steadied himself against the counter and said: "Never mind, imme 'nuther watch."

Few of these men kept their money, and in most cases less than six months found them once more taking up, not the "shovel and the hoe," but the shovel and the pick-axe and returning to the night shift for their daily wage.—Ex. It is quite probable stories about Pat Casey, mentioned in the foregoing, will continue to be told and published, for some time to come. It is nearly if not quite forty years since Casey left the mines and went to New York City, the editor of the Nugget, although but a boy at the time, remembers him well. One story charged to his account was, when he had a number of men engaged in sinking a shaft. Coming to the collar of the shaft one day he called down to them and asked "How many of yez are down there." "Five of us," was the response. "The half of yez come up and get your whiskey," said Casey. Just how they obeyed his order was never learned.

O. R. & N. OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC. DEPART FOR: Chicago-Portland 9:20 a. m., via Houston. Atlantic Express 8:15 p. m., via Houston. St. Paul Fast Mail 6 p. m., via Spokane. TIME SCHEDULES FROM PORTLAND: Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East. Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East. Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Wallace, Pullman, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago & East. ARRIVE FROM: Chicago-Portland 4:30 p. m., via Houston. Atlantic Express 10:30 a. m., via Houston. St. Paul Fast Mail 7:55 a. m., via Spokane.

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O. & S. E. R. R. CO. Time Table No. 2 To Take Effect on Oct. 10th, 1903. NO. 1 Daily NO. 2 Daily. East Bound Kept Sunday West Bound. STATIONS. A. M. P. M. Cottage Grove 7:30 11:30. Walden 7:50 11:50. Cerro Gordo 8:10 12:10. Baker 8:30 12:30. Juntura 8:50 12:50. Madras 9:10 1:10. Roseburg 9:30 1:30. Star 9:50 1:50. Rocky Point 10:10 2:10. Mt. Hood 10:30 2:30. Subject to change without notice. All outward freight forwarded only at the joint risk of shipper and consignee. Freight will not be received at the O. & S. E. R. R. Depot after 5:00 p. m. To insure forwarding on next train freight must be placed in ample time to permit of its being billed. JOHN H. PEARSONS, General Manager.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at Roseburg, Ore., Nov. 24, 1903. 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 U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, on January 4, 1904, viz: James A. Thomas, on his H. E. No. 8942 for the SW 1/4 Sec. 6, Tp. 22 S., R. 8 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Charles Winecoff, G. W. Kelley, Henry Whitlock, A. A. Kelley, of Cottage Grove, Ore. J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, January 5, 1904. 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 J. J. Weston, U. S. Commissioner at Eugene, Oregon, on March 15, 1904, viz: David Kilton on his H. E. No. 13277 for the SE 1/4 NE 1/4, W 1/4 NE 1/4 & NE 1/4 SE 1/4 Sec. 6, T. 22 S., R. 4 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: James W. Holland, of Lowell, Lane Co., Oregon, William J. Hill, of Hazel Dell, Lane Co., Ore., John T. Martin, Alfred Walker, of Eugene, Lane Co., Ore. J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

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F. M. HARTZLER, Who is now employed at Davidson's Jewelry Store, is a graduate optician, holding a diploma from the Northern Illinois College of Ophthalmology and Otology, and is a thorough optician. All work entrusted to him is guaranteed.

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